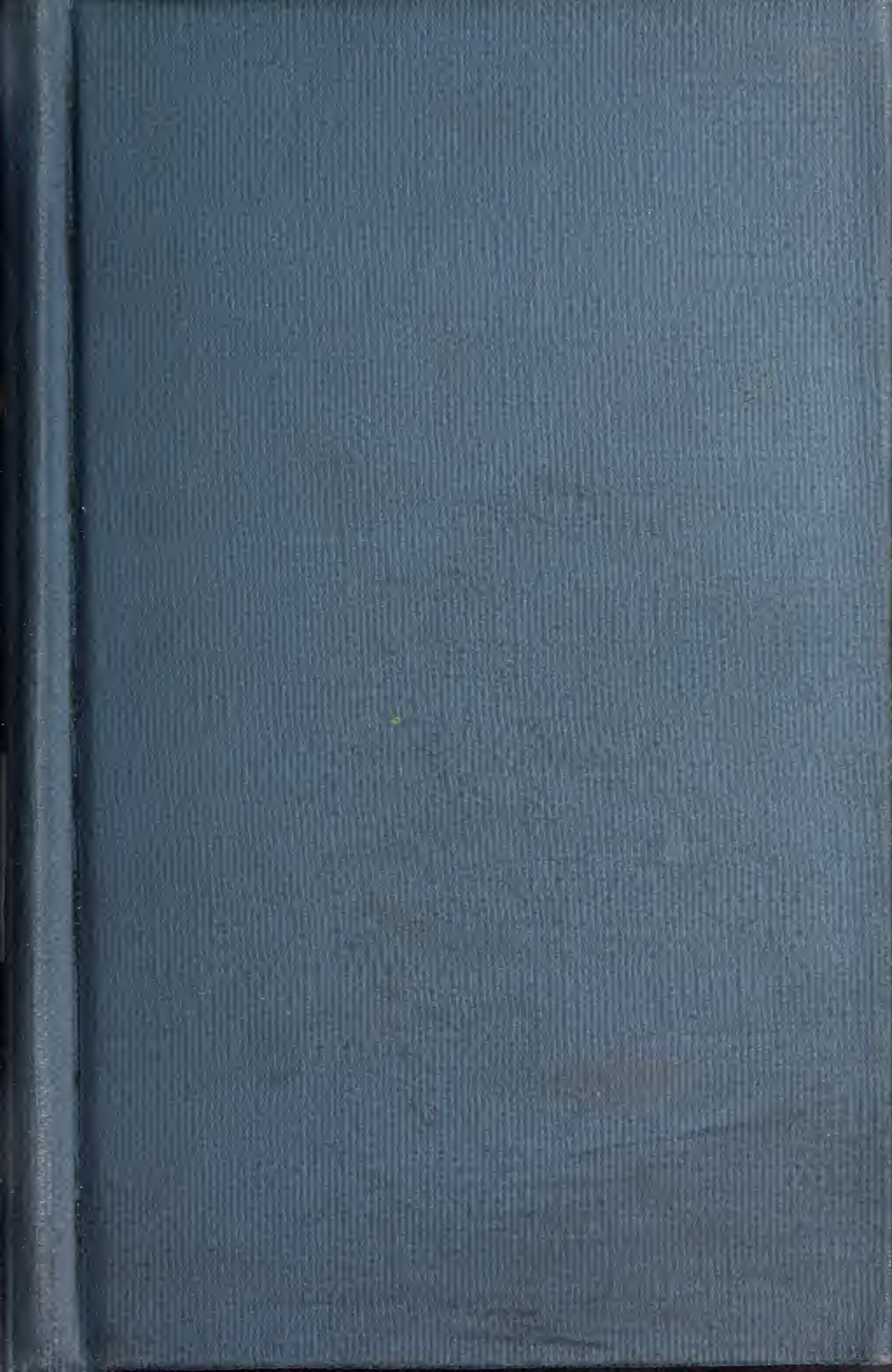










BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BY

LEIGH HUNT.

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WITH

OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED CRITICS,

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND OTHERWISE,

AND

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

BY

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SECOND EDITION

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REMARKS ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

INCIDENTAL TO THIS SELECTION.

It is not customary, I believe, to write prefaces to books of selection. "Beauties" are understood to speak for themselves; and the more they deserve the name, the less politic it may be considered to dilate on the merits of the writings from which they have been culled. A wit who was shown the collection of detached passages called the *Beauties of Shakspeare*, is reported to have said: "Where are the other nine volumes?"

There are such especial reasons, however, why a selection from the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is a thing not only warrantable but desirable (to say nothing of the difference of this volume from collections of merely isolated thoughts and fancies), that it is proper I should enter into some explanations of them; and for this purpose I must begin with a glance at the lives of the two poets.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, youngest son of a judge of the Common Pleas, is supposed to have been born about the year 1584, at the abbey of Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, which, at the dissolution of the monasteries, had become possessed by the judge's father, who was recorder of the county, and subsequently a judge himself. The poet was intended for the family profession, and, after studying awhile at Oxford, was entered of the Middle Temple; but on becoming acquainted with the stage, he probably felt that his vocation had been otherwise destined. The date of his first acquaintance with Fletcher is unknown; but it must of necessity have been when he was young; and the intimacy became so close, that the two friends are said not only to have lived in the same house (which was on the Surrey side of the Thames, near the Globe Theatre), but to have possessed everything in common.

Beaumont however, if not Fletcher, married; and he had not passed what is called the prime of life, when he died; for, according to Ben Jonson, he had not completed his thirtieth year. But there is reason to believe otherwise. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FLETCHER, son of a Bishop of London who had acquired an unenviable celebrity as one of the troublers of the last moments of Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Rye, in Sussex, in the year 1579. He appears to have been educated at Cambridge, and to have led a life wholly theatrical. There is nothing to prove that he ever married; though, on the other hand, there is nothing to disprove that he was the "John Fletcher" whose marriage with "Jone Herring" in the year 1612 is on record in the Southwark books. Be this as it may, he continued to live and write in the parish of St. Saviour long after the death of the friend who had kept house with him; and he died there, and was buried in the church, in the year 1625. He himself had not lived to be old; for he was not forty-six. His death was occasioned by an accident. Requiring a new suit of clothes for a visit to which he had been invited in the country, he stopped in town to have it made, and the consequence was a seizure by the plague, which sent him on the journey from which "no traveller returns."

Nothing is known of the personal habits of these illustrious men except that they were intimate with other celebrated poets, Ben Jonson in particular; that Beaumont (and doubtless Fletcher) frequented the famous Mermaid Tavern, of which he has recorded the merits; that Fletcher, though dissatisfied with his plays when he saw them acted, hated to bespeak favour for them in prologues; and that neither Beaumont nor Fletcher entertained much respect for their critics in general. The very talk of the two friends is said to have been "a comedy." A certain aristocratical tone, as well as the ultra-loyal breeding which has been noticed in them, is, I think, discernible in their writings, though qualified occasionally as genius is sure to qualify it. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Beaumont thought too much of himself,—

probably because Beaumont had joined the rest of the world in saying the same thing of Ben; but this did not hinder them, or had not hindered them, from giving one another the warmest praises. Of Shakspeare, who said nothing of anybody, Beaumont and Fletcher said as little. Their only allusions to his writings look very like banters. Perhaps the artificial superiority of their birth and breeding, and the tone of fashionable society in which they excelled, conspired with a natural jealousy to make them fancy him a less man than he was; as, on the other hand, Shakspeare's extraordinary silence with regard to his contemporaries may have originated in habits of self-suppression, attributable to anything but pride of position.

Whatever Beaumont and Fletcher may have thought in this particular instance, little did the two young poets suspect, that the advantages of rank and training on which they probably valued themselves, as giving their genius its solidest opportunities and most crowning grace, were the very things destined to do it the greatest mischief, and to threaten their names with extinction. Though poets truly so called, and therefore naturally possessed of earnestness of mind and a tendency to believe in whatsoever was best and wisest, they had not sufficient complexional strength to hinder a couple of lively and flattered young men from falling in with the tone of the day and the licenses in fashion; and unfortunately for their repute in a day to come, they entered on their career at a time when the example in both these respects happened to be set by a court which was the vulgarest in its language, and the most profligate in its morals, of any that ever disgraced the country: for the court of Charles the Second, however openly dissolute, and (compared with our present refinement) coarse in its language, was elegance itself in comparison with that of James the First;—to say nothing of depths of crime and enormity, with which our poets had assuredly nothing in common. It is interesting to see how the diviner portion of spirit inherent in all true genius saved these extraordinary men from being corrupted to the core, and losing those noblest powers of utterance which nothing but sincerity and right feeling can bestow; how, in the midst of the grossest effeminacy, they delighted

in painting the manliest characters; how they loved simplicity and tenderness, and never wrote so well as when speaking their language; and how, when on the very knees of the slavishest of the doctrines in which they had been bred, their hearts could rise against the idols of their worship, and set above all other pretensions the rights of justice and humanity. To read one of the pages of the beautiful portions of their works, you would think it impossible that such writers should frame their lips to utter what disgraces the page ensuing: yet there it is, like a torrent of feculence beside a chosen garden; nay, say rather like a dream, or a sort of madness,—the very spite and riot of the tongue of a disordered incontinence for the previous self-restraint. And this was the privilege of their position! the gain they had got by their participation of polite life in the days of James the First, and their right to be considered its perfect exponents! Had Beaumont been fortunate enough to have been the son of a briefless barrister, or Fletcher's father, happily for himself, have risen no higher in the Church than his ministry in the village of Rye,—the two dramatists, unhurt by those blighting favours of the day, and admonished to behave themselves as decorously as their brethren, might now have been in possession of a thoroughly delightful fame, and such a volume as the one before us have been a thing out of the question; but the son of the judge, and the son of the bishop, unluckily possessed rank as well as gaiety enough to constitute themselves the representatives of what in the next age was styled the “gentleman of wit and pleasure about town;” and the consequence was, that while on the serious side of their natures they were thoughtful and beautiful poets, and probably despised nine-tenths of the persons whom they amused,—on the other side, and in the intoxication of success, they threw themselves with their whole stock of wit and spirits into the requirements of the ribaldry in fashion, and, by a combination peculiar to the reigns of the Stuarts, became equally the delight of the “highest” and the “lowest circles.” Not that there was wanting in those times a circle of a less nominal altitude, in which their condemnation was already commencing; for though the gloomier class of Puritans were as vulgar in their way, as the *Im-puritans* were in theirs,

yet a breeding alien to both prevailed in the families which the young Milton frequented; and when the author of *Allegro* and *Penseroso* spoke of the dramatists who attracted him to the theatre, he tacitly reprov'd the two friends by limiting his mention of names to those of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; though how he admired the culprits, apart from their misdemeanours as fine gentlemen, is abundantly proved by his imitations of them in those very poems, and in the masque of *Comus*.

It might be asked by those who know Beaumont and Fletcher by name only, or by little else than the modern adaptations of one or two of their plays, whether this view of their offences against decency is not exaggerated, and whether it was possible for any British court to set so low an example.

It is not pleasant to be under the necessity of satisfying doubts of this nature, especially with a book full of beauties before us, taken from the authors who are found so much fault with; and it is impossible, for obvious reasons, to produce proofs from the authors themselves, and so do the very thing we object to, and quote what is not fit to be read. Nevertheless, it is proper to show from what an amount of deformity those beauties have been rescued; and it will be sufficient for this purpose to bring the testimony of two witnesses, who may fairly represent all the others, and both of whom would far rather have found the poets faultless, than blameable. The first is Schlegel, one of the fondest as well as ablest critics of our national drama; the other, the latest editor of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. Dyce.

"There is an incurable vulgar side of human nature," observes Schlegel, "which the poet should never approach but with a certain bashfulness, when he cannot avoid allowing it to be perceived; but instead of this, Beaumont and Fletcher throw no veil whatever over nature. They express everything bluntly in words: they make the spectator the unwilling confidant of all that more noble minds endeavour to hide even from themselves. The indecencies in which these poets allowed themselves to indulge, exceed all conception. The licentiousness of the language is the least evil; many scenes, nay, whole plots, are so contrived, that

the very idea of them, not to mention the sight, is a gross insult to modesty. Aristophanes is a bold interpreter of sensuality; but like the Grecian statuary in the figures of satyrs, &c. he banishes them into the animal region to which they wholly belong; and judging him according to the morality of his times, he is much less offensive. But Beaumont and Fletcher exhibit the impure and nauseous colouring of vice to our view in quite a different sphere; their compositions resemble the sheet full of pure and impure animals in the vision of the Apostle. This was the universal inclination of the dramatic poets under James and Charles the First. They seem as if they purposely wished to justify the Puritans, who affirmed that the theatres were so many schools of seduction, and chapels of the Devil.”*

It might have been more philosophical in the excellent German critic, if, instead of the words “incurably vulgar,” at the commencement of this passage, he had said, “of necessity repulsive;” for we must not say of Nature, in relation to any of her works, human or otherwise, that she has done anything vulgar or incurable. Nothing requires cure, but what she has rendered curable; and vulgarity, in the offensive sense of the word, though for wise purposes she has rendered us sensible of such an impression in relation to one another, is not to be thought predicable of herself. It was in some measure, most probably, out of a mistaken sense of this truth, and from a certain hearty universality natural to poets, that Beaumont and Fletcher allowed themselves to go to the extremes they did, against the other extreme of the Puritans; forgetting, that a genial boldness is not a shameless audacity, and that the absence of all restraint tends to worse errors than formality.

Too true is the charge of Schlegel against them. With rare and beautiful exceptions, they degrade love by confining it to the animal passion: they degrade the animal passion itself, by associating it with the foulest impertinences; they combine, by anticipation, Rochester and Swift,—make chastity and unchastity almost equally offensive, by indecently

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, Black’s Translation, vol. ii. p. 308. (Bohn’s edition, p. 470.)

and extravagantly contrasting them; nay, put into the mouths of their chastest persons a language evincing the grossest knowledge of vice, sometimes purposely assuming its character, and pretending, in zeal for its defeat, to be intoxicated with its enjoyment!

And these fatal mistakes occur not only in one, two, or six, or twenty, or thirty of their plays, but more or less in all of them,—in every one of the whole fifty-two; sometimes in patches and small scenes, sometimes in great ones, often throughout a great part of the play, frequently as its foundation and main interest, and almost always in some offensive link or other with the very finest passages, from which you are obliged to cut it away. It is like a disease; like cankers; the plague-spots of the drama, at the time when it was infected with the presence of king James the First.

“The many offences against decency which our poets have committed,” says Mr. Dyce, “can only be extenuated on the plea that they sacrificed their own taste and feelings to the fashion of the times. There can be little doubt that the most unblushing licentiousness, both in conversation and practice, prevailed among the courtiers of James the First: we know too that ‘to be like the court was a playe’s praise;’ and for the sake of such praise Beaumont and Fletcher did not scruple to deform their dramas with ribaldry,—little imagining how deeply, in consequence of that base alloy, their reputation would eventually suffer ‘at the coming of the better day.’ In this respect they sinned more grievously than any of their contemporary playwrights; but most of the others have enough to answer for; nor was Shakespeare himself completely proof against the contaminating influence of his age. The example of Charles the First is generally supposed to have given a higher tone to the morals of our nobility and gentry; yet, shortly before the death of that monarch, we find Lovelace extolling the art with which in the present play (*The Custom of the Country*) a veil of seeming modesty is thrown over obscenity:

‘View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus’ face;
So well disguis’d, that ’twas conceiv’d by none
But Cupid had Diana’s linen on.’

It would be curious, observes Mr. Dyce, "to know what was Lovelace's idea of downright coarseness."

This very play, as the same critic remarks, was the one which Dryden instanced, in self-defence, as containing more indecency than all the plays of his own time put together. "A very bold assertion," continues Mr. Dyce. "If Dryden and the other dramatists of Charles the Second's time did not equal their predecessors in open licentiousness (and of that they have a tolerable share), they far exceeded them in wanton inuendos and allusions. The truth is, the greater part of the eighteenth century had passed away before indecency was wholly banished from the writings of our countrymen: even in the pages of Addison, who did so much towards the purification of English literature, there are passages which may occasion some slight uneasiness to one reading aloud in a family circle."*

So true is this remark on the *Spectator*, that the passages alluded to could not, with propriety, be read aloud at all. They are harmless, as far as mere coarseness is harmless; and Steele (for the benefit of conjugality) ventures a luxuriance now and then, which to readers who can take it as he meant, is equally so. But if caution has become necessary in reading Addison, who is justly designated as one of the purifiers of our literature, and whose name has been held synonymous with propriety, it may easily be supposed how abundant the necessity is rendered in the case of the two most licentious writers of a licentious age. Fortunately they wrote much, and beautifully; and it has been still more fortunate for them, that genius and purity go best together; so that my selection has not only been enabled to be copious as well as spotless (thanks to the facilities afforded to excision by the authors themselves), but with the exception of a few of their sentences, not so easily detachable, and of the equally few incidents connected with them, contains, I think I may say, the whole of their finest writing, and every presentable scene that has been deservedly admired.

Not that indecency has been the sole bar to approval

* *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. i. p. (of Memoir) xlvii.

for the same haste to please, and want of discretion in the mode of pleasing,—joined perhaps to necessities for recruiting the purse (Beaumont being a younger brother, and Fletcher's father, the bishop, having at least been free from the scandal of leaving his family rich),—induced these illustrious "gentlemen about town" to put up with improbable plots, gratuitous and disjointed scenes, extravagant effects, and all those other substitutions of the surprising for the satisfactory, that lower the dramatist into the melodramatist, and have abundantly subjected even these great geniuses to the mortifying consequences. The same imperfection of moral discernment, or carelessness to sharpen it, led them into mistakes of sentimentalism for sentiment, violence for sincerity, and heapings of superlative phrases for paintings of character. The truth is, that, great geniuses as they were, and exquisite in a multitude of passages, few even of the lovers of books read their works through. The most willing admirers are not only repelled by the ribaldry, but tired by the want of truth and by the positive trash. They grow impatient of exits and entrances that have no ground but the convenience of the writers; of childish adventures, inconsistent speeches, substitutions of the authors themselves for their characters, sudden conversions of bad people to good, and heaps of talking for talking's sake. If they hurry the perusal, they perceive nothing distinctly; if they proceed step by step, the impediments become vexatious; and if, nevertheless, they resolve to read everything, they are always finding themselves in those foul places which delighted the courtiers of James the First, and which nauseate a modern reader to the soul. I have as little respect for prudery as anybody, and should be the last man in the world to formalise honest passion, or to deny to poetry and geniality that right poetic luxury of expression which is analogous to the utterances of Nature herself in the glowing beauty of her works; but some years ago, in attempting a regular perusal of Beaumont and Fletcher, I found myself desisting on these accounts at the fifth or sixth play. I have just now finished the whole fifty-two; and though my task has been rewarded by the beautiful volume before us, and by the consciousness of having

done a service both to the authors and to the public, I feel a strong conviction, that none but antiquarian editors, or persons with very strange tastes indeed, could ever make such a thorough-going perusal a labour of love.

Beaumont and Fletcher, says Sir Walter Scott, may "be said to have taken for their model the boundless license of the Spanish stage, from which many of their pieces are expressly and avowedly derived. The acts of their plays are so detached from each other, in substance and consistency, that the plot can scarce be said to hang together at all, or to have, in any sense of the word, a beginning, progress, and conclusion. It seems as if the play began because the curtain rose, and ended because it fell."

"Beaumont and Fletcher's plots," observes Coleridge, "are wholly inartificial; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue."

These two judgments are quoted by Mr. Peter Cunningham in the notes to his edition of Campbell's *Specimens of British Poets*;* and they occasion him to observe, that, "you could not publish *tales* from their plays, *but scenes and incidents of truth and beauty without number.*"

I was happy to find my project so felicitously prejudged. These scenes and incidents, it is trusted (as I have already intimated), the reader will find in the collection before him; though it must needs go to prove them not exactly "without number." If two or three of the most popular should be supposed absent—such as lively passages of dialogue in the *Chances*, and Leon's taming of his bride in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*—it is to be borne in mind, that those acquaintances of the old play-goer are not printed as the authors wrote them, but as they were adapted to the modern stage, and that my reasons for omitting the originals are the same which caused the adaptation. It is to be regretted that much of the wit of Beaumont and Fletcher is so inextricably interwoven with freedoms no longer endured, that it has ceased to be producible either in theatres or private circles; but, saving the

* Edition of 1841.

talk of King James's gentlemen, enough remains to show what it was; and even of that, when it became decent,—“which,” as Autolycus says, “was odd,”—intimations will not be found wanting. If *Don John* and *Don Frederick* are not here, talking of nurses and surgeons, yet here is *Bessus*, the prince of cowards; and *Lazarillo*, who worships a good dish; and *Count Valore*, who introduces him; and *La Writ*, the *Little French Lawyer*, who bustles himself into being a duellist; and *Monsieur Mount-Marine*, who is hoaxed up through all the degrees of nobility with as many whisks of a sword; and the *Scornful Lady*, who anticipates the style of Congreve; and *Diego*, in the *Spanish Curate*, who cheats a lawyer, and bequeaths vast estates out of nothing; besides many an airy passage *in transitu*, that will not leave the best tone of the day, or of any day, undiscernible.

Again, if wit was the most popular, and seemed as if it would have been the most lasting quality of Beaumont and Fletcher, it has not turned out to be so. They were authors destined to survive only in fragments; and the fragments for which they have been most admired, are serious ones, not comic,—speeches of forlorn maidens, descriptions of innocent boys, effusions of heroism and of martyrdom, songs of solitudes and of graves. Here are all those, and many to keep them company. Here are the most striking passages of their best and (as far as they could be given) of their worst characters, of their noble Caratachs and Mirandas, their good and wicked parents, their affecting children, their piteous sweet Euphrasias, Ordellas, and Julianas,—creations, many of which it did honour to the poets' hearts to conceive, and which, I have no doubt, their own conduct could have matched in corresponding manly worthiness, had circumstances occurred to challenge it; for though they were not Miltons, they were not Wallers,—much less the Rochesters whom they condescended to foreshadow. They did not grow baser, as they grew older; nor, when a noble character presented itself to their minds, did they fail, notwithstanding the weaknesses that beset them, to give it the welcome of undoubting hearts, and of expression to its height. In the

tragedy of *The False One* Septimius enters with the head of Pompey, which he has cut off, exclaiming—

'Tis here! 'Tis done!—Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride and strength! Look; look again; 'tis finish'd!
That which whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
Have fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors,
That steel'd War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless——

Achillas. Thou poor Roman,
It was a sacred head I durst not heave at;
Nor heave a thought.

And King Ptolemy, coming in, says—

Stay; come no nearer:
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!

And then Cæsar, to whom the head is presented as a trophy, addresses it as the whole awful man, and as a thing sacred:—

O thou conqueror!
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus!
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The light and life of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was!
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness.

So when Ordella, in the tragedy of *Thierry and Theodoret*, is prepared to undergo any infliction for the good of the state, Thierry says—

Suppose it death.
Ord. I do. And endless parting
Thi. With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,

With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, năy reason !
 For in the silent grave no conversation,
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
 No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard,
 Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
 Dust and an endless darkness. And dare you, woman,
 Desire this place ?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest.

Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
 And kings, from height of all their painted glories,
 Fall like spent exhalations to this centre.—

Thi. Then you can suffer ?

Ord. As willingly as say it.

Thi. (to his friend Martell). Martell, a wonder !
 Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
 Are you a wife ?

Ord. I am, sir.

Thi. And have children ?

She sighs and weeps.

Ord. Oh, none, sir.

But the reader must turn to the rest. I shall be repeating the volume.

Here, in a word, is all the best passion and poetry of the two friends, such as I hope and believe they would have been glad to see brought together ; such as would have reminded them of those happiest evenings which they spent in the same room, not perhaps when they had most wine in their heads, and were loudest, and merriest, and least pleased, but when they were most pleased both with themselves and with all things,—serene, sequestered, feeling their companionship and their poetry sufficient for them, without needing the ratification of it by its fame, or echo ; such evenings as those in which they wrote the description of the boy by the fountain's side, or his confession as Euphrasia, or Caratach's surrender to the Romans, or the address to Sleep in *Valentinian*, or the divine song on *Melancholy*, which must have made them feel as if they had created a solitude of their own, and heard the whisper of it stealing by their window.

How, at such times, or on some rare and particular evening at such times (I hope not oftener), must they not have been disposed to hate and abhor what they had condescended to write for the purpose of pleasing the court and

the *canaille*!—how not have wished it all unsaid, and the money returned to the manager; or that somebody could take the passages out of the books, and even squeeze the volumes together into one small tome, all poetry and passion, dainty as spices from Araby, and rescued from corruption!

Let me hope (if the hope itself be not immodest) that something of the kind has here been done.

Beaumont and Fletcher were two born poets, possessed of a noble and tender imagination, of great fancy and wit, and of an excess of companionability and animal spirits, which, by taking them off from study, was their ruin. They had not patience to construct a play like Ben Jonson, yet their sensibility and their purer vein of poetry have set them above him, even as dramatists. By the side of merely conventional or artificial poets they are demigods: by the side of Shakspeare they were striplings, who never arrived at years of discretion. Yet even as such, they show themselves of ethereal race; and as lyrical poets, they surpassed even Shakspeare. There was nothing to compare with their songs, for tenderness and sweetness, till the appearance of Percy's *Reliques*,—and some of the best touches even of those were found to be from their hands.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

This exquisite image is from a song in the *Queen of Corinth*. The very cheeks of youth and innocence are not simpler and sweeter than these productions of Beaumont and Fletcher. You accept them as you would actual sorrow, or the sight of artless tears.

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

So, the conclusions of the two beautiful stanzas in the *Captain*, beginning

Away, delights, go seek some other dwelling :—

the mourner says to Love,

Alas ! for pity go,
And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee : mine was not so.

And the cry of the poor maidens who would fain be resting like the one that is dead—

Men cannot mock us in the clay.

But I shall be repeating the whole set. They haunt the memory, like airs of music.

It is observable, that though Beaumont was his friend's junior by some years, and though he died earlier, and wrote by far the less number that are collected as their joint production, his name always precedes that of his associate. This has been attributed to various causes. If it was not simply owing to the alphabetical precedence of an initial letter (a great adjuster of such ceremonies), it may have originated in the superior standing of Beaumont's family, which was very ancient, and allied to royalty. I agree, however, with those who attribute it, either to his having had the greater share in the composition of the plays first published, or to a feeling of respect towards the memory of the dead. Perhaps there was something in it also of that reputation for superior judgment which has been awarded him by tradition, and in which my late attentive perusal of the plays has forced me to believe. I cannot help thinking, that in those in which he is supposed to have been most concerned, there is a certain weight, both of style and sentiment, in which the tread of his presence is discernible. Not but what I am of opinion that there was a thorough sympathy of power on both sides, and that each of the two friends could either be grave or gay, witty or imaginative, as he thought proper :—nothing else, it appears to me, could account for their writing so much in conjunction, and of a nature which for the most part is held to be so undistinguish-

able. Beaumont had spirits as well as wit enough to let himself go all lengths with his friend in the first instance (borne away by the robust temperament of the man who lived longest); and Fletcher was wise enough to be called back "on reflection," and to allow, that, pleasant as the extravagance was, it was not to be hazarded with "the dullards." I think also that Beaumont checked a certain mannerism and excess in Fletcher's versification; though I still hold the opinion, however well contested it was by Mr. Darley, that in the more judicious moments of their ventures in that direction there were the germs of a finer, freer, more impulsive, and therefore more suitably various system of musical modulation—that is to say, rhythmical as contradistinguished from metrical—than is supplied by the noble but conventional harmony of Shakspeare himself, and such as might have struck a new note in our versification in general, or at all events in that of our drama. And Mr. Darley himself, who had not only a fine ear, but a profound sense both of the formative and modulative necessity of verse to poetry, as the shaper of its emotions into all their analogous beauty, ended his objections with expressing a wish to see a perfection which he despaired of.* Beaumont's death, however, and Fletcher's impatience, probably left their system undeveloped, supposing them to have consciously entertained it, or that it was anything better than an impulse. Such a novelty, too, might have required a nation more musically educated than ours,—perhaps of a more musical tendency by nature; and Beaumont, who had already expressed himself indignant against censors

"Whose very reading made verse-senseless prose"

(perhaps in allusion to difficulties created by his experiments) would have had many a pang to undergo at finding his most scientific harmonies taken for discord.

But this is not the place to discuss a theory; and I must bring my preface to a close.

In making the selection no requisite trouble has been

* *Introduction* to the first of the two editions published by Mr. Moxon, vol. i. p. xli. Mr. Dyce's was the second.

spared. I have not busied myself with tasks befitting editors of entire works, such as collating texts with every possible copy, arbitrating upon every different reading, or even amending obviously corrupt ones; though the latter abound in every edition, and the temptation to notice them is great. On the other hand, where readings were disputed, I have not failed to pay attention to the dispute, and make such conclusion as seemed best. I first perused the plays in succession, pen in hand, marking everything as it struck me; then made the selection from the marked passages, on re-perusal; and finally compared my text with that of the latest editions, and added the critical and explanatory notes. I felt some hesitation with regard to such of the notes as contain encomiums from celebrated writers; fearing that passages thus distinguished might throw a slur on the rest. But I reflected, that approbation in those cases does not imply the reverse in the others; that the mere fact of selection conveys the tacit approbation which the selector may be qualified to give; and above all, that poets like Beaumont and Fletcher can "speak for themselves," and readers be often quite willing that they should do so.

I must add, that though omissions, for obvious reasons, have been abundant, not a word has been altered.

Above all, I must observe, that of the passages needing rejection, not a particle has been spared. The most cautious member of a family may take up the volume at random, and read aloud from it, without misgiving, in circles the most refined.



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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WOMAN-HATER.¹

ADORATION OF A DISH.

*Lazarillo, a diner-out, is bent upon feasting on an umbrana's head.*²

LAZARILLO and Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the kitchens, larders, and pasteries; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried or soused, at this dinner, to be served directly, or indirectly, to every several table in the court; begone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven. [Exit.

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach! What unbounded graces there are poured upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such

¹ *The Woman-Hater is an absurd story of a dull and tiresome misogynist, who charges an honest woman with licentiousness. The underplot, by far the best thing in the play, is that of a diner-out, who pursues a present of fish through its various transferences from house to house, in order that he may partake of it: but the extracts in this volume relating to him are of necessity confined to one or two scenes. Fortunately they are the wittiest.*

² *An umbrana's head.] The umbrana (whose name comes, through an Italian variation, from the umbrina, or umbra, of the Romans) is a species of turbot or halibut, formerly much in request.*

³ *Upon the stroke of eleven.] The usual dinner-hour at that time.*

innumerable choice of delicates ; his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines ; his court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties : in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in the winter it swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou goddess of Plenty !

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour !

And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court ;
All short-cloaked knights, and all cross-gartered gentlemen,¹

All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders ;²
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose,³ and huge stuff'd doublets :

All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied !—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome !

Brief, boy, brief !

Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here is a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me !

[Reads on the outside.

"A bill of all the several services this day appointed
for every table in the court."

Aye, this is it on which my hopes rely ;
Within this paper all my joys are closed !
Boy, open it, and read with reverence.

Cross-gartered.] A fashion of the day.

² *Pantofle, foot-cloth riders.]* Riders in pantofles, a kind of slipper, who needed cloths hanging across their horses, to protect their feet.

³ *Stocks.]* Stocks were stockings, and *short-paned hose* breeches having panes, or stripes, of different colours.

Boy. [*Reads.*] "For the captain of the guard's table three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon."

Laz. A portly service;

But gross, gross. Proceed to the duke's own table,
Dear boy, to the duke's own table!

Boy. "For the duke's own table, the head of an umbrana."

Laz. Is it possible?

Can heaven be so propitious to the duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible;

Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why then, he is the richest prince alive!

He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,

Had he no other territories, dominions,

Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only

That umbrana's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir; the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandment for the duke's own table, this dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat

Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow

(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow

But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house.

[*Scene changes to an apartment in the house of Count Valore, one of the nobles of Milan.*]

Valore. Now am I idle; I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus: if I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then "there goes Count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes Count Such-a-one" says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the

stage to see a play ; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house ; every one that does not know, cries, “ What nobleman is that ? ” all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places : then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him : the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced ; thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom-friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street or stage fooleries.

[Retires to one side of the stage.]

Enter LAZARILLO and Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat ; always provided he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier. Marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him (for no doubt he hath more fellows there) his name is Lazarillo ; he is none of these same ord’nary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers,¹ drinkings, or suppers ; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I’ll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me !
Three several salads have I sacrificed,
Bedew’d with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.—
Boy !

Boy. Sir ?

Laz. Will the count speak with me ?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

¹ *Bever.*] From *bevere* (Italian) to drink :—refreshments between meals ; evidently so called from their having consisted, at least in the first instance, of liquid rather than solid food ; which is the case with those that still retain the name at college.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fish-head, but by being presently made known to the duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be served to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier shall be a charger borne by four;¹
The coffin where I lie, a powd'ring tub²
Bestrew'd with lettuce and cool salad-herbs;
My winding-sheet, of tansies; the black guard³
Shall be my solemn mourners; and, instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me;
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust;
Manchets⁴ for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider;⁵ and above my hearse,
For a hack'd sword, my naked knife stuck up!

[*VALORE comes forward.*

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do beseech you——

[*Kneeling.*

Val. You are very welcome, sir; I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me. I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

¹ *Chargers.*] The great dish formerly so called.

² *Powdering tub.*] Now called a salting tub.

³ *The black guard.*] A nickname for those menials who, when goods were carried from one house to another during visits (a common custom with the greatest in those days), had the charge of the pots, kettles, coal-skuttles, &c.

⁴ *Manchets.*] Brick loaves of the finest white bread.

⁵ *Voider.*] The tray into which the remnants of dinner were swept off the table.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And though I must confess I have ever shunn'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious. Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-councillor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat your lordship to make me known to the duke.

Val. When, sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord: I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall be done. But for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for anything; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls; for being impudent, or for nothing; why may I not be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Laz. Why then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus: you shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and pot-herbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare!

[POETICAL MYSTIFICATION.]

Scene changes to the presence of the Duke, who is about to leave.

Valore. Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my know-
Duke. His name? [ledge.

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?

Val. (*aside*) Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now raising; the duke calls for thee.

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him,
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him.
For example,—if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth. And you must now and then
Enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come! "May it please your grace to take note of a
gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly
grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and
pot-herbs whatsoever."

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.

Val. (*aside to him.*) Very well!—Will your grace question
him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compilèd, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four prenticeships
Have I most truly servèd in this world;

And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out its yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks !

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty years old. What time of
the day do you hold it to be ?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now : now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner time ?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

COURT SIGHTS AND WELCOMES.

Oriana. 'Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Valore. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder ?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad to see me.

Val. Glad to see you ? 'Faith, the lady Honoria cares for
you as she doth for all other young ladies ; she is glad
to see you, and will shew you the garden, and tell you
how many gowns the duchess had. Marry, if you have
ever an old uncle, that would be a lord, or ever a kins-
man that hath done a murder, or committed a robbery,
and will give good store of money to procure his
pardon, then the lady Honoria will be glad to see
you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at the court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see. You shall see many
faces of man's making, for you shall find very few as
God left them. And you shall see many legs too.
Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of
which were in times past sockless, but are now, through
the change of time (that alters all things,) very
strangely become the legs of a knight and courtier.
Another pair you shall see, that were heir-apparent
legs to a glover. These legs hope shortly to become
honourable. When they pass by, they will bow ; and
the mouth to these legs will seem to offer you some
courtship. It will swear, but it will lie. Hear it not !

SONG OF A SAD HEART.

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
 Lock me in delight awhile;
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile
 All my fancies; that from thence,
 I may feel an influence,
 All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
 Let me know some little joy!
 We that suffer long annoy,
 Are contented with a thought,
 Through an idle fancy wrought:
 Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

PHILASTER: OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.¹

LOVE MADE BY A LADY.

Arethusa, the daughter of the reigning King of Sicily, makes honourable love to Philaster, the rightful heir to the crown.

ARETHUSA and One of her Ladies.

Arethusa. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
 At first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength

¹ *Philaster is the story of an injured heir to the throne, whose rights are finally adjusted by a marriage with the usurper's daughter, who loves and is beloved by him. Another lady, disguised as a page, is also in love with him, and is made the cause of mistakes and jealousies, which produce great troubles.*

Philaster: or, Love lies a-Bleeding.] This pretty title, in which a graceful name, a tender calamity, and the image of a beautiful flower are so happily mixed up, must have added to the popularity for which the play before us was celebrated. Beaumont and Fletcher are generally happy in the titles of their plays and the names of their characters. Those before us,—PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, EUPHRASIA, BELLARIO, are supremely elegant.

Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him: whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But I know he fears.

Lady. Methought his looks hid more of love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?—

Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am. If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.—

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passions of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

Phi. Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster ; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your worth ?
Have I in person wrong'd you ? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues ?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great ;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish : but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam ! Both ?

Are. Both, or I die. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life ;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay then, hear !
I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more ?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more ?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it. Turn away my face ?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself

As great a basilisk as he ; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his ;
Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life ;
Why, I will give it you ; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me ?

Are. Thy love ; without which all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this condemn'd life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life :
But how this passion should proceed from you !
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus. 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree

What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,¹
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,
Express'd his grief : and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd : so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was [as] glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.²

Are. 'Tis well. No more. [*Re-enter Lady.*]

¹ *Bred in the bay.*] Of Messina ; in which city and its neighbourhood the scenes of the play are laid.

² It has been thought that this long description of his page, especially by a lover who has just had a declaration made to him by a lady, is one of those instances of misplaced indulgence of the pen, with which our poets are sometimes too justly chargeable. But I cannot help thinking it an exquisite instance to the contrary,—an irrelevancy purposely dwelt upon by the lover, to enable the lady to recover her spirits, by giving to their sudden intercourse an air of perfect comfort and the very privileges of habit.

LOVE LOTH TO PART WITH THE OBJECT OF ITS WORSHIP.

Euphrasia, who for love of Philaster has disguised herself as a boy, and been taken into his service under the name of Bellario, endeavours to avoid becoming page to the Princess Arethusa.

Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask ;
Aye, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown ; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft : yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me ; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair :
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he ; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth :
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge : and if I have done

A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me;
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou did'st attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:—
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs:
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well. [*Exit.*]

LOVE DESCRIBED BY LOVE.

ARETHUSA, Lady, and BELLARIO.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.¹
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

¹ *Thou disclaim'st in me.*] A phrase of the time; meaning, thou disclaimest any interest in myself.

Are. Alas ! what kind of grief can thy years know ?
 Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school ?
 Thou art not capable of other grief ;
 Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
 When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,
 Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
 And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
 Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me ?

Bel. Love, madam ? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love ?
 Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
 As if he wish'd me well ?

Bel. If it be love
 To forget all respect of his own friends,
 In thinking of your face ; if it be love
 To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
 Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
 And hastily as men i' the streets do fire ;
 If it be love to weep himself away,
 When he but hears of any lady dead,
 Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance ;
 If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
 'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
 As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
 Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
 For your lord's credit : but thou know'st, a lie
 That bears this sound is welcomer to me
 Than any truth that says he loves me not.
 Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
 'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A THREAT OF VENGEANCE.

Keep this fault,
 As you would keep your health, from the hot air
 Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
 I will not fall alone. What I have known
 Shall be as public as a print ; all tongues
 Shall speak it, as they do the language they

Are born in ; as free and commonly ; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at ;
So high and glowing, that kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there ; nay, travel with't till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.¹

JEALOUSY.

A lord of the court having out of mistaken zeal for the welfare of Philaster rendered him jealous of the Princess and Bellario, brings them all three into peril of their lives.

PHILASTER *left alone.*

Phi. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast to quench the fire I feel !
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done.
Oh that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not ! Bucks and rams will fight,
To keep their females, standing in their sight ;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away ; and they will fall again
Into their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep :²
But miserable man—

Enter BELLARIO with a letter.

See, see, you gods,
He walks still ; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted ! Is this justice ? Do you mean

¹ This passage is one of those instances of a magnificent idea spoiled by mislocation, which are too often found in Beaumont and Fletcher. And observe the consequent anti-climax. A bad woman is threatening a father with defamation of his child ; and she raises a phenomenon in the heavens which of itself is truly grand and awful, a spectacle for a world, in order to represent what at the utmost could be nothing but a scandal confined to a particular country. A comet leads kingdoms forth to travel by its light, in order to arrive at nothing greater than the fall of a princess, by a lie about a boy !

² *And taste the waters, &c.*] One of the editors changed *waters* to *water*, in order to suit the 'Twas ; and probably it was first written so : yet this confusion of singular and plural numbers was not un-

To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!

The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario!

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy. She has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.— Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here;
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wond'rous well:

But what kind language does she feed thee with?

common with our old poets, not excepting the most learned of them.
Spenser allows himself the license, for the sake of a rhyme:—

And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing *soundes*
From under that deepe rock most horribly *reboundes*.

Faerie Queene, Book iii. Canto 3. St. 9.

So Shakspeare, in an instance still more direct to the purpose
before us:—

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those *springs*,
On chaliced flowers that *lies*.

Cymbeline, vol. iii. St. 2.

“Finding no start in sleep” is very pathetic.

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets ; and does call me
Her pretty servant ; bids me weep no more
For leaving you ; she'll see my services
Regarded ; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends,
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord ?

Phi. Ill ? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy.
And she strokes thy head ?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy ? ha !

Bel. How, my lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life. Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you ! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift ;—I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent.
Had she a sin that way, I would not aid
Her base desires ; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart !

This is a salve worse than the rain disease.
Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least

[*Draws.*

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it : I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do. [*Kneels.*]

She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice : but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee : I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse :
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling !

Bel. When I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow ; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys contemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord :
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep ;
A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls : think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more. Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st!—Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.**Enter ARETHUSA.*

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again :
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, waked, talk'd—
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke—and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such—I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations ? Who attends you ?

Arc. None but my single self. I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy ?

Arc. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy ?

Arc. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy ?

Arc. I think he be not ugly :
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him ;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

Arc. Yes, sir !

King. About eighteen ?

Arc. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service ?

Arc. By your pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away.

Arc. Sir !

King. Put away that boy.

Arc. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it ? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.

Arc. What have I done, my lord ?

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn :

The common people speak it well already :
 They need no grammar. Understand me well ;
 There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
 And suddenly. Do it ! Farewell. *[Exit KING.]*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
 Keeping her honour safe ? Not with the living ;
 They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
 And make 'em truths ; they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces ;
 And, when they see a virtue fortified
 Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
 Oh, how they cast to sink it ; and, defeated,
 (Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
 Where noble names lie sleeping ; till they sweat,
 And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress !

Are. Oh, dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
 Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause ?
 And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
 Your creature, made again from what I was,
 And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi. What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him ?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous ! who ?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune !

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. *[Aside.]*—Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel !

Are you hard-hearted too ? who shall now tell you,
 How much I lov'd you ? who shall swear it to you ?
 And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring you
 Letters, rings, bracelets ? lose his health in service ?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
 Who shall now sing your crying elegies?
 And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
 And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
 And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
 Upon my eye-lid, making me dream, and cry,
 "Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"

Phi. [*aside.*] Oh, my heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
 This lady was not loyal.—Mistress, forget
 The boy: I'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again,
 As my Bellario!

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
 All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
 And all desire to do well for itself!
 Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
 Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy; you put him to me; and
 The loss of such must have a mourning for ['em.]

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
 When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
 And [to] do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
 Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
 Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
 Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
 Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
 Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
 And laugh'd upon it? made it but a mirth,
 And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
 Under this tyrant king, that languishing
 Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
 Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length

Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy!

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Thi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom. Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like
scorpions,
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Past for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!

[*Exit* PHILASTER.]

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black

And guilty, methinks, that boy looks now !
 Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
 Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies,
 And betray innocents ! Thy lord and thou
 May glory in the ashes of a maid
 Fool'd by her passion ; but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away !
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame
 Would do without it. If thou understood'st
 The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
 Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
 Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
 Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
 Into the noblest minds ? Madam, this grief
 You add unto me is no more than drops
 To seas, for which they are not seen to swell :
 My lord has struck his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joys.
 You need not bid me fly ; I came to part,
 To take my latest leave. Farewell for evèr !
 I durst not run away, in honesty,
 From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
 Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
 Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time
 Reveal the truth of your abusèd lord
 And mine, that he may know your worth ; whilst I
 Go seek out some forgotten place to die !

[*Exit* BELLARIO.]

Are. Peace guide thee ! Thou hast overthrown me once ;
 Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
 Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
 Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
 My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
 With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt !

Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid

As with a man,¹ let me discover thee
 Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
 That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
 And have my story written in my wounds. [Exeunt.]

Scene, a forest. Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods,
 With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
 The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
 Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
 Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
 Might have been shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountain girl,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
 Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
 With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
 Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
 My large coarse issue! This had been a life
 Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
 An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
 Nothing assaults me here. See! my griev'd lord
 Sits as his soul were searching out a way
 To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must
 Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.—
 You, that are griev'd, can pity.—Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
 That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
 View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
 According to your bounty (if my service
 Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
 To keep that little piece I hold of life
 From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
 Go, sell those misbeseeeming clothes thou wear'st,
 And feed thyself with them.

¹ *A man.*] Alluding to the story of Actæon.

Bel. Alas ! my lord, I can get nothing for them !
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade :
How should'st thou think to cozen me again ?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me ?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when
I took thee up : [first
Curse on the time ! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art ;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee ? For thine eyes are poison
To mine ; and I am loth to grow in rage.
This way, or that way ?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chase, that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt PHILASTER and BELLARIO severally.*

Enter DION and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance ! You, woodman :

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion !

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse
studded with stars of white ?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall ?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain ?

2 *Wood.* 'Faith, my lord, we saw none ?

[*Exeunt Woodmen.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Dion. What, is she found ?

Cle. Nor will be, I think. There's already a thousand
fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse run
away with her ; some, a wolf pursued her ; others, it
was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen
in the wood. But, questionless, she rode away
willingly.

Enter KING and THRASILINE.

King. Where is she ?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that ?

Answer me so again !

Cle. Sir, shall I lie ?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that,
I say again, where is she ? Mutter not !

Sir, speak you ! where is she ?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last.—You, fellows, answer me ;
Where is she ? Mark me, all ; I am your king ;
I wish to see my daughter ; show her me ;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me ! What ! am I not your king ?
If “ ay,” then am I not to be obey’d ?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest ! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor ! that dar’st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest ; show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood !

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray’d me ; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me. ’Tis the king
Will have it so ; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not ?

Dion. No.

King. No ! cannot the breath of kings do this ?

Dion. No ; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so ? Take heed !

Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers
That must be just.

King. Alas ! what are we kings ?

Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv’d, flatter’d, and ador’d, till we

Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
 And, when we come to try the power we have,
 There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
 I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
 Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse
 My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods!

'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the perform-
 Of covenants betwixt them!

[*ance*
Aside.]

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:

He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.

You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:

Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! You should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth

To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;

Run all; disperse yourselves; the man that finds her,

Or (if she be kill'd), the traitor, I'll make him great.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Another part of the Forest.

Enter ABETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,

Without the counsel of my troubled head:

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,

O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.

Heaven, I hope will ease me. I am sick.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady! Heaven knows I want nothing,

Because I do not wish to live; yet I

Will try her charity.—

Oh, hear, you that have plenty, from that store,
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red
Is gone to guide her heart! I fear she faints.—
Madam, look up!—She breathes not. Ope once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs.—How is it,
Madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there. I pr'ythee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well: forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,

Is less disturb'd than I : I'll make you know it.
 Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
 And search how temperate a heart I have ;
 Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
 Without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario ?
 I pr'ythee kill me : thou art poor, and may'st
 Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead :
 This way were freer. Am I raging now ?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live.
 Sirs, feel my pulse. [Say] whether have you known
 A man in a more equal tune to die ?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time ;
 So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then ?

Are. Kill you ?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
 Bellario. Thou hast done but that, which gods
 Would have transform'd themselves to do. Begone ;
 Leave me without reply ; this is the last
 Of all our meeting.—[*Exit BELLARIO.*] Kill me with
 this sword ;

Be wise, or worse will follow. We are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
 Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
 Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
 Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
 No jealousy in the other world ; no ill there ?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand, [*Draws.*]
 You that have power to do it, for I must
 Perform a piece of justice !—If your youth
 Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest. I have hunted

him these three hours. If I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body! [*Wounds her.*

Coun. Hold, dastard. Strike a woman! Thou art a craven, I warrant thee. Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.¹

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God 'uds me,² I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs. It will be ill To multiply blood upon my head; Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave! take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me. Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[*Exit PHILASTER.*

¹ *Venies at wasters.*] Bouts at cudgels. Veney seems to have been the French word *venez*, anglicised; "as who should say," *come on*. Why cudgels were called *wasters* I cannot say; though metaphorical etymologies of the word might be obvious enough.

² *God 'uds me.*] God judge me. Mr. Dyce tells us, that in one of the old editions the word is printed so.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Cha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?

Pre. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith she lies; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder. Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox¹ fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;

'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment

Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will.—Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Fox.*] A popular term for a sword.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BELLARIO, and lies down on a bank of flowers.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick¹ above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

[*Falls asleep.*]

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathèd villain. If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.—
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast
wrong'd,
So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds Bellario.*]²

¹ *Quick.*] Alive.

² *Wounds Bellario.*] These pinkings of the poor princess and her page by Philaster are justly objected to by Dryden. "When Philaster (he says) wounds Arethusa and the boy, and Perigot his mistress in the '*Faithful Shepherdess*,' both these are contrary to the charities of manhood." *Preface to Troilus and Cressida*. Works—Vol. VI. p. 255, Walter Scott's edition.—It is as if the jealous but naturally gentle lover wished to do a little bit of murder without actually committing it.

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself: [Falls.

The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee. Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive the hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee. Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd; Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

[PHILASTER creeps into a bush.

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts. Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,

Upon my soul, that hurt her. 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Pha. Oh, thou damn'd
In thy creation! What cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once,
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [*PHILASTER creeps out of a bush.*]

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence;
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down

That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
 Place me, some god, upon a piramis¹,
 Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
 Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
 I may discourse to all the under-world
 The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man

Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
 And gods do punish most when men do break,
 He touch'd her not.—Take heed, Bellario,
 How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
 With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!
 You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it.

Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
 Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
 Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
 I may weep floods, and [so] breathe forth my spirit.
 'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
 Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
 This arm-full from me. This had been a ransom
 To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
 Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
 More stony than these mountains, can you see
 Such clear blue blood drop, and not cut your flesh
 To stop his life, to bind whose bitter wounds
 Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
 Bathe 'em?—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
 Of poor Philaster!

¹ *Piramis.*] A pyramid.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and a Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say
It was Philaster?

Phi. Question it no more; it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him, will tell us that.

Are. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.

Phi. I was so.—Oh, my stars!
That I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenge'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their death.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended watch. [people.]

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the

Dion. Fear it not: their over-wise heads will think it but a
trick. [Exeunt.]

LOVE FORGIVEN BY LOVE.

Arethusa and Bellario (whose sex is still unsuspected) forgive Philaster the suspicions that have subjected himself to sentence of death, and them to the resolution of sharing it.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore. Can it bear us all?
 Forgive and leave me. But the king hath sent
 To call me to my death. Oh, shew it me,
 And then forget me. And for thee, my boy,
 I shall deliver words will mollify
 The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
 Worthy your noble thoughts. 'Tis not a life;
 'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.¹
 Should I out-live you, I should then outlive
 Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
 If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
 May I live spotted for my perjury,
 And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
 Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
 Do by the honour of a virgin swear,
 To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful, to our deaths!

Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
 To such a wretch as I! I shall die loath'd.
 Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
 For ever sleep forgotten with my faults!
 Every just servant, every maid in love,
 Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?
 He was not born of woman that can cut
 It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
 For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
 If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
 Your life no price, compared to mine? For love, sirs,
 Deal with me truly.

¹ *Childhood thrown away.*] Hazlitt exclaims, at this passage, "What exquisite beauty and delicacy!"

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed! Be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

AN INUNDATION.

Dion warns the King against putting Philaster to death.

King, you may be deceived yet :

The head you aim at, cost more setting on,

Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,

Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him

A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages

Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,

Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,

And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,

[*Apostrophising his absent friend.*

Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,

That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,

In thy red ruins.

A DISCLOSURE.

Philaster and the court, on the restitution of his right to the crown, being again threatened with loss of happiness by a renewal of his suspicions respecting the princess and the supposed Bellario, are finally delivered from them by Euphrasia's disclosure of her sex.

Enter King, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEKEMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, and attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?¹

¹ *Is it appeas'd?*] A revolt which had taken place in order to right Philaster.

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him. I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.

Cleremont. My lord is come.

King. My son!¹
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in my arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home:
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady, [*Looking at Megra,*
who has been the Prince of Spain's mistress.]
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.

Megra. Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him.²

¹ *My son.*] The king calls Philaster his son, because he has become his son-in-law in consequence of his betrothal to the princess.

² *Her and him.*] Meaning, that she had seen the Princess and Bellario embracing.

Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

[father.

King (to Arethusa). Clear thou thyself, or know not me for
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.

My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions! Hear me, sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.¹

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture.² I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

¹ *Will sadly be denied.*] Shall be sorry to be denied.

² *Bear away that boy*

To torture.] For the purpose of forcing him to a disclosure of the truth.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me. Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir, your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No!—Help, sir.

Bel. (*to Dion.*) Will you torture me?

King. Haste there!
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak, then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.— [They walk aside.]

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me

They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By heaven, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,

Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st

As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;

But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she.

Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:

And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Phi. Why then hold you me? [*He offers to stab himself.*]
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discover'd?

Dion. Why, my shame!

It is a woman. Let her speak the rest.

Phi. How? that again.

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA is seized.]

Phi. It is a woman, sir! Hark, gentlemen!

It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.¹

Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Bel. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,

¹ For mercy.] Dion, out of a wrong notion of doing Philaster a service, had borne false witness to the charge against the Princess.

As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in,
 Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man,
 Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing! After you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love;
 Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
 In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you: and understanding well,
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
 Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
 Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
 Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
 And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
 Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
 Marry; it is a thing within my vow.

Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth
 Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
 Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
 To think to take revenge of that base woman;
 Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
 As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
 This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
 Shall have free passage, and a conduct home

Worthy so great a prince.—When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

Pha. I do confess,
Renownèd sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you !
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun ! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.¹

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ "Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all."

SHEFFIELD'S *Essay on Poetry*.

"The character of Bellario must have been extremely popular in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scarce a play can be found ['A remark,' says Mr. Dyce, 'thrown out somewhat at random'] without one of these women pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover, calling on the gods to bless her happy rival (his mistress) whom no doubt she secretly curses in her heart, giving rise to many pretty *equivokes* by the way on the confusion of sex, and either made happy at last by some surprising turn of fate, or dismissed with the joint pity of the lovers and the audience. Our ancestors seem to have been wonderfully delighted with these transformations of sex. Women's parts were then acted by young men. What an odd double confusion it must have made, to see a boy play a woman playing a man ! one cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination."—LAMB.

"Bellario is suggested by *Viola* [in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*]. There is more picturesqueness, more dramatic importance, not, perhaps, more beauty and sweetness of affection, but a more elegant development of it, in Fletcher ; on the other hand, there is still more of that improbability which attends a successful concealment of sex by mere disguise of clothes, though no artifice has been more common on the stage."—HALLAM.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.¹

LOVE FORLORN.

Amintor, a nobleman of the court of Rhodes, forsakes Aspatia by the King's command, to marry Evadne. The grief of the forsaken one described.

This lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.

PASSAGES FROM A MASQUE PERFORMED ON THE WEDDING
NIGHT OF AMINTOR AND EVADNE.

NIGHT, *rising in mists, addresses Cynthia (the Moon).*

Our reign is come, for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice. I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.
Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud.

¹ A king persuades a nobleman of his court to forsake one lady and marry another, the latter having been seduced by the king himself, and being secretly his mistress. The bad woman, stimulated by her brother to regret and revenge, murders the king in his bed; the forsaken one, disguised as a page, contrives to be killed by her deserter; and the deserter kills himself from remorse.

CYNTHIA *forbids any winds to appear but gentle ones.*

We must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.

An invocation to Night, before music.

Dark Night,
Strike a full silence : do a thorough right
To this great chorus ; that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At midnight.

Aspatia's wishes for Amintor and Evadne, on their wedding-day.

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

Evad. (to *Dula*) 'Would thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek :
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could !

Then should I leave the cause.

[*She sings.*

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one. [*She sings again.*

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I died true :
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

Madam, good night.—May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you. But, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,

To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
 No worse than I: but if you love so well,
 Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
 This is the last time you shall look on me.—
 Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
 Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
 Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
 To offer at it when I go to earth.
 With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
 Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
 Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
 The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee.

Enter AMINTOR.

Asp. (to *Amintor*) Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
 May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,
 Be utterly forgotten in my death!
 I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
 A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
 You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
 When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
 Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
 Into this willow garland, and am prouder
 That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
 Than to have had another true to me.

SELF-PITY DEMANDING SYMPATHY.

"*Aspatia will have her maidens be sorrowful, because she is so.*"

ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, and OLYMPIAS.

Be sure

You credit anything the light gives light to,
 Before a man. Rather believe the sea
 Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
 Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
 When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
 Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
 When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
 (Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
 Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:

They cannot flatter, nor forswear ; one kiss
 Makes a long peace for all. But man,
 Oh, that beast man ! Come, let's be sad, my girls !
 That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
 Shows a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila ;
 Just such another was the nymph C  none,
 When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear ;
 And then thou art a piece expressing fully
 The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
 Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
 To the fair Trojan ships ; and, having lost them,
 Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,
 What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia ?
 Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
 Turn'd her to marble ! 'Tis enough, my wench !
 Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam ?

Asp. Yes, that piece.—(*Looking at it.*)

This should be Theseus ; he has a cozening face :
 You meant him for a man ?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back :
 You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus !
 Does not the story say, his keel was split,
 Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
 Met with his vessel ?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
 And not, of all their number, raise a storm ?
 But they are all as ill ! This false smile
 Was well express'd ; just such another caught me.—
 You shall not go so.—

Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
 And over it a shallow smiling water,
 And his ship ploughing it ; and then a Fear :
 Do that Fear to the life, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
 Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady ?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
 You are much mistaken, wench:
 These colours are not dull and pale enough
 To shew a soul so full of misery
 As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
 Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
 And you shall find all true but the wild island.
 Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
 Wild as that desert; and let all about me
 Be teachers of my story. Do my face
 (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
 Thus, thus, Antiphila. Strive to make me look
 Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me
 Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
 Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
 Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches;
 A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
 Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there
 Make a dull silence, till you feel a sadness
 Give us new souls.¹

A WIFE PENITENT AND FORGIVEN.

Evadne implores forgiveness of Amintor, for marrying him while she was the King's mistress.

Evad. Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
 That I should lose myself thus desperately,
 And none for pity shew me how I wander'd!
 There is not in the compass of the light
 A more unhappy creature.—Oh, my lord!

"The plaintive image of the forsaken Aspatia has an indescribably sweet spirit and romantic expression. Her fancy takes part with her heart, and gives sorrow a visionary gracefulness.—The resemblance of this poetical picture to 'Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne' has been noticed by Mr. Seward, in the preface to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. In both representations, the extended arms of the mourner, her hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks around her, and the broken trunks of leafless trees, make her figure appear like sorrow's monument."—CAMPBELL.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amint. How now?

Evad. (*kneeling*) My much-abused lord!

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow.
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf,¹ into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Pr'ythee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set;² even with my life,
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:³

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

¹ *Like a hand-wolf.*] A wolf brought up by hand; domesticated from its birth.—This passage, from its perfect nature, analogy, and spirit, might have been written by Shakspeare.

² *At the highest set.*] Rated at the highest price.

³ *Sure I dazzle.*] Am confused in my eyesight; do not see properly.

Evad. My lord,

Give me your griefs. You are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow,¹ by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not.
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in: the same monster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee!
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest

¹ *I do not fall here*

To shadow.] I do not prostrate myself to make my fault appear otherwise than it is.

(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
 Though in my evening, yet perceive I will
 (Since I can do no good, because a woman)
 Reach constantly at something that is near it:
 I will redeem one minute of my age,
 Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
 Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:

My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast
 Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
 Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
 Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
 Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
 From this time I will know thee; and, as far
 As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor:
 When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
 And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
 My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from thee.¹

DEATH SOUGHT BY TWO DESPAIRING WOMEN, ONE VIOLENT
 AND THE OTHER GENTLE.

SCENE—*Antechamber to Evadne's apartments in the Palace.*

Enter ASPATIA, in man's apparel, and with artificial scars on her face.

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
 My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
 Grievs on me that will never let me rest.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!

Ser. And you, sir. What's your business?

Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
 To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

¹ "The difficulty of giving at once truth, strength, and delicacy to female repentance for the loss of honour is finely accomplished in Evadne. The stage perhaps has few scenes more affecting than that in which she obtains forgiveness of Amintor, on terms which interest us in his compassion without compromising his honour."—CAMPBELL.

Asp. I'll do him any service; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth
Delay you any longer: you cannot.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular,
I have in charge, about no weighty matters.

Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof?
There's for thee; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best. [Exit.]

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me; are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in everything,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so! It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR and his Man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, sir?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

[Exit Servant.]

Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it!

Amin. Now your will, sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss

That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,
That did it. 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in everything. She used few words
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal. The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change: for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and begone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,

Lest I were cozen'd ; and be sure to fight,
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me.

For her I'll die directly ; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urged.

I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight ; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. *[She strikes him.]*

Amin. I pr'ythee, youth, take heed.

Thy sister is to me a thing so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods ! a blow I can endure !
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow ;

One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people ; to be kick'd
[She kicks him.]

Thus, to be kick'd !—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death ? *[Aside.]*

Amin. A man can bear

No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then !
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show *[Draws.]*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—

[They fight ; Aspatia is wounded.]

What dost thou mean ?

Thou canst not fight : the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides ; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless !

Asp. I have got enough,

And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter EVADNE, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,

That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,

And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again ;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair ?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now ?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foul within to look fair then :
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife !

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor ! for the king is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love ;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms !
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,
And found out one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
"Joy to Amintor !" Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by a violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and, to augment my woe,
You are now present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. No more ; pursue me not

Evad. Forgive me, then,

And take me to thy bed. We may not part. [*Kneels.*

Amin. Forbear ! Be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed ;

It will return with me.

Evad. If it must be,

I shall not fear to meet it : take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear !

Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm : thine eyes are sharper

Than thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away !

Thy knees are more to me than violence.

I am worse than sick to see knees follow me,

For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language :

In midst of all my anger and my grief,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And says, " I lov'd thee once." I dare not stay.

[*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again :

Go ; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever !

Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.

[*Kills herself.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,

That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.

[*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood :

My soul grows weary of her house, and I

All over am a trouble to myself.

There is some hidden power in these dead things,

That calls my flesh unto 'em : I am cold !

Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring ; and yet, 'would it were done !
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the boldest way ;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did, stands up :
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream ? There stands Amintor still ;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou ? Speak ! receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again :
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia ?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her ?

Amin. 'Tis true ; and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers :
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge ;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again ?

Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor ; I am well :
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss !
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay ; I must rest here ;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul ? I would fain live
Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have loved me then ?

Amin. Alas !

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand ; my hands grope up and down,

And cannot find thee. I am wondrous sick :
Have I thy hand Amintor ?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh ! I must go. Farewell ! [Dies.

Amin. She swoons ! Aspatia !—Help ! for Heaven's sake,
water !

Such as may chain life ever to this frame.—

Aspatia, speak !—What, no help yet ? I fool !

I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs :

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,

And let her answer me !—Aspatia, speak !—

I have heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will show itself.

Oh, she is gone ! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

Ye heavenly powers ! and lend, for some few years,

The blessed soul to this fair seat again.

No comfort comes ; the gods deny me too !

I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia !—

The soul is fled for ever ; and I wrong

Myself, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now ? Here's to be with thee, love !

[Stabs himself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king
come to him : I must tell him he is entering.—Oh,
God ! Help, help !

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS (Evadne's brother,) CALIANAX
(Aspatia's father), CLEON, DIPHILUS, and STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor ?

Serv. Oh, there, there.

Cys. How strange is this !

Cal. What should we do here ?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever ! Eyes, call up your tears !
This is Amintor. Heart ! he was my friend ;

Melt ; now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh !

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh !
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue.
Speak, speak !

Amin. What ?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother !

Here lies your sister slain ; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this :
Here was my sister, father, brother, son ;
All that I had !—Speak once again : what youth
Lies slain there by thee ?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.

My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom.

[*Dies.*

Cal. What's that ? what's that ? Aspatia !

Mel. I never did

Repent the greatness of my heart till now ;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too ! And you have all fine
new tricks to grieve ; but I ne'er knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a prattler ; but no more. [*Offers to kill himself.*

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie ! how unmanly was this offer in you ;
Does this become our strain ?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very
kind, and am friends with you. You have given me
that among you will kill me quickly ; but I'll go home,
and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath ? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep

Lys. Look to him though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: for, on lustful kings,
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument. [*Exeunt.*]

[One characteristic of the excellent old poets is their being able to bestow grace upon subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances: Zelmane in the *Arcadia* of Sidney, and Helena in the *All's Well that Ends Well* of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off as a woman among women? and that too for a long space of time? Yet Sir Philip has preserved such a matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrocles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelmane, nor is the respect due to the princesses at all diminished when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly constituted mind of Sir Philip Sidney it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena, in Shakspeare, is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed. Yet with such exquisite address is this dangerous subject handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and Nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation.

"Aspatia, in this tragedy, is a character equally difficult with Helena of being managed with grace. She too is a slighted woman, refused by a man who had once engaged to marry her. Yet it is artfully contrived that while we pity her, we respect her, and she descends without degradation. So much true poetry and passion can do to confer dignity upon subjects which do not seem capable of it. But Aspatia must not be compared at all points with Helena; she does not so absolutely predominate over her situation, but she suffers some diminution, some abatement of the full lustre of the female character, which Helena never does: her character has many degrees of sweetness, some of delicacy, but it has weakness which if we do not despise we are sorry for. After all, Beaumont and Fletcher were but an inferior sort of Shakspeares and Sidneys."—LAMB.

"The *Maid's Tragedy*, unfortunately, beautiful and essentially moral as it is, cannot be called a tragedy for maids, and indeed should hardly be read by any respectable woman. It abounds with that studiously protracted indecency which distinguished Fletcher beyond all our early dramatists, and is so much incorporated with his plays, that very few of them can be so altered as to become tolerable at present on the stage."
HALLAM.]

A KING AND NO KING.¹

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KICKS AND BEATINGS.

Bessus, a beaten poltroon, applies to a couple of professional bullies, also poltroons, to sit in judgment on his case, and testify to his character for valour. They accompany him to the house of Bacurius to do so, and bring an unexpected certificate on the whole party.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of Bessus.*

Enter BESSUS, Two Swordsmen, and a Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Begone, child!
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant.

1st Sw. We understand ourselves, sir.

Bessus. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends of the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2nd Sw. You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour—
But to your cause. Be wise, and speak the truth.

Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1st Sw. Stay there a little, sir. Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, my prince has beaten me.

2nd Sw. (to 1st). Brother, what think you of this case?

1st Sw. If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2nd Sw. If he have beaten him, I grant the case:
But how? We cannot be too subtle in this business;
I say, but how?

Bes. Even with his royal hand.

1st Sw. Was it a blow of love or indignation?

Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen:
Besides two blows o' th' face.

2nd Sw. Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

¹ Story of a brave but pompous and bragging sovereign, who turns out to have no right to his throne. The only scenes in the play worth preserving are the admirable ones here extracted concerning Bessus, who may be styled the Prince of Poltroons.

1st Sw. Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man,
 I must confess, as the swordsmen say, had turn'd
 The business; mark me, brother, by a worse man;
 But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
 And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
 Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favour.
 This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2nd Sw. The king may do much, Captain, believe it;
 For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
 Or broke a rib or two, with tossing of you,
 Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
 You may imagine; but this is truth now, Captain.

Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen;
 But how far may he strike me?

1st Sw. There's another;
 A new cause rising from the time and distance,
 In which I will deliver my opinion.
 We may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten
 (For these are natural to man).
 Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
 As his dominion reaches: that's for the distance;
 The time, ten miles a day, I take it.

2nd Sw. Brother, you err; 'tis fifteen miles a day;
 His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—

1st Sw. (interrupting). Be subject to it. You are wise and
 virtuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
 To which I dedicate my beaten body. [sword.
 I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th'

2nd Sw. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
 Profit your understanding. We are bound,
 By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
 Shortly and discreetly.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2nd Sw. How far, sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over.
 My sword lost, but not forced; for discreetly
 I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1st Sw. It show'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2nd Sw. Brother, this is a pretty cause: pray, think on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.

1st Sw. He has so, brother.

2nd Sw. Soerely, he says. Now had he sat down here
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1st Sw. I think it had been cowardly, indeed.

2nd Sw. But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
He should have kick'd him after the delivering,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1st Sw. Brother, I take it, you mistake the question:
For say, that I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. I must not say so:
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue o' man.
You kick'd, dear brother! You are merry

1st Sw. But put the case, I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1st Sw. I do not say I was kick'd.

2nd Sw. No; nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.
You kick'd, dear brother!

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1st Sw. Why then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd,
Captain.

2nd Sw. The boy, may be suppos'd, is liable;
But, kick my brother!

1st Sw. (*to Bessus*). A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my friend.
But, to the boy. Suppose the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1st Sw. Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no. I pray, suppose a sword too. [then.]

1st Sw. I do suppose it. You grant your boy was kick'd,

2nd Sw. By no means, Captain. Let it be supposed, still
The word "grant" makes not for us.

1st Sw. I say this must be granted.

2nd Sw. This *must* be granted, brother?

1st Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. Still, this *must*?

1st Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. Ay? Give me the must again? Brother, you

1st Sw. I will not hear you, wasp. [palter.

2nd Sw. Brother,

I say you palter. The *must* three times together!

I wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox¹ bites as deep. *Musted*, my dear brother!

But to the cause again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen.

2nd Sw. In a word, I ha' done.

1st Sw. (to Bessus). A tall man, but intemperate. 'Tis great

Once more, suppose the boy kick'd. [pity.—

2nd Sw. Forward.

1st Sw. And being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2nd Sw. So much for us. Proceed.

1st Sw. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon. Where lies the error?

Bes. It lies i' th' beating, sir. I found it four days since.

2nd Sw. The error, and a sore one, I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well—'Tis sore, indeed, Sir.

1st Sw. That is according to the man that did it.

2nd Sw. There springs a new branch. Whose was the foot?

Bes. A lord's.

1st Sw. The cause is mighty: but had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, had you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?

2nd Sw. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, Sir.

1st Sw. My reason now. The valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning. You have had
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2nd Sw. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists, not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty: in a head rebuked

¹ The old cant word for sword.

With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves.
This shows a valiant man.

Bes. Then I am valiant: as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money.
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating.
I think I have been cudgell'd by all nations,
And almost all religions.

2nd Sw. Embrace him, brother. This man is valiant.
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1st Sw. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon; a very valiant man.

Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request
Your hands to this.

2nd Sw. 'Tis fit it should be.

Bes. Boy,
Go get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen?

1st Sw. Sir, when the world
Has taken notice of what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my cause.

2nd Sw. We will; and tell that lord he must be rul'd,
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The House of Bacurius.*

Enter BACURIUS and a Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS with the two Swordsmen.

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already. [men?]

Bac. Now fellows, your business? Are these the gentle-

Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' th' sword, along with me.

Bac. I am

Afraid you'll fight, then?

Bes. My good lord, I will not;

Your lordship is mistaken. Fear not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for it.

Bes. I ask no more

In honour.—Gentlemen, you hear my lord
Is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you,

But beaten one that will be beaten;

One whose dull body will require a lamming,
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.

Now, to your swordsmen:

What come they for, good Captain Stockfish?

Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are

Things fitter, I must confess, for anything

Than my remembrance, or any honest man's— [yard?

What shall these billets do? Be piled up in my wood-

Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still: heaven continue

But, for these gentlemen, they come— [it!

Bac. To swear you are a coward? Spare your task;

I do believe it.

Bes. Your lordship still draws wide:

They come to vouch, under their valiant names,

I am no coward.

Bac. That would be a show indeed worth seeing. Sirs,

Be wise, and take money for this motion;¹ travel
with it;

And where the name of Bessus has been known,

Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than

A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,

If you be thrifty, than your Captainship,

And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,

Is this true?

2nd Sw. It is so, most renown'd.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

¹ *Take money for this motion.*] Make money by showing these fellows about the country. *Motion*, i. e. a spectacle set in motion, was a word for a puppet-show.

1st Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true.

We have examin'd, from your lordship's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings ;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient. This as our swords shall help us.

Bac. (to Bessus). You are much bounden to your bilbo-men.¹
I am glad you're straight again, Captain. 'Twere good
You would think some way how to gratify them :
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2nd Sw. Your lordship must understand we are no men
Of the law, that take pay for our opinion :
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.

Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord ;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the pains.

2nd Sw. Oh lord, my good lord !

Bac. Be not so modest ; I will give you something.

Bes. They shall dine with your lordship. That's sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple
squires !

Do you come hither with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings ?

[Kicks them.

1st Sw. I do beseech your lordship—

2nd Sw. Oh, good lord !

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here !
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.

[Exit Servant.

2nd Sw. More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship.

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1st Sw. O' this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords ;

For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flayed,
You rascals.

¹ Bilbo-men.] Swordsmen ; from Bilboa in Spain, a place famous for the manufacture of swords.

1st Sw. Mine s off, my lord. [*They take off their swords.*]

2nd Sw. I beseech your lordship, stay a little ; my strap's
Now, when you please. [tied.]

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends :

You long for a little too ?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel ?

2nd Sw. (*takes out a pistol*). Here 'tis, sir ; a small piece of
artillery,

That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,
Sent me with to get it mended, sir ; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal !

I was never wearier of doing nothing,
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.

Bac. It comes too late : I am weary. Pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.

2nd Sw. My lord, this is foul play,
'I faith, to put a fresh man upon us :
Men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up
your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather
thrash, than be bound to kick these rascals till they
cried, Ho !—Bessus,—you may put your hand to them
now, and thus you are quit.—Farewell ! As you like
this, pray visit me again. 'Twill keep me in good
health. [*Exit.*]

2nd Sw. He has a devilish hard foot ! I never felt the like !

1st Sw. Nor I ; and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2nd Sw. If he kick thus i' th' dog days, he'll be dry-
founded.¹

What cure now, Captain, besides oil of bays ?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you. You can go ?

2nd Sw. Yes, heaven be thank'd ! But I feel a shrewd ache ;
Sure he has sprang my ankle-bone.

¹ He'll be dry-founded.] Will sink to the earth for thirst.

1st Sw. I have lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter :

Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter :

Probatum est.

2nd Sw. Captain, we must request

Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye ;

And then let all the world come. We are valiant
To ourselves ; and there's an end.

1st Sw. Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh my ribs !

2nd Sw. A plague upon those sharp-toed shoes ! They're
murderers !

[“The pretended self-deception with which a coward lies to his own thoughts, the necessity for support which induces him to apply to others as cowardly as himself for the warrant of their good opinion, and the fascinations of vanity which impel such men into the exposure which they fancy they have taken the subtlest steps to guard against, are most entertainingly set forth in the interview of Bessus with the two bullies, and the subsequent catastrophe of all three in the hands of Bacurius. The nice balance of distinction and difference in which the bullies pretend to weigh the merits of kicks and beatings, and the impossibility which they affect of a shadow of imputation against their valour, or even of the power to assume it hypothetically, are masterly plays of wit of the first order.”—*Wit and Humour*, &c. p. 174.]

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

AN ELDERLY SERVING-MAID LOOKING MARRIAGE-WARDS.

She had a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard,¹ but he never saw her ; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding : she loved all the players in the last queen's time once over ; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played

¹ On the site of the present Horse Guards ; where the courtiers used to amuse themselves with knightly exercises.

murderers. She has nine spur-royals,¹ and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces, eagerly, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress's husband's clerk that shall be) that marries her shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a year.

AN ACCEPTED LOVER REPRESSED.

An apartment in the house of the Scornful Lady. Enter (with YOUNGLOVE, her waiting-maid) the Lady to LOVELESS, who has begged to speak with her.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

Loveless. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth which you yourself and all the world can see—

Lady (shivering). It's a cold room this, servant.

Love. Mistress—

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for it, out here?

Love. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wronged: but I whose virtues are constancy and obedience—

Lady (to waiting-woman). Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

Love. I have heard, and seen, your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

Love. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose: but, as a man——

Lady (interrupting him). A simile, servant? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into it. My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

Love. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatched. The next?

Love. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

¹ Gold coins worth 15s. each, and so called because they had a star on the reverse resembling the rowel of a spur.—DYCE.

Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despaired of that ; nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third ?

Love. Yes, I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I ? Never apter. Fast, good servant, fast.

Love. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly. Have you brought one can speak it ?

Love. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home ?

Love. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress ; a woman ; a weak one, wildly overborne with passions. But the thing by her commanded, is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff, passing, in a poor water-house, the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais ; five long hours' sail, with three weeks' poor victuals !

Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then, to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host ;—to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horses, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue ;—

Love. (*interrupting*). You wrong me much.

Lady. And for all these almost invincible labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to provoke her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter ; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laughed at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chambermaids.

Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

Love. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers : move me not with toys. But in this banishment I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss, forced from you in public by me, so unpardonable ? Why, all hours have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true; and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

Love. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

Love. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stained your cheek. You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: but if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

Love. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well; and could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage, with one I never kissed? or could I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on,—
 Were the gloves bought and given,—the license come,—
 Were the rosemary branches dipped,¹ and all
 The hippocras² and cakes eat and drank of,—
 Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
 Of batchelors, to lead me to the church,—
 Were my feet at the door,—were "I John" said,—
 If John should boast a favour done by me,
 I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
 When you have spent this year commodiously,
 In achieving languages, will, at your return,
 Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes
 Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now.
 If you dare go——

Love. I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

¹ This herb was used as an emblem of remembrance at weddings as well as funerals.—WEBER and DYCE.

² Hippocras was a favourite medicated drink, composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so called from Hippocrates (contracted by our earliest writers to Hippocras); perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions being termed *Hippocrates's sleeve*.—DYCE.

Lady (declining). Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,

On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

[*Exit.*]

Eld. Love. Farewell, cruel mistress.¹

A "DOMINIE" BANTERED.

Sir Roger, a foolish chaplain, carries a message to a wit.²

SIR ROGER and WELFORD.

Rog. God save you, sir ! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—(*aside*) I'll try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham. Call you him cousin ?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that ? a cross ? There's a tester.

[*Gives money.*³]

Rog. I mean, the name which your godfathers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism ; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name ?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house ?

¹ This scene, with the airs that the lady gives herself, the readiness and sprightliness of her replies, and the lasting style of the prose, is an anticipation of the writing of Congreve.

"Sir" was the college title of a Bachelor of Arts.

³ Money often bore a cross on it.

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these:—To know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

[*Exit* ROGER.]

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. Here's the walking nightcap again.

Re-enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a bachelor of arts, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof.

Wel. A cobbler, sir?

Rog. No, sir: I inculcate divine service within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs. But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then, and whilst I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious. [*Exeunt severally.*]

[Our latest and best historian, speaking of the general condition of the domestic chaplain during the century which followed the accession of Queen Elizabeth, says: "A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a

year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farriers' bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel."—MACAULAY'S *History of England*, vol. i. p. 327.]

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

HEROIC HOSPITALITY.

Donna Guiomar, a lady of Lisbon, having given shelter, without knowing the circumstance, to a stranger who has killed her son, persists, after learning it, in screening him from his pursuers.

Scene, a Bed-chamber. Enter DONNA GUIOMAR and Servants.

Guiomar. He's not i' th' house?

Servants. No, madam.

Gui. Haste, and seek him.

Go, all, and everywhere: I'll not to bed,
Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears!
And those devotions¹ I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
And I shall read them there, without a taper.

[*She kneels. Exeunt Servants.*

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape: behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset. Cursed in fortune!
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears
brought me?

¹ *Devotions.*] To be read, *de-vi-ti-ons*. Words of this kind had not yet ceased to be quadrisyllables, whenever it suited the poet to treat them as such.

I am got into a house ; the doors all open ;
 This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings
 And other rich ornaments, glist'ning through
 The sable mask of night, says it belongs
 To one of means and rank. No servant stirring,
 Murmur, nor whisper.

Gui. Who's that ?

Rut. By the voice,
 This is a woman.

Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!
 Who waits there ?

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house ;
 I'll fly to her protection.

Gui. Speak ; what are you ?

Rut. Of all, that ever breath'd, a man most wretched.

Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners ;
 You could not with so little reverence else
 Press to my private chamber. Whither would you ?
 Or what do you seek for ?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me !
 I am a stranger, and in that I answer
 All your demands ; a most unfortunate stranger,
 That call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
 Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice pursues me,
 And, for that life I took unwillingly,
 And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
 Unless you, in your charity, protect me.
 Your house is now my sanctuary ; and the altar
 I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
 By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
 And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness,
 Take pity on me !

Gui. Are you a Castilian ?

Rut. No, madam ! Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I ask not

With purpose to betray you ; if you were
 Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
 We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
 If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings ;
 Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,

Into which enter. (*RUTILIO conceals himself.*)
but from this place stir not :

If the officers come, as you expect they will do,
I know they own such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.

Rut. The blest saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you !

Gui. (*aside*). How he quakes !
Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort ;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant ;—and (*aside*) who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of ?

Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with DUARTE on a bier.

1st Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.

2nd Serv. Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.

1st Off. His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discover'd
Entering your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.

Gui. Oh !

1st Serv. Sure, her heart is broke.

1st Off. Madam !

Gui. Stand off :

My sorrow is so dear and pretious to me,
That you must not partake it. Suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to despatch me.—
(*Aside.*) Oh, my Duarte ! such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophesy ! thou art dead ;
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My soul's divided ;
And piety to a son, and true performance

Of hospitable duties to my guest,
 That are to others angels, are my Furies :
 Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
 Denies the entrance. Is no medium left,
 But that I must protect the murderer,
 Or suffer in that faith he made his altar ?
 Motherly love, give place ; the fault made this way,
 To keep a vow to which high Heaven is witness,
 Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter the lady's brother MANUEL, Doctors and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late ;
 He's gone, past all recovery : now reproof
 Were but unreasonable, when I should give comfort ;
 And yet remember, sister——

Gui. Oh, forbear !
 Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
 And as you think fit, give it burial.
 Wretch that I am, incapable of all comfort !
 And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
 And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
 Your courteous visitations.

Man. We obey you.

*[Exeunt with DUARTE on the bier, all except GUIOMAR
 and RUTILIO.]*

Rut. (aside). My spirits come back, and now despair resigns
 Her place again to hope.

Gui. Whate'er thou art,
 To whom I have given means of life, to witness
 With what religion I have kept my promise,
 Come fearless forth : but let thy face be cover'd,
 That I hereafter be not forced to know thee ;
 For motherly affection may return,
 My vow once paid to Heaven.

[RUTILIO comes forth with his face covered.]

Thou hast taken from me
 The respiration of my heart, the light
 Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me :
 Yet my word given to save you I make good,
 Because what you did was not done with malice.

You are not known ; there is no mark about you
 That can discover you ; let not fear betray you.
 With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
 That I may never see you ; and that want
 Of means may be no let unto your journey,
 There are a hundred crowns. [*Gives purse.*] You are
 at the door now,
 And so, farewell for ever.

Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*

Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
 I owe your goodness : next, all blessings to you,
 And Heaven restore the joys I have bereft you,
 With full increase, hereafter ! Living, be
 The goddess styl'd of hospitality. [*Exeunt severally.*

[The beautiful incidents of this scene may have been taken either from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, in which they first appeared, or from the *Persiles and Sigismunda* of Cervantes, into which the great novelist transferred them. The situation of the mother between the dead body of her son, and the murderer to whom she has promised refuge, is one of the most affecting conceivable, and worthily borne out. It may be pleasant to the reader to know, that the son is not slain, and that Rutilio and the lady marry.]

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

A NEW RECEIVER GENERAL.

"The humour of a Gallant who will not be persuaded to keep his Lands, but chooses to live by his Wits rather."

VALENTINE'S Uncle. Merchant, who has his Mortgage.

Mer. When saw you Valentine ?

Unc. Not since the horse-race.

He's taken up with those that woo the widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people ?

He bore a worthy mind.

Unc. Alas ! he's sunk ;

His means are gone ; he wants ; and, which is worse,
 Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs lunatic if you but talk of states :¹

¹ *States.*] Conditions of circumstance, property, &c. Standings in society. *Estates*, with all which they confer.

He can't be brought (now he has spent his own)
To think there is inheritance, or means,
But all a common riches; all men bound
To be his bailiff's.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Unc. No gentleman, that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers: for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,
"God bless the founders." These he would have ventur'd
Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks,
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies
And starve their understandings.

VALENTINE joins them.

Val. Now to your business, uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on 't; name 't no more;
'Tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me.
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it
(I mean, of thinking of more lands and livings)
Than sickly men are o' travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers.¹ Out upon it!
Caveat emptor;² let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.

Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be. Will that content you?
How bravely now I live! how jocund!
How near the first inheritance! without fears!
How free from title troubles!

Unc. And from means too!

Val. Means!

¹ *Quell'd with carriers.*] Plagued to death with the people whom the circumstance brings around them?

² *Caveat emptor.*] Let the purchaser beware.

Why, all good men's my means ; my wit's my plough,
 The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house
 (And all the world know, there's no want) : all gentle-
 That love society, love me ; all purses [men,
 That wit and pleasure open, are my tenants ;
 Every man's clothes fit me ; the next fair lodging
 Is but my next remove ; and when I please
 To be more eminent, and take the air,
 A piece¹ is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
 And I go I care not whither. What need's state here ?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, sir ?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
 Your mind's enclos'd ; nothing lies open nobly :
 Your very thoughts are hinds, that work on nothing
 But daily sweat and trouble. Were my way
 So full of dirt as this,—'tis true,—I'd shift it.
 Are my acquaintance graziers ?—But, sir, know,
 No man that I'm allied to in my living,
 But makes it equal whether his own use
 Or my necessity pull first : nor is this forc'd,
 But the mere quality and poisure² of goodness.
 And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Unc. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What's my knowledge, uncle ?
 Is 't not worth money ? What's my understanding ?
 Travel ? reading ? wit ? all these digested ? my daily
 Making men, some to speak, that too much phlegm
 Had frozen up ; some, that spoke too much, to hold
 Their peace, and put their tongues to pensions ; some
 To wear their clothes, and some to keep them : these
 Are nothing, uncle ? Besides these ways, to teach
 The way of nature, a manly love, community
 To all that are deservers, not examining
 How much or what's done for them : it is wicked.
 Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
 The starv'd inheritance with musty corn
 The very rats were fain to run away from ?
 Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices ?

¹ Of money.

² *Poisure.*] Balance. Equipoise.

I tell you, sir, I would not change way with you
 (Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
 And if 't were possible, to spend it then too)
 For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know me.

[“The wit of Fletcher is excellent, like his serious scenes; but there is something strained and far-fetched in both. He is too mistrustful of Nature; he always goes a little on one side of her. Shakespeare chose her without a reserve; and had riches, power, understanding, and long life with her, for a dowry.”—LAMB.]

I have inserted these passages from *Wit Without Money*, because Lamb has put them in his Specimens; otherwise Valentine, though amusing as a caricature, is ridiculous as a copy from life. As an hypothetical jester, letting his animal spirits run riot, he is very pleasant as well as witty; as an actual liver by his wits, which is the necessary dramatic supposition, he would soon have found all men his “bailiffs” in a very modern sense of the word.]

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

AN EXTEMPORE DUELLIST.

LA WRIT, *a lawyer, is pressed into being second in a duel.*

SCENE—*A Field outside one of the gates of Paris.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' th' field; that honour 's gain'd of our side;
 Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably!
 The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes not:
 This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
 It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
 And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
 A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
 Nor horse, nor man. 'Twould vex me to be left here
 To the mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
 I never knew him last.

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE.

Beau. You're well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You're a fair gentleman, and love your friend, sir.

What, are you ready? The time has overta'en us.

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet.

[*Aside.*

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do :
We wait you, sir.

Cler. There 's no time past yet, gentlemen ;
We have day enough.—Is 't possible he comes not ?
[*Aside.*

You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come ! Walk but a turn or two ;
'Twill not be long.

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough : but a short turn or two !
I think I see him ; set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beau. That is not he ; we will not be deluded.

Cler. (*aside.*) Am I bobb'd¹ thus ?—Pray take a pipe of tobacco,

Or sing but some new air ; by that time, gentlemen——

Verdone. Come, draw your sword ; you know the custom
First come, first served. [here, sir ;

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practised so, I do not hold it honest.
What honour can you both win on me single ?²

Beau. Yield up your sword then.

Cler. Yield my sword ! that's Hebrew ;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an Old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman ?

Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.

Cler. And wear no sword ?

Gent. I need none, sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one ;
I want now such a foolish courtesy.
You see these gentlemen ?

Gent. You want a second ?

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it.

¹ *Bobb'd.*] *Bob* is a word of unknown origin for a mocking trick. Or does it come from *Bob-cherry*, a play full of disappointments ?

² *Win on me single.*] It was once the custom of duels in France for seconds as well as principals to fight ; sometimes two seconds to one principal.

I would you had my son ; but he's in Italy.

(*Aside.*) A proper gentleman ! (*To the other.*) You may do well, gallants,

If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy ;

The gentleman may do his country——

Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,

If you daren't fight, don't stay to beg my pardon :

There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verdone. You see your fortune ;

You had better yield your sword.

Cler. 'Pray ye, stay a little ;

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—

Enter Two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well !—These wear swords, and seem brave fellows.—

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me :

I want a second now, to meet these gallants ;

You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us :

We go about the same work you are ready for,

And must fight presently ; else we were your servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day ! [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Cler. Am I thus colted ?¹

Beau. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,

Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune ;

And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant ! [*Aside.*

Cold now and treacherous !

La Writ. (within.) I understand your causes ,

Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses——

Will ye make me mad ? have I not all the parcels ?

And his petition too, about bell-founding ?

Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have me do ?

Will you have me break my heart ? my brains are

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman, [*melted !*

His cause shall be the first. Commend meto your mistress,

¹ *Colted.*] Made a fool of ;—treated like one young in horse-dealing (for so the term seems to have originated).

And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
 And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
 I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales :
 Trouble me no more, I say again to you, [dings ;
 No more vexation !—Bid my wife send me some pud-
 I have a cause to run through, requires puddings ;
 Puddings enough. Farewell !

Enter LA WRIT.

Cler. God speed you, sir !

Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow !

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you be not hasty, sir——

La Writ. Yes, I am hasty,
 Exceeding hasty, sir ; I am going to the parliament ;
 You understand this bag : if you have any business
 Depending there, be short and let me hear it,—
 And pay your fees.

Cler. 'Faith, sir, I have a business,
 But it depends upon no parliament.

La Writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you ;
 'Tis a sword matter, sir.

La Writ. I am no cutler ;
 I am an advocate, sir.

Beau. How the thing looks !

Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

Cler. Be not so hasty ;
 You wear a good sword.

La Writ. I know not that,
 I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
 Against these gentlemen ; I want a second :
 You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La Writ. I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.

Beau. This is some sport yet !

Verdone. If this fellow should fight !

La Writ. And, for anything I know, I am an arrant coward.
 Do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try : you are mistaken.—Walk on, gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La Writ. Are ye mad, gentlemen?
My business is within this half-hour.

Cler. That's all one ;
We'll despatch within this quarter.—There, in that
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen. [bottom ;

Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir. [Moving to go thither.

Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll follow ?

La Writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

Cler. Away, away.— [Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE.
I know you can ; I like your modesty ;
I know you will fight, and so fight, with such mettle,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I see it in your eye, sir.

La Writ. I'll be hang'd then ; [fighting.
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no more

Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the man ;
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you ;
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick ?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——

Cler. Spoke bravely.
And like thyself, a noble advocate !
Come, to thy tools.

La Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La Writ. If I do fight—
I say, *if* I do, but don't depend upon 't—
(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—
What shall become of my writings ?

Cler. Let 'em lie by ;
They will not run away, man.

La Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then ? my business ?
I will not fight : I cannot fight. My causes——

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes ;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La Writ. Hum ! say you so ? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now !

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La Writ. Do you think so ?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so ;
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever ;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay ! I have business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La Writ. Here will I hang my bag then ; it may save my
belly ; *[Hangs his bag before him.]*

I never loved cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely. *[quickly !]*

La Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out then ; quickly ;
It has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles !

This sword is vengeance angry.

La Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,

And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy !

If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BEAUPRE.

Beau. They are both come on ; that may be a stubborn
rascal.

Enter LA WRIT.

Take you that ground ; I'll stay here. Fight bravely !

La Writ. To 't cheerfully, my boys ! You'll let's have fair
None of your foining tricks ?¹ *[play ?]*

Beau. Come forward, monsieur !

What hast thou there ? a pudding in thy belly ?

I shall see what it holds.

La Writ. Put your spoon home then ! *[Fight.]*

Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit,² sir !

[BEAUPRE hits him on the bag.]

God-a-mercy, bag !

¹ *Foining tricks.*] Fencing tricks. To *foine* was a technical term in fencing, for making a *pass* or *push*.

² *Without wit.*] In earnest ;—without playing upon words.

Beau. Nothing but bombast¹ in you ?

The rogue winks and fights.

[*BEAUPRE loses his sword ; LA WRIT treads on it.*

La Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir !

Stand off ; thou diest on the point else ! I have it, I
Yet further off !—I have his sword. [have it !

[*Calls to CLEREMONT.*

Cler. (within.) Then keep it :

Be sure you keep it !

La Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.

Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,

And look another way, or I'll be with you !

Is this all ! I'll undertake within these two days

To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. What fortune's this ! Disarmed by a puppy ?

A snail ? a dog ?

La Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman !

Sweet gentleman, no more ! Do not provoke me !

Go walk i' th' horse-fair ;² whistle, gentleman.—

What must I do now ? [To CLEREMONT, entering.

Enter CLEREMONT, pursued by VERDONE.

Cler. Help me ; I am almost breathless.

La Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie for you,
sir ! [Strikes CLEREMONT.

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool !

La Writ. Thou fool, stand further off then.—

Deliver, deliver !

[Strikes up VERDONE's heels and takes his sword too.

Cler. Hold fast.

La Writ. I never fail in't.

There's twelve-pence ; go, buy you two leaden daggers !

Have I done well ?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost !

¹ Bombast.] Stuffing ; now called *wadding*, and *padding*. Hence its metaphorical application to false and tumid writing.

² Go walk in the horse-fair.] I know not what is meant by this, nor do the commentators tell me. Perhaps, if it was anything but a whim, it was a recommendation to go and study caution.

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.

We shall yet find an hour.

[*Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE, sad.*]

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets? Or will you
Fight any longer for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.

La Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you, for this great courtesy?

La Writ. All I desire of you is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on 't;
(I have no liking to 't,—'tis a foolish matter;)
And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly: [you.
But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave

La Writ. I tell you I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposal;
And so, and so—— [Exit LA WRIT.

Cler. This is a most rare lawyer;
I am sure, most valiant.—Well, Dinant, as you satisfy
I say no more. I am laden like an armourer. [me—
[Exit with the swords.

INTOXICATION OF UNLOOKED-FOR SUCCESS.

LA WRIT, in consequence of his success in the duel, is seized with such a mad whim of neglecting his business and fighting everybody, that he challenges the judge for giving causes against him.

SCENE—A Street.

Enter SAMPSON (a foolish Advocate) and Three Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La Writ.

1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himself, sir!

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

1 *Client.* He's blown up, sir.

2 *Client.* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:
He is no lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason ?

Is he defunct ? is he dead ?

2 *Client.* No, he's not dead yet, sir ; [hours :
But I would be loth to take a lease on 's life for two
Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people ; but how he came to it——

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight ; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.

3 *Client.* We all know it, sir. [ness,

Samp. I think he does, sir ; I have business too, much busi-
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week :
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends ; a little does well ;
I would be loth to learn to fight.¹

1 *Client.* But, an't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business ;
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir ;
His not-appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long ; [friends :
A little, and fight well : he fought too long, indeed,
But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 *Client.* We know, sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

*Enter LA WRIT, in the habit of a gallant, and a Gentleman
at the door.*

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen,
No handling any duels before I come ;
We'll have no going less ; I hate a coward !

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight ;
There's no sport else.

¹ *To learn to fight.*] That is to say,—to be still under the necessity of learning.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.

1 *Client.* Ha! monsieur La Writ!

La Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us!
Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, sir?

La Writ. Breed new dissensions; go hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, sir?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation.
If you find yourselves aggrieved——

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions!
[Throws away his bag of papers.
Thou spital¹ of lame causes!—I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La Writ. There, every man choose his paper, and his place;
I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.²

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir.

La Writ. I know not, sir;
But you may put anything in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient! you may hear hereafter.

La Writ. I rest your servant, sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me! no more words, as you love me,
The gentleman's a noble gentleman!
I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman.
[Exeunt SAMPSON and Clients.

La Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,

¹ *Spital.*] Hospital.

² *But a monsieur.*] I know not what this means, unless it be that the judge is not of a rank above an advocate's challenging. It will be seen that he addresses him as "Monsieur Vertaigne."

And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?

My little furious lawyer!

La Writ. I say, 'tis well!

But mark the end!

Cler. How he is metamorphosed!

Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now! This is no simple conver-
Your servant, sir, and friend! [sion.—

La Writ. You come in time, sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.

La Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer, [one;
But I have mew'd¹ that coat; I hate a lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?

Cler. I must confess it.

La Writ. And budged not; no, I budged not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires another.

Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your service.

La Writ (*gives him a paper*). There, read, and under-
stand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, sir.

La Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;

I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. O, *admirantis*!²

"To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president."

La Writ. I choose no fool, sir.

Cler. Why, he's no swordsman, sir.

La Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;

Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man!

¹ *Mew'd.*] Cast; as a bird does its feathers. A term in falconry.

² O, *admirantis*!] O, of admiring. This, unless part of a passage in some Latin psalm or hymn, is probably the beginning of something in a Latin grammar, relative to the use of the interjection or vocative O.

La Writ. Never too old

To be a gentleman ; and he that is a judge,
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

[*Points to the scattered papers.*]

There are my griefs ; he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation :
And therefore, judge or no judge——

Cler. Pray be ruled, sir !

This is the maddest thing——

La Writ. You will not carry it ?

Cler. I do not tell you so ; but, if you may be persuaded——

La Writ. You know how you used me when I would not
fight ?

Cler. The devil's in him.

[*Aside.*]

La Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it ;
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is banishment.

La Writ. Be banish'd then ;

'Tis a friend's part. We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight ?

La Writ. I know then what to say ; take you no care, sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it and deliver it,

And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre ;
Till when, my service.

[*Exit.*]

La Writ. A judge, or no judge ? no judge.¹

¹ *No judge.*] *La Writ.* in this ludicrous summing up, puts it, as it were, to a jury, whether his judge is to be considered a judge at all ; and pronounces the verdict against him. A more fortunate hemistich for the termination of a scene could not be desired by a master of comic delivery. One fancies Garrick going off the stage with it in his mouth, and exalting his voice in a tone of triumphant finality—

“Judge or no judge ?—No judge.”

BONDUCA.

BOASTING REBUKED.

*The Britons having defeated the Romans in a pitched battle, Bonduca, their queen, indulges in a strain of contemptuous triumph, for which she is rebuked by her kinsman and general, Caratach.*¹

Scene, the British Camp.—Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, HENGO, NENNIUS, and Soldiers.

Bond. The “hardy Romans?” Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!

Enter CARATACH.

Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar’s soft soul dwells in ’em,
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love’s allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice have we beat ’em, Nennius, scatter’d ’em:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame ’em. And a woman,
A woman beat ’em, Nennius; a weak woman;
A woman beat these Romans!

Car. So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who’s that?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, ’tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs’d together, make a conqueror;

¹ *Caratach.*] Caradoc (the same, it is said, as the modern Cradock), the famous British chieftain, best known to English readers under his Latinised name, Caractacus.

Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed :
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :
Does this become a doer ? are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;
Put out your holy fires ; no timbrel ring ;
Let's home and sleep ; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame.—Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach !

Car. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were fairly given.
And are not all these Roman ? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honour'd scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that or I
 Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
 And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
 I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
 Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
 Tumbled their wat'ry ruins on my shoulders,
 Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
 And still to try these Romans, whom I found
 (And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
 And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
 As ready, and as full of that I brought
 (Which was not fear, nor flight), as valiant,
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanced as forward, as the Britons;
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
 Aye, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
 And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
 And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
 Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What?

Car. Dishearten'd,

Run, run, Bonduca! Not a flight drawn home,
 A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
 E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
 I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
 Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
 Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
 That in a thought scur¹ o'er the fields of corn,
 Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,

What scandals do I suffer!

Car. Yes, Bonduca,

I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
 Yea, run apace, both; then, when Penius
 (The Roman girl!) cut through your armèd carts,
 And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill:
 Then did I see
 These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

¹ *Scur.*] *Scur.*~

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach ?

Car. I fled too,

But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
 Young Hengo there ; he *trasht* me,¹ Nennius :
 For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
 And in the head of all the Roman fury
 Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
 I buckled him ; behind him my sure shield ;
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
 But that the sun of virtue, Penius,
 Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
 My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
 Turn'd to my foe (my face),² he cried out nobly,
 " Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
 Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee ; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in arms ;
 Then, if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine." I took his offer,
 And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,

From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me !
 What wouldst thou make me, Caratach ?

Car. See, lady,

The noble use of others in our losses.
 Does this afflict you ? Had the Romans cried this,
 And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
 Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to show us
 Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despis'd us,
 And held it equal whether banqueting

¹ *Trasht me.*] Restrained ; retarded. "The French, *trash*, *trasher*, *trasser*, is to trace ; to put in trace, to confine or restrain in traces. A trash,—anything trashed or confined in traces, that it may not pursue too fast, rashly ; like an untrained dog."—RICHARDSON'S *Dictionary*.

² We are to suppose here that the stage-performer of Caratach, while speaking the words "face" and "sword," is "suited the action to the word ;" that is to say, putting his hand to his sword, in order to show that he means his "helm" by it, and pointedly facing somebody, to show that his face means his "prow."

Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think as we [too] may be conquer'd;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again,—nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,¹
Those minds, that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us,
It must not be. No; as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,

¹ *Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour.*] That is to say,—
Those men, *who*, besides themselves, allow no neighbour. The ellipsis
is common in the old poets, but in this instance is very harsh.

Let's use the peace of honour,¹ that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords. That hardy Roman
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall:
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble boy!—Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.

VALOUR PERMITTING ITSELF TO BE MADE OVER-CAUTIOUS
BY PIQUE.

Penius, one of the Roman captains, despairing of the success of a remnant of his countrymen against a countless host of Britons, is confirmed in his determination not to bring up his regiment to the fight, by a message from the general which piques his dignity.

SCENE—*The Roman Camp, with the Tent of PENIUS.*

Enter PENIUS, REGULUS, MACER, and DRUSIUS.

Pen. I must come?

Macer. So the general commands, sir.

Pen. I must bring up my regiment?

¹ *Let's use the peace of honour.*] The passage is obscurely worded, but means,—Let us so far, and so far only, be peaceful as becomes our honour; that is to say, let us give them the benefit of fair dealing, but nothing more; since the only ends which can satisfy nations whose independence is threatened, must be secured by the sword.

Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.

Pen. But did he say, I *must* come?

Macer. So deliver'd.

Pen. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?

Reg. About five years, great Penius.

Pen. The general some five months. Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language
But *must* come up?

Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.

Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?
Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Must*, and *shall*,
Fit embassies to court my honour?

Macer. Sir—

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves, [doers?
That have march'd name by name with Rome's best
Serve 'em up some other meat. I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my language?

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The battle's lost.

Cur. So soon?

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's increase?

Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour, got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and not of name, but rude and naked:
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood. We serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes

Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Drus. Penius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
A captain weigh'd an hundred thousand men.

Pen. Drusius, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.

Pen. Who drew up, Regulus? [this?
Ha, speak! did you? whose bold will durst attempt
Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on whose
warrant

Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Drus. 'Tis like,¹ the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——

Pen. Without my knowledge?

Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?

Come, who did this?

Drus. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers with drum
and colours.*]

Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark! they march.
I'll know, and will be myself.—Stand! Disobedience?
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run through the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all else!²

Reg. We'll do our best. [*Exeunt DRUSIUS and REGULUS.*]

Pen. Back! cease your bawling drums there,
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home!—Ha!
Do ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions [fires?
Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wild-
Oh! gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain!

2 *Sold.* Captain!

3 *Sold.* Dear, honour'd captain!

Pen. Too, too dear-loved soldiers

(Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies I dare not hate you),
Take your own wills. 'Tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits;
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:

¹ 'Tis like.] 'Tis likely; probable.

² Tithe 'em all else.] Decimate them; kill every tenth man.

Alas ! I much dishonour'd ye ; go, seek the Britons,
 And say ye come to glut their sacrifices ;
 But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
 How excellent in all parts, good and govern'd,
 Is only left of my command, for story ;
 What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well ! *[Going.*

Enter DRUSIUS and REGULUS.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great Penius ! see the soldier
 In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow
 For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
 And haste, he thought, to please you with. See, captain,
 The toughness of his courage turn'd to water ;
 See how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go ; beat homeward ;
 There learn to eat your little with obedience ;
 And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
[Exeunt Soldiers.

Macer. My answer, sir.

Pen. Tell the great general,
 My companies are no faggots to fill breaches :
 Myself no man that *must* or *shall* can carry :
 Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then ;
 And when he finds out possibilities,
 He may command me. Commend me to the captains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver.

Pen. Farewell, Macer ! *[Exit.*

Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief !

Reg. It must needs,
 If stout Suetonius win ; for then his anger,
 Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,
 Will break together on him.

Drus. He's a brave fellow ;
 And but a little hide his haughtiness
 (Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes),¹
 He shows the worthiest Roman this day living.

¹ *Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes.]* And even that but occasional, and for special reasons ?

You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour.

Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen ; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.

The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts !

Reg. We dare, alas ! but cannot fight our parts. [*Exeunt.*]

ROMAN VALOUR AND GLORY.

Suetonius, the Roman General, harangues his officers before battle.

SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS,
DEMETRIUS, and MACER.

Suet. Draw out apace ; the enemy waits for us.

Are ye all ready ?

Junius. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. Gentlemen,

To bid you fight is needless ; ye are Romans ;
The name will fight itself :—to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power and nature,
But loss of time ; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye further,
His body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To him, that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance ! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice ;
The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations, [dwells ;
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the snow
Wakens the ruin'd monuments ; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.¹

¹ *The gods of Rome, &c.*] Mr. Seward, in the preface to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, quotes this passage as a sample of noble imagery. Lord Kames, in his *Elements of Criticism*, in which he refers but twice to Beaumont and Fletcher, and both times in condemnation (so entirely did his lordship confine his eulogies to writers in fashion),

Go on, I say. Valiant and wise rule Heaven,
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
 Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
 Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
 A lazy fog, before your burning valours
 You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
 We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
 Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
 And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
 May he die fameless and forgot!

Suet. Sufficient!

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
 March close and sudden, like a tempest: all executions

[*March.*

Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
 Sure lined, and piec'd together, your pikes forward,
 And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run
 We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.

[*Exeunt.*

ASCENDANCY MUST NOT DESPAIR.

Penius has the mortification of seeing his melancholy presentiments refuted.

SCENE—*Near the Field of Battle. In the background the
 Tent of Penius, with a platform.*

Enter DRUSIUS and PENIUS above.

Drus. Here you may see them all, sir; from this hill
 The country shows off level.

Pen. Gods defend me,
 What multitudes they are, what infinites!
 The Roman power shows like a little star
 Hedged with a double halo.—Now the knell rings:

[*Loud shouts.*

Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air

quotes it as an instance of the false sublime. I confess it appears to me to possess the right imaginative warrant of enthusiasm, and to express a true sense of the world-wide greatness and victoriousness of Rome.

Totters and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusius,
With the huge-vollied clamours !

Drus. Now they charge
(Oh, gods !) of all sides fearfully.

Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules !

Drus. The dust hides 'em ;
We cannot see what follows.

Pen. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd, Drusius ; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Drus. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field ! some forty,
Against four hundred !

Pen. Well fought, bravely followed !
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too ! Drusius,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all ;
[*Loud shouts.*

Close, close, I say ! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men ? more daring spirits ?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are
gone too,

For ever gone ! see, Drusius, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours ! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom ?

Drus. They are gone indeed, sir.

Pen. Look out toward the army ;
I am heavy with these slaughters.

Drus. 'Tis the same still,
Cover'd with dust and fury.

[*The Scene is diverted, for a few minutes, to some other persons ; during which time Penius stands lost in thought, while Drusius continues looking out on the battle. At length the latter exclaims—*

Awake, sir ;—yet the Roman body 's whole :
I see 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole ? 'tis not possible ;
Drusius, they must be lost.

Drus. By Heaven, they are whole, sir,

And in brave doing ; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pen. But see there, Drusius, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains !
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm ; see 'em, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armèd carts stand ; a new army !
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering !
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.¹
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em !
Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

*Enter SÜETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, and
Soldiers.*

Suet. Oh, bravely fought !
Honour till now ne'er show'd her golden face
I' the field. Like lions, gentlemen, you have held
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius
Curius, and Decius ?

Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em ! Breathe a while. How
do ye ?

Pet. Well ; some few scurvy wounds ; my heart's whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground !

Suet. Give ? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it ? and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, and CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure ! The queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general ?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet.—Come, my brave soldiers,

¹ *His many thousand ways to let out souls.*] Must we read *has* for *his* ? or does the poet mean, that Death lashes forward, not only his horse, but his many thousand *modes*, or instruments, of slaughter ? In either case, a fine thought is ill-worded ; in the one *tame*ly, in the other *unwarrantably*.

Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye. Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away then;

And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, Daughters, NENNIUS, and
Soldiers.

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flanks! Oh, you have play'd the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!

Bond. Why, cousin?

Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy? We pay for 't;
Our own swords cut our throats!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?

Bond. I'll help all.

[*Exeunt all but* CARATACH.

Car. Home,

Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all 's ruin'd!—How?

[*Shouts within.*

Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by Heaven!

Within. Victoria!

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman! [*Exit.*

Drus. Victoria, victoria!

Pen. How's that, Drusius?

Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look,
look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons
fly! Victoria!

Enter SÜETONIUS, Soldiers, and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!

Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!

Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,

The world cannot redeem 'em : stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, and Britons *flying.*

Bond. Shame ! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons !
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers ! leave me ?
Leave your queen desolate ?

Enter CARATACH and HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards !
Ye have wings enough, ye fear ! Get thee gone, woman,
[*Loud shout within.*]
Shame tread upon thy heels ! All's lost, all's lost !
Hark how the Romans ring our knells ! [Hark,
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA, Daughters, &c.

Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.

Car. No, boy ; thy fortune 's mine ;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me ; shake not ;
I'll scourge you, if you do, boy.

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, and DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans !

All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach. [Fight. Drums.

Car. Thou art a soldier ; strike home, home ! Have at you !

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more swords to me. [*Exeunt* Britons unpursued.

Jun. Let 's sit and rest. [They sit down.

Drus. What think you now ?

Pen. Oh, Drusius,

I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light. These are true Romans,
And I a Briton coward, a base coward !
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me ! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus ?

Drus. Good sir, be comforted ;
 It was your wisdom rul'd you. Pray you go home ;
 Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
 Shall be but foil unto it. [Retreat.

Pen. Fool, fool, coward !
[Exeunt PENIUS, and DRUSIUS into the Tent.

Enter SÜETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, Soldiers, drum and colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in !—Well have you fought, and worthy
 Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds ;
 The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
 Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
 Defy us once again. To-morrow morning
 We'll seek her out, and make her know, our fortunes
 Stop at no stubborn walls.—Come, sons of Honour,
 True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd¹ with Britain blood
 Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
 Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours !²
[Exeunt.

INNOCENCE OF AN INFANT HERO.

The child Hengo, while carried away on his uncle's back, talks with him of death.

Caratach. How does my boy ?

Hengo. I would do well : my head 's well :

I do not fear.

Car. My good boy !

Hen. I know, uncle,

We must all die : my little brother died,
 I saw him die ; and he died smiling. Sure,
 There's no great pain in 't, uncle. But pray tell me,
 Whither must we go, when we are dead ?

Car. (aside). Strange questions !

Why, to the blessed'st place, boy ! ever sweetness
 And happiness dwells there.

Hen. Will you come to me ?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy.

¹ *Hatch'd with Britain blood.*] Adorned ; coloured like the heraldic shield called an *atchievement*, or *hatchment*. The image is finely kept up in the ensuing line—"set in gules like suns."

² *Ease his neighbours.*] March loosely ? at easy distance from one another ?

Hen. Mine aunt too, and my cousins ?

Car. All, my good child.

Hen. No Romans, uncle ?

Car. No, boy.

Hen. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill men

That live by violence and strong oppression

Come thither. 'Tis for those the gods love ; good ones.

Hen. Why then I care not when I go, for surely

I am persuaded they love me. I never

Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents ;

I always said my prayers.

Car. Thou shalt go then ;

Indeed thou shalt.

Hen. When they please.

Car. That 's my good boy.

Art thou not weary, Hengo ?

Hen. Weary, uncle ?

I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

Car. I have, boy.

Hen. Am I not your kinsman ?

Car. Yes.

Hen. And am I not as fully allied to you

In those rare things as blood ?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hen. To go upon my legs ? they were made to bear me.

I can play twenty mile a day : I see no reason

But, to preserve my country and myself,

I should march forty.

Car. What would'st thou be, living

To wear a man's strength ?

Hen. Why, a Caratach,

A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven [Hark !

To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.—

Hark, uncle, hark ! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS (*a Roman Corporal*), *with other Soldiers, and*
remains at the side of the stage.

Judas. Beat softly.

Softly, I say. They 're here. Who dare charge ?

- 1st Soldier.* He [near him.
That dares be knock'd o' the head. I'll not come
Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him—A [plague] on you,
How fierce you look! See, how he broods the boy!
The devil dwells in 's scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace! h' has found us. [*Exit with Soldiers.*
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hen. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starv'd rascal,
The eating Roman; see where he thrids the thickets!
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him.
Car. Do ye make us foxes?—
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy:
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hen. Now he pays 'em:
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Re-enter JUDAS.

- Jud.* Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hen. (*calling out for Caratach*). Uncle, uncle!
Famine is fall'n upon me, uncle.¹
Jud. Come, sir;
Yield willingly: your uncle 's out of hearing.
Hen. Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave; thou shak'st!
Jud. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me! Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hen. Thou dar'st not cut my finger. Here 'tis. Touch it
Jud. The boy speaks sword and buckler.—Pr'ythee yield, boy.
Come; here 's an apple. Yield.
Hen. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language.—When, you coward,
When come you up?
Jud. If he should beat me——
Hen. When, sir?
I long to kill thee. Come; thou canst not 'scape me:

¹ *Famine, &c.*] The little hero jests upon the starved look of his enemy.

I've twenty ways to charge thee. Twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.

Jud. Sure, 'tis the devil ;
A dwarf-devil in a doublet !

Hen. I have killed a captain, sirrah, a brave captain,
And when I have done, I have kick'd him ;—thus ;—look
See how I charge this staff. [here ;

Jud. Most certain,
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter Two Soldiers running.

1st Soldier. Flee, flee ! he kills us !

2nd Soldier. He comes ! he comes !

Jud. The devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt JUDAS and Soldiers.*

Hen. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank
rogues !

A'comes, a'comes, a'comes, a'comes ! That's he, boys——
What a brave cry they make !

Car. How does my chicken ?

Hen. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier :
For by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon 't,
I've out-brav'd Hunger !

Car. That 's my boy, my sweet boy !
Here ; here 's a Roman's head for thee.

Hen. Good provision.
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car. A right complete soldier !
Come, chicken ; let's go seek some place of strength
(The country 's full of scouts) to rest awhile in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food awhile, boy.

Hen. Anything ;
I can eat moss ; nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee. Come cheerfully.

Hen. And boldly.

[*Exeunt.*

LOST HONOUR DESPAIRING.

Penius cannot endure the mortifying consequences of his refusal to join the fight.

SCENE—*The Tent of PENIUS.*

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, and REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.

Pen. Pray ye, forsake me ;

Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !

I am so cold a coward, my infection

Will choke your virtues like a damp else.

Drus. Dear captain !

Reg. Most honoured sir !

Pen. Most hated, most abhorr'd !

Say so, and then ye know me ; nay, ye please me.

Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit !

Reg. Sure

His mind is dangerous.

Drus. The good gods cure it !

[breaches,

Pen. My honour, got through fire, through stubborn

Through battles that have been as hard to win as heaven,

Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,

Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !

And now I am left to scornful tales and laughter,

To hootings at, pointing with fingers, " That's he,

That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,

The most wise Penius, the disputing coward. '

Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me ;

Cut out the coward from my heart !

Reg. You are none.

Pen. He lies that says so ; by Heaven, he lies, lies basely,

Baser than I have done ! Come, soldiers, seek me ;

I have robb'd ye of your virtues ! Justice seek me ;

I have broke my fair obedience ! lost ! Shame take me,

Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,

Shame, endless shame ! and pray do you forsake me !

Drus. What shall we do ?

Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me ;

[do it,

You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray

And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help), I dare not.

[Throws himself upon the ground.]

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tribune?

Reg. There.

Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?

Pet. From the general.

Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.

Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.

[Exeunt DRUSIUS and REGULUS.]

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's dead,
[Half aside.]

It cannot be he dare outlive this fortune;
He must die; 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth? So coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live (as I should think it
Beyond belief), he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.—
How does lord Penius?

Pen. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on't!

Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name's perish'd.

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion

(When, as some say, Penius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not), sent me to see you.

Pen. Ye are welcome ; and pray see me, see me well ;
You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Penius.— [Aside.
The gods defend, sir !

Pen. See me and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph ; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th' wind ; that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off ; that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste ; that soldier.
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd !

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.

Pen. Never.

Pet. Your leave, sir ;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities ? are our natures
More than men's natures ? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost ?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy ?

Pen. None, Petillius ;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should ; I have sinned beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven ;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid to arrive at pardon !

Pet. Oh, but the general——

Pen. He is a brave gentleman,

A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
 He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
 Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
 Nor in his power. Examples that may nourish
 Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
 And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
 Must not be play'd withal; nor out of pity
 Make [such] a general forget his duty;
 Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would you do?

Pen. Die.

Pet. So would sullen children,
 Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
 That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
 A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
 Under your regiment, and let your passion
 Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness.

Pen. Pr'ythee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou
 (By Heaven, thou didst; I overheard thee, there,
 There where thou stand'st now) deliver me for rascal,
 Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
 If I out-lived this ruin?

Pet. I?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
 Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
 I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!

Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
 'Tis fit you die indeed.

Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
 Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
 What must your own command think, from whose swords
 You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
 The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
 Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?
 Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
 Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
 What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
 Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these
 If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it? [ventures?

Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still ; but how ?—yet pardon me :
You may out-wear all too ;—but when ?—and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will tak't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means : I am only thinking now, sir
(For I am resolved to go), of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

Pet. You shall not ; you're a gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging ! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides, the man that's hang'd preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Pen. That's true ; I'll take a fitter ; poison.

Pet. No ;
'Tis equal ill ; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction ;
Die like a man.

Pen. Why, my sword, then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir.
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your sword ;
Your sword's a death indeed !

Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison,¹ if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed
'Tis shame to die chok'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me ; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.

¹ *Mithridates was an arrant ass*

To die by poison, &c.] Some commentators have charged this passage with inadvertency ; since Mithridates did not actually die by poison, though he had studied that mode of death, and preferred it. But the passage does not of necessity imply that Mithridates died by poison. Facts are every day assumed hypothetically, in common discourse. Mithridates contemplated dying by poison. "Well," says a converser on the subject, "he was a fool to die by poison, when he had so many swords to recur to."

Pet. 'Twas my commission ;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pen. Farewell, captain !

Be a good man, and fight well ; be obedient ;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st
Pet. I do not, sir. [thou ?

Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius !

I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies ; a kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still ;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius !——

Pen. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, Petillius !

Pet. Most excellent commander——

Pen. Those were mine !
Mine, only mine !

Pet. They are still.

Pen. Then, to keep 'em

For ever falling more, have at ye !—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours :

The work is done, [Falls upon his sword.

That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words

To the great general : kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,

Which I have done upon myself ; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius,

Made more, and happier, light on him !—I faint—

And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.

I die : lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ! [Dies.

Pet. And on my sin !¹ Farewell, great Penius !—

¹ *My sin.*] Petillius had at one time felt the same doubts of victory as Penius. Or did he mean, by sin, his having doubted the latter's courage ?

The soldier is in fury ; now I am glad [Noise within.
 'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
 The way of toil ;—for thee, the way of honour ! [Exit.

DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers are heard without.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Drus. What will ye do ?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers——

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Drus. Kill us first : we command too.

Reg. Valiant soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusius,
 Bid him be gone ; he dies else.— [DRUSIUS enters.

—Shall Rome say,

Ye most approvèd soldiers, her dear children
 Devour'd the fathers of the fights ? shall rage
 And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
 To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin ?

Drus. Oh, let 'em in ; all's done, all's ended, Regulus ;
 Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,
 Come and behold your miseries ; come bravely,
 Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
 And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman,
 Oh, father of the wars !

Enter REGULUS and Soldiers.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid ?

Where be your killing furies ? whose sword now
 Shall be first sheathed in Penius ? Do ye weep ?
 Howl out, ye wretches ; ye have cause ; howl ever !
 Who shall now lead ye fortunate ? whose valour
 Preserve ye to the glory of your country ?
 Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
 By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
 Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him ?
 Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
 To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
 When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
 Builds houses for ye to oblivion ?

Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,

Go home, and hang your arms up ; let rust rot 'em ;
 And humble your stern valours to soft prayers !
 For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues ;
 The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever.—
 I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius ;
 Thou thunderbolt, farewell !—Take up the body :
 To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
 There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
 That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[Exeunt, bearing out the body. A dead march.]

A LITTLE VICTIM OF WAR ; AND HOMAGE TO A GREAT ONE.

Hengo, entrapped and slain by the soldier Judas, dies in the arms of his uncle Caratach, who is taken captive and honoured by the Romans.

Enter CARATACH and HENGO on a rock.

Car. Courage, my boy ! I have found meat ; look, Hengo ;
 Look where some blessèd Briton, to preserve thee,
 Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up, boy :
 Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh uncle, uncle,
 I feel I cannot stay long ! yet I'll fetch it,
 To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-whole,
 And would live.

Car. Thou shalt ; long, I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle.
 Methinks the rock goes round.

Car. Oh my poor chicken !

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle !
 Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle !
 I will not eat it if I do not fetch it..
 Pray tie me.

Car. I will ; and all my care hang o'er thee.
 Come, child, my valiant child.

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
 And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
 From all their policies ; for 'tis, most certain,
 A Roman train ; and you must hold me sure too :

You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry!

Car. Go, in the name of Heaven, boy.

[*Lets HENGO down by his belt.*

Hen. Quick, quick, uncle; I have it

[*JUDAS shoots HENGO with an arrow.*

Oh!

Car. What ails't thou?

Hen. Oh my best uncle, I am slain!

Car. (*to Judas*). I see you,

And Heaven direct my hand! destruction

Go with thy coward soul!

[*Kills JUDAS with a stone, and then draws up HENGO.*

How dost thou, boy?

Oh, villain, [abject] villain!

Hen. Oh uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me! am I preserv'd for this?

Extremely pricks me!

Car. Coward, rascal coward!

Dogs eat thy flesh.

Hen. Oh, I bleed hard! I faint too! out upon't,

How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle.

Car. Look, boy.

I have laid him, sure enough.

Hen. Have you knock'd his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.

Hen. Hold my sides hard;—stop, stop;—oh, wretched
fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble child.

Hen. I hoped

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

At my sword's point; to have reveng'd my father;

To have beaten them; oh, hold me hard;—but uncle—

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

[*Meaning the arrow.*

Hen. You draw away my soul then;—I would live

A little longer (spare me, Heavens!), but only

To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,

Good noble uncle, weep not!

Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?

Hen. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine—— I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy?

Hen. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, uncle?

Car. Yes, boy.

Hen. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hen. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up!

Hen. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!

Car. Mercy!
You blessed angels, take him!

Hen. Kiss me! so.

Farewell, farewell!

[*Dies.*

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!

Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now
proudly

Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to.—Oh, fair
How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly [flower,
Even death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS and JUNIUS, on the rock.

Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thou'rt mine!

[*Fight.*

Jun. Not yet, sir.

Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,

And come up all, with all your ancient valours ;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach ! By all the gods,
As I am a soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory !

Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend !

Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is !
Had this boy liv'd——

Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater,
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——

Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe ;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in !

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield then,
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world !

Suet. Thus I embrace thee ; [*Flourish.*]
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier !

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome ?

Suet. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suet. March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung ! [*Exeunt*]

[“ With all the faults of the tragedy of ‘Bonduca,’ its British subject and its native heroes attach our hearts. We follow Caractacus to battle and captivity with a proud satisfaction in his virtue. The stubbornness

of the old soldier is finely tempered by his wise, just, and candid respect for his enemies the Romans, and by his tender affection for his princely ward. He never gives way to sorrow till he looks on the dead body of his nephew Hengo. The character must be well supported which yields a sensation of triumph in the act of surrendering to victorious enemies. Caractacus does not tell us that when a brave man has done his duty he cannot be humbled by fortune, but he makes us feel it in his behaviour. The few and simple sentences which he utters in submitting to the Romans, together with their respectful behaviour to him, give a sublime composure to his appearance in the closing scene."—
[CAMPBELL.]

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

SENSUAL PASSION NO LOVE.

Mountferrat, one of the Knights of Malta, being rejected in his unworthy suit to Oriana, sister of the Grand Master, determines to revenge his disappointment.

A Room in MOUNTFERRAT'S House.

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mountf. Dares she despise me thus? me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd Heaven,
Whistled enragèd Boreas till his gusts
Were grown so gentle that he seem'd to sigh
Because he could not show the air my keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite;
Neither by force, nor fraud, pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit:
But, by the honour of this Christian cross
(In blood of infidels so often dyed,

Which mine own soul and sword hath fixèd here,
 And neither favour nor birth's privilege),
 Oriana shall confess (although she be
 Valetta's sister, our grand-master here)
 The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
 And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate——

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome!

Rocca. Sir,
 I wish my news deserv'd it! Hapless I,
 That being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring
 The loving answer that you do expect. [forth
Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me? thy pleas'd eyes send
 Beams brighter than the star that ushers day;
 Thy smiles restore sick expectation.

Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mountf. Her smiles?
 Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons:
 Great Solyman is not so rich as I
 In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well!

Mountf. Oh, Rocca! thou art wise,
 And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
 Ruin me headlong! Aptly thou conceiv'st,
 If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
 What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
 Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend
 (No more my servant), when I employ'd thee,
 That knew'st to love and speak as lovers should,
 And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
 That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
 And all my labours now come fraughted home
 With ten-fold prize.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me?

Mountf. Yes:
 But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
 Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
 With her consent, now to embrace my love;

For thou well know'st I've been so plung'd, so torn,
 With her resolv'd rejection and neglect,
 That to report her soft acceptance now
 Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.—
 Why show'st thou this distemper?

Rocca. Draw your sword,
 And when I with my breath have blasted you,
 Kill me with it:
 I bring you smiles of pity, not affection,
 For such she sent.

Mountf. Oh! can she pity me?
 Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
 Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
 That her contempt (if you can name it so)
 Continues still; she bids you throw your pearl
 Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
 Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints
 In rocks of coral grown above the sea;
 Them hope to soften to compassion,
 Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
 Ere work her to your impious requests.
 All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
 But with such calm behaviour and mild looks,
 She gentlier denies than others grant;
 For just as others love, so doth she hate.
 She says, that by your order you are bound
 From marrying ever, and much marvels then
 You would thus violate her and your own faith;
 That being the virgin you should now protect,
 Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
 Your lustful batteries; but the next, she vows
 (In open hall, before the honour'd cross,
 And her great brother) she will quite disclose,
 Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mountf. Hence! find the Blackamoor that waits upon her,
 Bring her unto me; *she* doth love me yet,
 And I must *her* now; at least seem to do.—
 Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
 I will with blood extinguish!—Art not gone?

LOVING SELF-SACRIFICE.

Mountferrat, by the help of Oriana's servant, Zanthia, having succeeded in fixing on her a charge of endeavouring to betray the island into the hands of the Basha of Tripoli (who had solicited her to that end with a promise of marriage), Miranda, an Italian gentleman, who is in love with her, contrives, on pretence of believing her guilty, to save her life; though, in doing so, he knowingly risks her marriage with another; which accordingly takes place.

MIRANDA and MOUNTFERRAT.

Mir. (aside.) Alone,

And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!

All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—

(aloud.) God speed you, sir. I have been seeking of
They say you are to fight to-day. [you;

Mountf. What then?

Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword, sir!

You have a cause requires it; the island's safety,

The order's, and your honour's.

Mountf. And do you make a question

I will not fight it nobly?

Mir. You dare fight;

You have; and with as great a confidence as justice,

I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mountf. Why are these questions then?

Mir. I'll tell you quickly.

You have a lady in your cause, a fair one;

A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——

Mountf. (aside.) Do you come on so fast? I have it for

Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

[you.

Mountf. These I grant you;

Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up;

It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly.

But when these excellencies turn to ruin,

To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mountf. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be?

Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,

So great a magazine of all things precious,

A mind so heavenly made—Pr'ythee observe me.

Mountf. I thought so too. Now, by my holy order,
 He that had told me (till experience found it,
 Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—
 I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.

Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her?
 Her blood and honour?

Mountf. Chastity, cold Duty,
 Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
 And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
 To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her:
Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous!

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely;
 Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride! thou liest;
 And this (*laying his hand on his sword*) shall make it

Mountf. Out with your heat first! [good.
 You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By Heaven, that lady,
 The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
 Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
 From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
 Would fire that whisp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty!
 Shot with a woman's smile! Poor, poor Miranda!
 Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
 Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
 How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what I do,
 And how far thy dear honour (mark me, fool!),
 Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
 Thy tender honour, is abused—But fight first,
 And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still! [thee:

Mountf. Stay! now I'll show thee all, and then I'll kill
 I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
 Read that! [Gives him a letter.

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
 Good angels keep me! that I should be her agent
 To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
 That on my tender love lay all her project!
 Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow!
 Did the devil do this?

Mountf. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly.
Come, will you fight again?

Mir. No; pr'ythee kill me,
For Heaven's sake, and for goodness' sake, despatch me!
For the disgrace' sake that I gave thee, kill me!

Mountf. Why, are you guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,
And now would die. By Heaven's eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence!

Mountf. I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from [all] anger; you had died else—
(*aside.*) And yet I lie, and basely lie.

Mir. O Virtue,
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left us to abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?

Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I griev'd your love. Take comfort!
There be more women.

Mir. And more mischief in 'em!

Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right these villainies,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, sir.
Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy*¹ the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: "He is too young,
Too *boyish*, and too tender, to adventure:"
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee;
Thou art a brave young spark.

Mir. Boy did he call me?
Gomera call me *boy*?

¹ *The boy.*] That is, the appellation of boy.

Mountf. It pleased his gravity,
To think so of you then. They that do service,
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.

Mir. Boy, by Gomera?
How look'd he when he said it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and sweet.

Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But let it go; I would not breed dissension;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been
To any of a higher strain¹ than you, sir,
The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda,
I had not thought on't. 'Twas happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a boy too?
Shame take me, if I suffer it!—Puff! farewell, love!

Mountf. You know my business; I must leave you, sir;
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you;
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy. You say you love me?

Mountf. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour——

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mountf. What is it?
It shall be great that puts you off: pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat!
Let me, and bold Gomera——

Mountf. Fy, Miranda!
Do you weigh my worth so little?

Mir. On my knees!
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee——

Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in it;

¹ *Higher strain.*] A nobler breeding and sentiment.

Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted;
The dearest twin to life, my credit, 's murder'd,
Baffled and *boy'd*.

Mountf. (*aside*.) I am glad you have swallow'd it,—
(*aloud*.) I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,
And man as much as man may: but, Miranda—
Why do you kneel?

Mir. By Heaven, I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend!
Is anything in my power? to my life, sir!
The honour shall be yours.

Mountf. I love you dearly;
Yet so much I should tender—

Mir. I'll preserve all;
By Heaven, I will, or all the sin fall with me!
Pray let me.

Mountf. You have won; I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.

Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.

Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mountf. I'll send mine armour:
My man shall presently attend you with it
(For you must arm immediately; the hour calls),
I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate! farewell! (*aside*.) You're fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best Mountferrat! [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE—*A Room in the House of NORANDINE, a brave
Humourist.*

Enter NORANDINE and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth on't;
If I had ne'er a leg, I would crawl to see it.

Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counsel you,
Your wounds so many, and the air——

Nor. The halter !

The air's as good an air, as fine an air—

Wouldst thou have me live in an oven ?

Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir ;

Which, to a tender body—

Nor. That's it, Doctor,

My body must be cured. If you'll heal me quickly,

Boil a drum-head in my broth. I never prosper

With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,

Caudles and cullisses.¹ If thou wilt cure me,

A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,

And half a dozen trumpets !

Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS and CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen !

Asto. We come to see you, sir ; and glad we are

To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.

Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir ;

For, by my troth, I know not how he's cured !

He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my money again then, good sweet Doctor !

Wilt thou have twenty shillings a day for vexing me ?

Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, sir,

And that will make you speak well. Hark, the drums !

[*Drums afar off. A low march.*]

Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble Dane,

Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,

Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain !

If there be treason in it.—Accuse poor ladies !

And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye

If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,

And something then I'll say—

Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.

¹ *Cullisses.*] Broths of boiled meat strained through cullenders.

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen ; and *domine* Doctor,
 Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
 For fear I swoon when I see blood.

Doctor. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An open Field before the City ; a Scaffold hung with
 Black in the Back-ground ; Stairs leading up to it.*

Enter Two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in ?

2 *Marsh.* Yes.

1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there !

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner. The Grand-master's coming.
 Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are !

Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,

No doubt but justice will direct her champion.

[*Flourish.*]

Away ! I hear 'em come.

1 *Marsh.* Pray Heaven she prosper !

Enter VALETTA, NORANDINE, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, &c.

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.

Nor. I thank your lordship.

Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease ; your hurts require it :
 You come to see a woman's cause decided
 (That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her) ;
 They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
 And partly prov'd too.

Nor. 'Pity it should be so ;

And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
 Sure I should answer, No (so much I honour her),
 And answer it with my life too. But Gomera
 Is a brave gentleman ; the other valiant,
 And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off !
 And one above 'em both will find the truth out ;
 He never fails, sir.

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him!

A sweet, clear, noble gentleman!

Guard (within.) Make room there!

Enter ORIANA, Ladies, Executioner, ZANTHIA, *and* Guard.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Ori. (goes up to the scaffold.) Thus I ascend; nearer, I hope, to Heaven!

Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so),
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus of this tragic scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion);
Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;
So ye shall find my story, though I perish.
Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatcht
With blood and bloody practice: alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies;
Die with a tale well told. Had I been practis'd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my blood and honour up to reach it,
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on,
Oh, Heaven! I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongst ye I was planted from an infant
(Would then, if Heaven had been so pleased, I had
perish'd!),

Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage;
And I am blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,

And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me!—I have spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heaven will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;
Farewell!

Ori. Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear brother,
And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven fight for ye!

Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too.

Val. You have it, sir.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless:
As white as this I see your innocence,
As spotless and as pure; be not afraid, lady!
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story:
Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.
Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you;
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands!
I ne'er brought ill-luck yet; be fearless, happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the knights severally.

*Enter severally, GOMERA, and MIRANDA in the armour of
MOUNTFERRAT.*

Ori. But two words to my champion;
And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much, sir.—

Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not show it; therefore take this testimony
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one!),

And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword !
 You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs,
 As Heaven is of our sins, or Truth of errors ;
 And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper !

Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady !

Val. Give the signal to 'em. [*Low alarms. They fight.*]

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera, follow that blow—
 Well struck again, boy !—look upon the lady,
 And gather spirit ! brave again ! lie close,
 Lie close, I say ! he fights aloft and strongly ;
 Close for thy life !—A pox o' that fell buffet !
 Retire and gather breath ; ye have day enough, knights—
 Look lovely on him, lady ! to't again, now !
 Stand, stand, Gomera, stand !—one blow for all now !
 Gather thy strength together ; God bless the woman !
 Why, where's thy noble heart ? Heaven bless the lady !

All. Oh, oh !

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it. [*MIRANDA falls.*]

Hold, hold—he yields : Hold thy brave sword, he's
 conquer'd—

He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady !
 What could this thief have done, had his cause been
 He made my heart-strings tremble. [*equal !*]

Val. Off with his casque there ;
 And, executioner, take you his head next.

Zanthia. Oh, cursed Fortune ! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir ! and this one honour
 Grant me,—I have deserv'd it,—that this villain
 May live one day, to envy at my justice ;
 That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
 Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.

Val. He shall ; and you the harvest of your valour
 Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.

Gom. I have sav'd her,
 Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction
 (Her white name to eternity deliver'd),
 Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
 Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
 May but deserve her favour—

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque! This is Miranda's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me:

What makes he here thus?

Ori. The young Miranda?

Is he mine enemy too?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,

If worth must carry it, and service seek her,

But he that saved her honour.

Gom. That is I, Miranda.

Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not so forward!

In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.

Why, every gentleman would have done as much

As you did. Fought it? that's a poor desert, sir;

They are bound to that. But then to make that fight

To do as I did, take all danger from it, [sure,

Suffer that coldness that must call me now

Into disgrace for ever, into pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him

(You had had a dark day else), 'twas I defied

His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,

Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honour

At stake I laid.

Mir. My care and truth lay by it,

Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserv'd her,

And none but I. The lady might have perish'd

Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,

With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it;

And 'twas high time. And such a service, lady,

For you and for your innocence—for who knows not

The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat?

I show'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,

Or master of but half the poison he bears [madam,

(Hell take his heart for 't!): and beshrew these hands,

With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em !
 They made you once look sad. Such another fright
 I would not put you in, to own the island.
 Yet, pardon me ; t'was but to show a soldier,
 Which when I had done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out for the base knight Mountferrat.

Zan. (*aside*). I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty.
 This was a strange misfortune ; I must not know it.

Val. That most deboshè¹ knight. Come down, sweet sister,
 My spotless sister now ! Pray thank these gentlemen ;
 They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you,
 Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
 All the respect and favour— —

Ori. Both shall have it ;
 And as my life their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers ;
 Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
 Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable ;
 'Tis my will she shall marry, and one of you.
 She cannot take more nobly. Your deserts
 Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
 Cannot enjoy ; dare you make me your umpire ?

Gom. Mir. With all our souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
 That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.—

Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentleman ;
 A braver nowhere lives than is Miranda.

In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
 You have been a pilgrim long ; yet no man farther
 Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda.
 You are gentle, he is gentleness itself. Experience
 Calls you her brother ; this her hopeful heir.

Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will !

Val. Your hand, sir !

You undertook first, nobly undertook,

¹ *Deboshed.*] An old form of the word *debauched*.

This lady's cause ; you made it good, and fought it ;
 You must be serv'd first. Take her and enjoy her !
 I give her to you. Kiss her ! Are you pleas'd now ?

Gom. My joy 's so much, I cannot speak.

Val. (to *Miranda*). Nay, fairest sir,
 You must not be displeas'd ; you break your promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, sir,
 Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided
 A better match for you, more full of beauty ;
 I'll wed you to our order. There's a mistress
 Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her) ;
 Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer
 Spot or black soil ; whose eternal issue
 Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves them sainted ;
 Her you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
 I give you too, in present, to keep waking
 Your noble spirits ; and, to breed you pious,
 I'll send you a probation-robe ; wear that,
 Till you shall please to be our brother.—How now ?

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.

Val. Let him go a while,
 Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled.
 His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now !
 And so let's march to th' temple. Sound those instru-
 That were the signal to a day of blood ! [ments,
 Evil-beginning hours may end in good.

THE COXCOMB.

DRUNKENNESS REPENTED.

*Ricardo, in despair, bewails the vice through which he fears he has lost his
 mistress, Viola.*

SCENE—*A Street.* *Enter RICARDO.*

Ric. Am I not mad ? Can this weak-temper'd head,
 That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong

That I have done a virgin, and my love ?
 Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
 The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
 Either thy memory out, or madness in !
 But sure I never lov'd fair Viola ;
 I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
 Or anything but drink ! Had I had love,
 Nay, had I known [but] so much charity
 As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,
 I had been naked, raving in the street
 With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
 Two hours ere this time.

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, and UBERTO.

Pedro. Good-morrow, sir !

Ric. Good-morrow, gentlemen !

Shall we go drink again ? I have my wits.

Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones :

'Would I had some porridge !

Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,

And told me that there was a gentlewoman

For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.

Pedro. I'faith, nor I.

Uberto. I have a glimmering

Of some such thing.

Ric. Was it you, Silvio,

That made me drink so much ? 'twas you or Pedro.

Pedro. I know not who.

Silvio. We were all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,

That I would be so entreated !—Come, Silvio,

Shall we go drink again ? Come, gentlemen,

Why do you stay ? Let's never leave off now,

Whilst we have wine and throats ! I'll practise it,

Till I have made it my best quality ;

For what is best for me to do but that ?

For God's sake, come and drink ! When I am nam'd,

Men shall make answer, " Which Ricardo mean you ?

The excellent drinker ?" I will have it so.

Will you go drink ?

Silvio. We drank too much too lately.

Ric. Why, there is then the less behind to drink.
 Let's end it all ! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
 And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
 And drink it off ; then take the fruits o' th' earth,
 Distil the juice from them, and drink that off ;
 We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
 And drink off that, that never more may grow ;
 We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off ;
 And all this while we'll never think of those
 That love us best,¹ more than we did last night.
 We will not give unto the poor a drop
 Of all this drink : but, when we see them weep,
 We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too :
 We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
 In this large globe, but suck it cold and dry,
 Till we have made it elemental earth,
 Merely by drinking.

Pedro. Is it flattery
 To tell you, you are mad ?

Ric. If it be false,
 There's no such way to bind me to a man :
 He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
 My life down for him, need no more but say,
 " Ricardo, thou art mad ! " and then all these
 Are at his service ; then he pleases me,
 And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
 That I had love and tenderness of heart ;
 That, though I have committed such a fault
 As never creature did, yet running mad,
 As honest men should do for such a crime,
 I have express'd some worth, though it be late :

¹ *And all this while we'll never think of those*

That love us best.] This is most affecting. So indeed are a hundred passages in this selection, which equally need no indication to the reader ; but the sudden appearance of this heart-felt evidence of regret, in the shape of a pretended resolution, and in the midst of so many fanciful ones (all excellent, nevertheless, as expressions of frenzied remorse), doubles the effect of the pathos by its unexpectedness. It is like a tear suddenly starting into wild eyes.

But I, alas, have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.

Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her!
I will deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpose;
Perhaps she's lost last night; or, [if] she [is]
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
The wind can scarce come to her: or, admit
She were herself, if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have used her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be beloved.

Enter ANDRUGIO, and Servant with a night-gown.

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.

Andr. Where?

Ric. Where? where? speak quickly!

Serv. Searching in the suburbs.

Ric. Murdered! [Grasps his sword.]

Silvio. What ail you, man?

Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.

Silvio. It does; you would not offer this else.

Good Pedro, look to his sword! [PEDRO takes his sword.]

Andr. Sir, I will only

Entreat you this,—that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her loss, you will be pleased
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in
The search of her. God keep you, gentlemen! [Exit.]

Silvio. Alas, good man!

Ric. What think ye now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a scul; for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every sin,
Till it could burst these walls and fly away

Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?

Pedro. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide yourselves. I'll follow too;
But never to return till she be found.

THE DRUNKEN PENITENT FORGIVEN.

SCENE—*A Field.*

Enter VALERIO and RICARDO.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.—
What time left you her here?

Val. I left her when the sun had so much to set,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near the night, she could not wander far.
—Fair Viola!

Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a house,
Without all question.

Ric. Peace!—Fair Viola!

Fair Viola!—Who would have left her here
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name, and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring valleys and the hills
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose! You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet

(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet !) ;
 And what becomes of her ? where wander'd she,
 With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
 Continually, abundantly, from which
 There's neither tree nor house to shelter her ?—
 Will you go with me to travel ?

Val. Whither ?

Ric. Over all the world.

Val. No, by my faith ; I'll make a shorter journey
 When I do travel.

Ric. But there is no hope
 To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end ?

Ric. It is to search the earth,
 Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
 As wicked as ourselves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard
 To find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
 It were the better ; for what brave villainy
 Might we four do !—We would not keep together ;
 For every one has treachery enough
 For twenty countries. One should trouble Asia ;
 Another should sow strife in Africa ;
 But you should play the knave at home in Europe ;
 And for America, let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honest
 Than you know how to be, and can no more
 Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
 You would not think that *honestest than I*
 Were a praise high enough to serve your turn :
 If men were commonly so bad as I,
 Thieves would be put in calendars for saints,
 And bones of murderers would work miracles.
 I am a kind of knave ; of knave so much
 There is betwixt me and the vilest else ;¹
 But the next place of all to mine is yours.

¹ *The vilest else.*] That is, a knave to the amount of what lies
 between me and the vilest.

Enter VIOLA, NAN, and MADGE. (VIOLA had been sheltered in a farm-house and had joined in its services.)

Val. That last is she; 'tis she!

Ric. Let us away;

We shall infect her! let her have the wind

And we will kneel down here

Viola. Wenches, away,

For here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay. *[Takes hold of VIOLA.]*

Viola. Alas! again?

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?

I pray heartily, let her go.

Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away then! for the purest bodies

Will sooner take infection; stand away!

But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,

I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viola. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad!

God b' w' ye, sir! Now you are here together,

I'll leave you so. God send you good luck, both!

When you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. *[Exit.]*

Madge. Wilt thou go milk? come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early?

[RICARDO kneels.]

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there.

Nay, come, come away.

'Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i' th' face;

She's in a swoond.

[VIOLA faints.]

Nan. An' you be a man, come hither,

And help a woman!

Ric. Come thither? You are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither? 'twas my being now so near

That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,

Or you would do so too: my venom eyes

Strike innocency dead at such a distance;

Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. 'Thou art a prating ass! there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant.—How dost thou? [*VIOLA recovers.*]

Viola. Why, well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Viola. No; pray go you and milk. If I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.

Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exeunt Maids.*]

Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too. Why kneel you so far off?
Were not that gesture better used in prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
Till God and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there such a villain
That can do anything contemptible
To you: but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature;
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!

Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance;
Never so crafty to be eaten i' th' shell,
But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,

To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven!

Ric. (rises.) Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard; and in that wild fury,
A hunter after ——! I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man!

Viola. For God's sake urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh, women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal!

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A "POACHED SCHOLAR."

Witty. I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here:
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.

Credulous. Why a poach'd scholar?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,

And goes down glib ; he's swallow'd with sharp wit,
 Stead of wine vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, cousin,
 O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

LONDONERS AND THEIR FAVOURITE PLAYS AND LEGENDS
 BANTERED.

*Enter Speaker of the Prologue. The Citizen, his Wife, and RALPH, sitting below the stage among the spectators. Several Gentlemen sitting upon the Stage.*¹

*Prologue. From all that's near the court, from all that's
 Within the compass of the city-walls, [great
 We now have brought our scene*²——

Citizen leaps upon the Stage.

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy !

Prol. What do you mean, sir ?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. This seven years there hath been plays in this house, I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens ; and now you call your play, "*The London Merchant*."³ Down with your title, boy ; down with your title !

Prol. Are you a member of the noble city ?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman ?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Prol. So, grocer ; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir ? yes, sir. If you were not resolved to play the Jacks,⁴ what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters ? Why could not you be con-

¹ *Sitting upon the stage.*] A custom in those days.

² *We now have brought our scene.*] A commencement common with old plays.

³ *The London Merchant.*] A play by Ford, not extant.

⁴ *Jacks.*] An old word for blackguards.

tented, as well as others, with the legend of *Whittington*,¹ or the *Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham*, with the *Building of the Royal Exchange*? or the story of *Queen Eleanor, with the Rearing of London Bridge upon Wool-sacks*?

Prol. You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you say to the *Life and Death of Fat Drake*?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; but I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him——

Wife (*below*). Husband, husband!

Ralph (*below*). Peace, mistress!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant thee. Husband, husband!

Cit. What say'st thou?

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

Cit. So he shall. I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.²

Wife. Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife. I thank you, sir; so!

[*Wife comes upon the stage.*

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm something troublesome! I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these

[*Legend of Whittington.*] The productions here mentioned are childish stories and dramas, the popularity of which our poets take this opportunity of laughing at.

² *A lion with a Pestle.*] There was a famous story of a *London* 'Prentice who tore out the hearts of two lions, and chucked them in a Sultan's face.

plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchamps*, but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

[*Stools are brought, and they sit down.*]

Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake let Ralph play him. Beshrew me, if I don't think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife.—Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparable, and necessities, and by gad, if——

[*RALPH comes on the stage.*]

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparable! I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true. He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him. If they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes," to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the gentleman what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. *By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.*¹

Cit. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, *Musidorus*, before the wardens of our company.

¹ *By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap, &c.* The famous passage (with a variation in the last line) spouted by Hotspur.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played *Jeronimo* with a shoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph; in, Ralph! and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dress'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. "*The Grocer's Honour.*" [better.

Prol. Methinks "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*" were

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so; begin, begin: my wife and I will sit down.

Prol. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shawms?¹

Prol. Shawms? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms. I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be. There's two shillings; let's have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down then?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen. I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence
All private taxes,² [all] immodest phrases,
Whatever may but show like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.*

¹ *Shawms.*] The shawm or shalm (French *Chalumelle*, Latin *Calamus* was a pipe resembling a hautboy, with a protuberance in the middle—DYCE.

² *All private taxes.*] Attacks on private lives.

Thus much for what we do ; but, for Ralph's part, you must answer for yourself.¹

BOOKS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY BANTERED.

SCENE—*A Grocer's Shop.*

*Enter RALPH, like a Grocer, with Two Apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.*²

[Wife. *Oh, husband, husband, now, now ! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.*

Cit. *Peace, fool ! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph ; do not strain yourself too much at the first. Peace ! Begin, Ralph.]*

Ralph (reads). Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant ; and Palmerin having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, ' Stay, traitorous thief ! for thou mayst not so carry away her that is worth the greatest lord in the world ; ' and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall ; so that the princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, ' All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.'

I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army

Answer for yourself.] We are to suppose that the part taken by Ralph in these performances is extemporised,—a proceeding not without example in those times.

² *Palmerin of England.]* A mistake for *Palmerin d'Oliva*.—WEBER. Both the romances so named were translated by Anthony Munday. His version of the first was reprinted, with corrections, by Mr. Southey, to whom the public have been also indebted for an excellent version of another beautiful romance, *Amadis de Gaul*. For *Palmerin of England* is a beautiful romance too, though of a less order. It possesses noble sentiment, affecting incident, delicate sketches of landscape, and has a truly heraldic eye for colour and costume. Everything which a poet banters or parodies is not to be supposed an object of his contempt. His parody is often a compliment, and his banter intended for such readers as do not read wisely.

that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler,¹ and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

[Wife. *'Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins² will come and snatch it from him.*

Cit. *Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!*]

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts, to relieve poor ladies.

[Wife. *Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.*]

Ralph. What brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood,³ and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum,⁴ that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

[Cit. *Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!*

Wife. *They go finely, by my troth.*]

Ralph. Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant; I will be the said Knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my

¹ *Brought against Rosicleer.*] In another Spanish romance.

² *The giant and the ettins.*] Supposed to be cannibals; from the Anglo-Saxon *etan*, to eat. Query, Heathens?

³ *A flappet of wood.*] To drive away flies? Butchers use a leather flap for the purpose, with a wooden handle.

⁴ *Mithridatum.*] "This composition originally consisted of but few ingredients; viz. twenty leaves of rue, two walnuts, two figs, and a little salt. Of this we are informed, that Mithridates took a dose every morning, to guard himself against the effects of poison. It was afterwards altered, and the number of ingredients increased to sixty-one. A preparation of this kind is still made at Apothecaries' Hall, though seldom used."—HOOPER'S *Medical Dictionary*.

dwarf. Hence, my blue apron ! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be pourtrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[Wife. *Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade ; .thou wert ever meek.*]

Ralph. Tim !

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* ; and that you never call any female by the name of woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires ; if not, *distressed damsel* ; that you call all forests and heaths, *deserts*, and all horses, *palfries* !

[Wife. *This is very fine ! — 'Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband ?*

Cit. *Ay, I warrant thee ; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.*]

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,¹ and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say ?

Tim. 'Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding ?'

Ralph. No ! thus ; 'Fair sir ! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsels, or otherwise.'

[Cit. *Blockhead ! cannot remember ?*

Wife. *I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before ; all the gentlemen heard him ; did he not, gentlemen ? did not Ralph tell him on't ?*]

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, here is a distressed damsel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

¹ *Pricking.*] Spurring.

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine."—*Spenser*.

[Wife. *That's a good boy ! see, the little boy can hit it :
by my troth, it's a fine child.*]

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language.
Now shut up shop ; no more my 'prentice, but
My trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak
My shield, and arming Pestle.

[Cit. *Go thy ways, Ralph ! As I am a true man, thou art
the best on 'em all.*]

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph !*

Ralph. *What say you, mistress ?*

Wife. *I pr'ythee come again quickly, sweet Ralph.*

Ralph. *Bye-and-bye.*]

SCENE—*A Room in the Bell Inn.*

Enter MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, TIM,
GEORGE, Host, and a Tapster.

Tapster. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who, for the order's sake,
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard atchievements in wild desart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug !
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair !
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters, that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear
to me ; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a
true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

[Wife. *George, I pray thee tell me ; must Ralph pay twelve
shillings now ?*]

Cit. *No, Nell, no; nothing but the old Knight is merry with Ralph.*

Wife. *Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.*]

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;

But, to requite this liberal courtesy,

If any of your squires will follow arms,

He shall receive from my heroic hand

A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer; therefore, gentle Knight, twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap¹ you.

[Wife. *Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him. Give him his money, George, and let him go snick up.*²

Cit. *Cap Ralph? No; hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell! There's your money; have you anything to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph?*

Wife. *I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take thy course, Ralph!]*

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket: shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

[Wife. *'Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well.*]

Mrs. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son

¹ *Cap you.*] Arrest you; a cant abbreviation of a law term: I must serve you with a *capias*.

² *Snick up.*] "A *sneck* or *snick* of a door (says Richardson in his Dictionary) is the catch or latch; that which snatches or catches hold. To *sneck up* or *snick up* is supposed to be equivalent to 'Go hang yourself:' (q. d.) snick up, catch up, latch up, the noose or cord."

Michael and I bid you farewell. I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire !
If, pricking through these desarts, I do hear
Of any traitorous knight who through his guile
Hath lit upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worship. [*Exit with MICHAEL.*]

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield ; squire, elevate my lance ;
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell !

[*Cit. Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.*]

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant-knight may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight ; tell what he is, and where :
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant-knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house¹

¹ *A lowly house.*] It has been proposed for this imperfect line to read—

“A mansion there doth stand, a lonely house ;”

and probably this was nearer to the line as the poet wrote it ; but there would be no end of the endeavour to supply the imperfections of old misprinted books. The lowly house, too, is a barber's shop, which is not likely to have been a lonely one.

Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
 In which an ugly giant now doth won,
 Ycleped Barbaroso ; in his hand
 He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
 With sleeves turn'd up ; and, him before, he wears
 A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
 From blood of those knights which he massacres,
 And ladies gent ; without his door doth hang
 A copper bason, on a prickant spear,
 At which no sooner gentle knights can knock
 But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
 And rushing forth, brings in the errant-knight,
 And sets him down in an enchanted chair :
 Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
 With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
 Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
 He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,¹
 And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks ;
 Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
 With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
 The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
 Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
 And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him. Kind sir,
 Go but before me to this dismal cave
 Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
 And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
 That damnèd brood of ugly giants slew,
 And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
 I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
 And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
 This your request ; I'll bring you within sight
 Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
 By a more loathsome man ; but dare not stay,
 For his main force swoops all he sees away.

¹ *Mighty bord.*] *Bore*, depth. Or perhaps he means mighty breadth. A "board" is a *broad* or *breadth*. The barber's bason, by a violent image, is described as if it were a piece of ordnance. What is meant by likening the shaving brush to bullets, I cannot say.

Ralph. Saint George ! Set on, before ; march, squire and page !

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Wife.* *George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant ?*]

Cit. *I hold my cap to a farthing he does. Why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and kurl him.*]

* * * * *

[After some previous great deeds atchieved by this Flower of Grocery, the Wife exclaims—

Ay marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't ; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books¹ after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon ; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall ; call Ralph again, George ; call Ralph again, I pr'ythee, sweetheart ; let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an' thou lov'st me, George !

Cit. *Peace a little, bird ! he shall kill them all, an' they were twenty more on 'em than there are.*

Again, on another occasion, the Wife says—

George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with [black] velvet, and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory ; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her !

Cit. *Well said, Nell ; it shall be so. Boy, let's ha' it done quickly.*

Boy. *Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together ; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.*

Cit. *Sir Boy, let's ha' it as you can then.*

Boy. *Besides, it will show ill-favouredly to have a grocer's 'prentice to court a king's daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, sir ? You are well read in histories ! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet ? Was not he 'prentice to a grocer in London ? Read the play of the Four 'Prentices of London, where they toss their pikes so.]*

¹ *Carry his books.*] Query, *looks ?*—sustain the like haughty deportment ? I do not know what is meant by the phrase, “carry his books.”

ANIMAL SPIRITS, MOTHERLY PARTIALITY, AND A CHILD'S
HYPOCRISY.SCENE—*A Room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S House.**Enter JASPER and Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT.*

Mrs. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hang'd first. It shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts. I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father. He hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, "A merry heart lives long-a." And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to 'bezzle that; but thou shalt never be able to do it.

Enter MICHAEL.

Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees. Thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. (kneels.) I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

Mrs. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first, shall he not, Michael? how say'st thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy!

[*Wife. I faith, it's a fine spoken child!*]

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,
I must preserve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

[*Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logic with his mother. Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do tell her she lies.*]

Cit. *If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him.*]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;

And, howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows); but I'll hamper thee well enough.—Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. (singing within). Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting,
and I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.—
Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. (singing). Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would
have little lust to sing, I wis.

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate,
if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old
man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty
shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest
good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty
years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at
eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink
o' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next
morning a tailor brought me a new suit; and without
question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if
all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extra-
ordinary, and laugh myself to death.

¹ *Jolly red nose.*] Part of a clever old drinking song, still known
among singers as a favourite glee.

[Wife. *It's a foolish old man this ; is not he, George ? Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live.*

Cit. *Ay, by 'r lady, hold thee there !*]

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles ; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael : I pray you pay Jasper his portion ; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock ; he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

[Wife. *No, indeed, mistress Merrythought, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place ; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter ; my husband was by.*

Cit. *Hang him, rogue ! he served him well enough. Love his master's daughter ?*

Wife. *Ay, George ; but yet truth is truth.]*

Mer. Where is Jasper ? he's welcome, however. Call him in ; he shall have his portion. Is he merry ?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive him,¹ he is too merry. Jasper ! Michael !

Enter JASPER and MICHAEL.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper ! though thou runn'st away, welcome ! God bless thee ! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion. Thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it ; thou art of sufficient years ; hold thy hand. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ; there is ten shillings for thee ; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course. If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place ; come home to me ; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband ; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink ; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

¹ *Foul chive him.]* Bad luck master him, or get us rid of him. Fr. *chevir*. To this French word, at least, the phrase has been traced. But I know not whether Weber's conjecture of its, being a provincialism for *shall have him* is not as well founded.

Jasper. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father——

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone! Thou hast
my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell,
Jasper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [*Exit JASPER.*]

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's
blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing;
thou hast my blessing; begone. I'll fetch my money
and jewels, and follow thee. I'll stay no longer with
him, I warrant thee.—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What? you will not?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. (sings.) Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone)
to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do
in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the
ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [*Sings.*

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that.
Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! [Music.]
Now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death
for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks before the great
Turk's grace; is't not, George! [Boy danceth.] But
look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth,
do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph
come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-
mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him.
I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.*]

Cit. Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph.

Fairy Queen (query, the old stage plays and story-books?) that it may pass for a second invention. But the peculiarly ingenious novelty of the piece consists in the combination of the irony of a chimerical abuse of poetry, with another irony exactly the contrary, of the incapacity to comprehend any fable, and the dramatic form more particularly. A grocer and his wife come as spectators to the theatre; they are discontented with the piece which has just been announced; they demand a play in honour of the Corporation, and Ralph, their apprentice, is to act a principal part in it. They are well received; but still they are not satisfied, make their observations on everything, and incessantly address themselves to the players. Ben Jonson had already exhibited imaginary spectators, but they were either benevolent expounders, or awkward censurers, of the views of the poet; consequently they always conducted his, the poet's, own cause. But the grocer and his wife represent a whole genus; namely, those unpoetical spectators who are destitute of a feeling for art. The illusion with them becomes a passive error; the subject represented has all the effect of reality on them; they therefore resign themselves to the impression of each moment, and take part for or against the persons of the drama: on the other hand, they show themselves insensible to all genuine illusion,—that is, of entering vividly into the spirit of the fable. Ralph, however heroically and chivalrously he may conduct himself, is always for them Ralph their apprentice: and they take upon them, in the whim of the moment, to demand scenes which are quite inconsistent with the plan of the piece that has commenced. In short, the views and demands with which poets are often oppressed by a prosaical public are personified in the most ingenious and amusing manner in these caricatures of spectators."—SCHLEGEL, *as above*, Bohn's edition, p. 473.]

CUPID'S REVENGE.

A GODLIKE APPEARANCE.

He is like

Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
 Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
 When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
 And shakes day from his hair.

EXCESS OF PROVOCATION.

The usage I have had, I know, would make
 Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,
 And Patience quarrel with her shadow.

SIMPLE AND TRUTHFUL DEATH FOR LOVE.

Leucippus and Urania; the latter, who is disguised as his page, having swooned.

Leuc. How dost thou?

Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest clothes,
And the finest things that ever pretty boy
Had given him.

Urania. I know you well enough.

'Faith, I am dying; and now you know all too.

Leuc. But stir thyself. Look, what a jewel here is;
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leuc. I pr'ythee mind thy health! why, that's well said;
My good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till death,
An' I see you. I am Urania.

Leuc. How!

Ura. I am Urania.

Leuc. Dulness did seize me! now I know thee well:
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

Ura. 'Faith, for love:

I would not let you know till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught.

[Dies.]

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

TEARS, GOOD AND EVIL.

Theodoret. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

A COWARD PROVED AND EXPOSED.

Enter King, THIERRY, and THEODORET, from hunting.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.

Thierry. My horse,

I am sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,

Weary and tired as we are.—Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?

Thi. What is that?

May not I know too?

Theod. Yes, sir; to that end

We cast the project.

Thi. What is't?

Mart. A desire, sir,

Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you—
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be, nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward.

Thi. No more! I know him;

I now repent my error. Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserved,
You tie your anger up!

Mart. I lose it else, sir.

Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence
(For that will best declare him)——

Theod. That's the thing.

Thi. And my best horse is thine.

Mart. Your grace's servant!

[*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir ?

Thi. Not to-day ; the weather

Is grown too warm ; besides, the dogs are spent :

We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,

And halloo in the troop ! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*]

Enter Two Huntsmen, and to them PROTALDYE.

Prot. How now, keepers ?

Saw you the king ?

1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir ; he's newly mounted,

And, as we take it, ridden home.

Prot. Farewell then !

[*Exeunt Huntsmen.*]

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy

To meet with such a man of men to side me.

Prot. How, sir ? I know you not,

Nor what your fortune means.

Mart. Few words shall serve.

I am betray'd, sir ; innocent and honest,

Malice and violence are both against me,

Basely and foully laid for ; for my life, sir !

Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.

Prot. Where, sir ?

Mart. Nay, I fear not ;

And let it now pour down in storms upon me,

I have met a noble guard.

Prot. Your meaning, sir ?

For I have present business.

Mart. Oh, my lord,

Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,

At least a fair design of this brave nature,

To which your worth is wedded, your profession

Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.

There are but six, my lord.

Prot. What six ?

Mart. Six villains ;

Sworn, and in pay to kill me.

Prot. Six ?

Mart. Alas, sir,

What can six do, or six score, now you're present ?
Your name will blow 'em off. Say they have shot too ;
Who dare present a piece ? your valour's proof, sir.

Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough ;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me
(In which I am no more mine own, nor yours, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place), tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six ? Why, Hercules
Avoided two, man. Yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I cared not if I kill'd them ;
They'll serve to whet my sword.

Mart. There are but four, sir ;
I did mistake them ; but four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——

Prot. Well consider'd !
I will not meddle with 'em ; four, in honour,
Are equal with four score. Besides, they are people
Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus ?

Prot. I would not leave you ; but look you, sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.

Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger :
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two !

Prot. Let the law take 'em ! take a tree, sir—
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.

Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay ! but one, sir !

Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,

So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
I have mainly vow'd against 'em. Yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.

Mart. There is no

More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.

Prot. Fy on him! Go, lug him out by th' ears!

Mart. Yes, this is he, sir; the basest in the kingdom.

[*Seizes him.*]

Prot. Do you know me?

Mart. Yes, for a general fool,

A knave, a coward; puppy, that dares not bite.

Prot. The best man best knows patience.

Mart. Yes,

This way, sir; now draw your sword, and right you,

[*Kicks him.*]

Or render it to me; for one you shall do!

Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,

I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir!

Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress,

She has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten
else

By thine own lanceprisadoes¹ (when they know thee),
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:

Go; armour like a frost will search your bones,

And make you roar, you rogue! not a reply,

For if you do, your ears go off!

Prot. Still patience!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to a Hall in the Palace, with THIERRY, THEODORET, and others. Enter to them MARTELL, with PROTALDYE'S sword.

Theod. Look, sir; he has it!

Nay, we shall have peace when so great a soldier

As the renown'd Protaldye will give up

His sword rather than use it.

¹ *Lanceprisadoes.*] Sometimes written lancepesades, from *lancia spezzata*, Italian. "A lance-spezzado (says Florio's Dictionary), a broken lance, a demi-lance; also one that in time of war, or great need, comes armed on horseback to assist his prince."

Thi. Pray you speak ;

How won you him to part from't ?

Mart. Won him, sir ?

He would have yielded it upon his knees,
 Before he would have hazarded the exchange
 Of a fillip of the forehead. Had you will'd me,
 I durst have undertook he should have sent you
 His nose, provided that the loss of it
 Might have saved the rest of his face. He is, sir,
 The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
 Bless'd with hard shoulders ; which were only given him
 To the ruin of bastinadoes.—I'll hazard
 My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
 Should scourge him hither like a parish top,
 And make him dance before you.

A WILLING MARTYR..

Thierry, by a wicked contrivance between his mother and a pretended astrologer, is persuaded to kill the first woman he meets coming out of a place of worship, in order that he may free his Queen from barrenness. He meets the Queen herself, without knowing her.

SCENE—*Before the Temple of Diana.*

Enter THIERRY and MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.

Thi. How can he sleep,

Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
 He knows comes stealing toward him ? This day France
 (France, that in want of issue withers with us,
 And, like an aged river, runs his head
 Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
 And his fair course turn right. This day beauty,
 The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
 Content above the world, desire beyond it,
 Are made mine own, and useful !

Mart. Happy woman,
 That dies to do these things !

Thi. But ten time happier,
 That lives to do the greater ! Oh, Martell,
 The gods have heard me now ; and those that scorn'd me,
 Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,

That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
 Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
 Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
 From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
 That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
 The chain that links two holy loves together!
 And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,
 That comes so near the sacrament itself,
 The priests doubt whether purer!

[He stands musing, in a kind of ecstasy.]

Mart. Sir, you are lost!

Thi. I pr'ythee let me be so!

Mart. The day wears;

And those that have been offering early prayers,
 Are now retiring homeward.

Thi. Stand, and mark then!

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?

Thi. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?

Thi. This hand, Martell;

For who less dare presume to give the gods
 An incense of this offering?

Mart. 'Would I were she!

For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
 Can never crown my parting.—
 Here comes a woman.

Enter ORDELLA, veiled.

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!

Mart. I think, a fair one.

Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her. May her peace
 (Like his whose innocence the gods are pleased with,
 And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
 Far purer than those fires) pull heaven upon her!
 You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!—
 No love of anything, but you and goodness,
 Tie her to earth!—Fear be a stranger to her;—
 And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
 Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heaven!
 Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,

Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer !
 Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death ;
 And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
 That by his cutting off more may increase,
 So let her fall to raise me fruit !—Hail, woman ;
 The happiest and the best (if thy dull will
 Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet !

Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less, and worse than woman,
 That may inherit such an infinite
 As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
 And brings a will to rob her.

Thi. Tell me this then ;
 Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
 That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
 For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
 Has, or dare make a story ?

Ord. Many dead, sir ;
 Living, I think, as many.

Thi. Say, the kingdom
 May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
 The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
 A general blessing, lady ?

Ord. A general curse
 Light on her heart denies it !

Thi. Full of honour,
 And such examples as the former ages
 Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures ?

Ord. You strangely stir me, sir ; and were my weakness
 In any other flesh but modest woman's,
 You should not ask more questions. May I do it ?

Thi. You may ; and, which is more, you must.

Ord. I joy in't
 Above a moderate gladness ! Sir, you promise
 It shall be honest ?

Thi. As ever Time discover'd.

Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
 I have a mind will hazard it.

Thi. But hark you ;
 What may that woman merit, makes this blessing ?

Ord. Only her duty, sir.

Thi. 'Tis terrible !

Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows !

Ord. So is sleep, sir,

Or anything that's merely ours, and mortal.

We were begotten gods else. But those fears,

Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,

Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thi. Suppose it death !

Ord. I do.

Thi. And endless parting

With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,

With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay

For in the silent grave no conversation, [reason !

No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,

No careful father's counsel, nothing 's heard,

Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,

Dust and an endless darkness. And dare you, woman,

Desire this place ?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest :

Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,

And kings from height of all their painted glories

Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre :

And those are fools that fear it, or imagine

A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,

Can recompense this place ; and mad that stay it,

Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours

Bring them dispersed to th' earth.

Thi. Then you can suffer ?

Ord. As willingly as say it.

Thi. Martell, a wonder !

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,

Are you a wife ?

Ord. I am, sir.

Thi. And have children ?—

She sighs, and weeps !

Ord. Oh, none, sir.

Thi. Dare you venture,

For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,

To part with these sweet hopes ?

Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children. He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes ;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.

Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer ; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom !

Thi. Thus much before I strike then ; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so. Thou'rt made the blessing
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly !

Ord. Fear me not.

Thi. And meet death like a measure !¹

Ord. I am steadfast.

Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman ; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art ;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall ;
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness ?

Ord. I dare, sir.

Thi. Ha ! *[Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.]*

Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.

Thi. No, I dare not !

There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue !

Ord. Strike, sir, strike !

And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows ! be killing me
A thousand days !

Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd ! Rise, Ordella,

¹ *Like a measure.*] That is, harmoniously and firmly. A "measure" was a stately dance.

The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh show'd us !—Oh, my heartstrings !
[*Exit.*]

["I have always considered this to be the finest scene in Fletcher, and *Ordella* the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to Calantha in the *Broken Heart* of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction. She is a piece of sainted nature. Yet, noble as the whole scene is, it must be confessed, that the manner of it, compared with Shakspeare's finest scenes, is slow and languid. Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. They do not join into one another like a running hand. Every step that we go, we are stopped to admire some single object, like walking in beautiful scenery with a guide. Another striking difference between Fletcher and Shakspeare is the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations, like that in the scene before us. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in the *Wife for a Month*, in *Cupid's Revenge*, in the *Double Marriage*, and in many more of his tragedies, show this. Shakspeare had nothing of this contortion in his mind, none of that craving after romantic incidents and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which I think always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility."—LAMB.]

Ordella's life is saved for the present ; but Thierry, who is ultimately poisoned by a handkerchief which his mother had given him to dry his tears with for her supposed loss under other circumstances, beholds, in his last moments, the criminal delivered up to justice, and his wife restored to him only to partake his death.

THIERRY on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

1 Doctor. How does your grace now feel yourself ?

Thi. What's that ?

1 Doctor. Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,

Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep ? is there night
And rest for human labours ? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd ?
Is there a grave ? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep ? can I die ?
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,

And gaping strangely upon one another !

When shall I rest ?

2 *Doctor.* Oh, sir, be patient !

1 *Doctor.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd !¹

This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,

In spite of all your potions ! One of you sleep ;

Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold

What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of !—

See ; he can sleep, sleep anywhere, sleep now,

When he that wakes for him can never slumber !

Is't not a dainty ease ?

2 *Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it.

Thi. Oh, never, never I ! The eyes of Heaven

See but their certain motions, and then sleep :

The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,

And quiet silver calms ; each violence

Crowns in his end a piece ; but my fix'd fires

Shall never, never set !—Who's that ?

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, and Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,

Mother of mischief, no ! the day shall die first,

And all good things live in a worse than thou art,

Ere thou shalt sleep ! Dost thou see him ?

Brun. Yes, and curse him ;

And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.

Mart. Why art thou such a monster ?

Brun. Why art thou

So tame a knave to ask me ?

Mart. Hope of hell,

By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,

Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,

Thou shalt not rest, nor feel more what is pity,

Know nothing necessary, meet no society

But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself

Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience.

¹ *More reclaim'd.*] Less wild. The expression is taken from falconry. To *reclaim* a hawk, is to tame him.

Till this man rest. Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.

Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!

Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!

Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!—
Is it so, mother?

Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods again; swinge her!¹

Thi. But, mother
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so), was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
'This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will——

Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when Time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like penons!

Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has killed thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,

¹ *Swinge her.*] Scourge her.

A woman in her liberal will defeated,
 In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
 My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
 And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
 Suffer'd by blasted Virtue to be scatter'd:
 I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
 And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heaven forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
 Are now apparent. Protaldye we have taken,
 An equal agent with her, to whose care,
 After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted
 The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
 Son to your murder'd brother. Her physician
 By this time is attach'd too, that damn'd devil!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
 Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
 He drench'd himself.¹

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
 To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
 See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy. Bring the lady,
 And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet!

Enter ORDELLA.

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. I do forgive you;
 And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
 Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o' th' wheel,
 And let his cries and roars be music to her!
 I mean to waken her.

¹ *Drench'd himself.*] Took poison.

Thi. Do her no wrong!

Mart. No, right, as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;

And if there be new curses in old nature,

I have a soul dare send them!

Mart. Keep her waking! [*Exit BRUNHALT with a Guard.*]

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's that face—

Mart. Be moderate, lady!

Thi. That's angel's face——

Mart. Go nearer.

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the soul

(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,

The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!

Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest substance!

Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex,

If it be for my cruelty thou comest—

Do ye see her, ho?

Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.

Thi. Down, down again!—To be revenged for blood!

Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!

Oh, blessed sign of peace!

Mart. Go nearer, lady.

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, sirs?

She comes to crown my soul. Away, get sacrifice!

Whilst I with holy honours——

Mart. She is alive, sir.

Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:

Oh, happy, happy soul!

Ord. Alas, I live, sir;

A mortal woman still.

Thi. Can spirits weep too?

Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss her.—Lady,

Be very gentle to him!

Thi. Stay!—She is warm;

And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, brightness,

Are you the same Ordella still?

Mart. The same, sir,

Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again!

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she ! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, sweet !
Oh, bless'd and happiest woman !—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me. Oh, my jewel !

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord !

Thi. My joys are too much for me !

Enter Messenger and MEMBERGE.

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldye tortured, has chok'd herself.

Mart. No more !

Her sins go with her !

Thi. Love, I must die ; I faint :
Close up my glasses !¹

1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.

Thi. One dying kiss !

Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest !
And now, close my eyes too !

Thi. Thou perfect woman !—

Martell, the kingdom's yours. Take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive !—Nay, weep not, lady !
Take me ! I go.

[*Dies.*

Ord. Take me too ! Farewell, Honour !

[*Dies.*

2 *Doctor.* They are gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them !

Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.

All. We your subjects !

Mart. De Vitry, for your services, be near us !

Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people ; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour !
And now lead on ! They that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *My glasses.*] *I. e.* my glazed or dying eyes, through which the soul begins to see dimly. A beautiful expression. The whole of this scene is most affecting and terrible.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

SUPERIORITY TO MISFORTUNE.

Nothing is a misery,
 Unless our weakness apprehend it so.
 We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
 In anything that's manly, than to make
 Ill fortune as contemptible to us,
 As it makes us to others.

CALAMITY'S LAST AND NOBLEST CONSOLATION.

I am not yet oppress'd,
 Having the pow'r to help one that's distress'd.¹

HEART OF OAK.

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
 That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
 But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
 He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

VALENTINIAN.

SCORN OF LOVE ADMONISHED.

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done;
 Fear examples, and be wise:
 Fair Calisto was a nun;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

¹ *I am not yet oppress'd, &c.*] *I. e.* I do not consider myself thoroughly kept down, or overwhelmed, by calamity, as long as I can help misfortune in another. This noble sentiment was first expressed, I believe, by Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do ;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy :
 The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies ;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

A TYRANT POISONED.

The Emperor Valentinian dies of poison, which has been given him for his tyrannies and licentiousness.

Enter LYCIAS and PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus ?

Proc. Oh, Lycias,

What shall become of us ? 'Would we had died
 With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
 And made too lame for justice !

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music ;

And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—

Oh, friends, the emperor !

Proc. What say the doctors ?

Licin. For us a most sad saying ; he is poison'd,

'Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who ?

Licin. The wretch Aretus,

That most unhappy villain.

Lycias. How do you know it ?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him ;

And, since he has opened misery to all,

Let it begin with him first. Softly ; he slumbers.

[*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN *brought in sick in a chair, with EUDOXIA,
Physicians, and Attendants.*

MUSIC AND SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night.¹
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

Val. Oh, gods, gods ! Drink, drink ! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains ! Oh, my heart-

Eud. How does your grace ? [strings !]

Phys. The empress speaks, sir.

Val. Dying ;

Dying, Eudoxia, dying.

Phys. Good sir, patience.

Eud. What have you given him ?

Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.

Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,

See what thy god-head's come to ! Oh, Eudoxia !

Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir !

¹ *Easy, sweet,*

And as a purling stream, thou son of Night.] “In rhymes like *night* and *sweet* the fine ears of our ancestors discerned a harmony to which we have been unaccustomed. They perceived the double *ee* which is in the vowel *i*,—*night*, *nah-eet*. There is an instance in a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the word *bees*, as well as *mulberries* and *dewberries*, is made to rhyme with *eyes*, *arise*, &c. Indeed in such words as *mulberries* the practice is still retained, and *e* and *i* considered corresponding sounds in the fainter termination of polysyllables :—*free*, *company* ; *fly*, *company*.

“Was ever the last line of the invocation surpassed ? But it is all in the finest tone of mingled softness and earnestness. The verses are probably Fletcher's. He has repeated a passage of it in his poem entitled *An Honest Man's Fortune*.”—*Imagination and Fancy*, p. 217.

Val. Danubius

I'll have brought through my body——

Eud. Gods give comfort!

Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.

I am an hundred hells! an hundred piles

Already to my funeral are flaming!

Shall I not drink?

Phys. You must not, sir.

Val. By Heaven,

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,

If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,

And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,

Flow over me and quench me! Where's the villain?

Am I immortal now, ye slaves? By Numa,

If he do 'scape—Oh, oh!

Eud. Dear sir!

Val. Like Nero,

But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,

In the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!

A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!

Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir!

Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,—

A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces!

What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,

Your oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,

You only words of health, and names of sickness,

Finding no true disease in man but money,

That talk yourselves into revenues—oh!—

And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,

I'll have ye flea'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS and LICINIUS, with ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir;

The most accursed wretch.

Val. Begone, my queen;

This is no sight for thee. Go to the vestals,

Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer

One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.

¹ See note at p. 159.

Proc. Go, go, and be happy.

[*Exit EUDOXIA.*]

Are. Go ; but give no ease.—

The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian ;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest !

Proc. Oh, damned traitor !

Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches !
You taught him to be poison'd.

Val. Yet no comfort ?

Are. Be not abus'd with priests nor 'pothecaries,
They cannot help thee. Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature ;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipp'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, O Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.

Val. Oh, villain !—I grow hotter, hotter.

Are. Yes ;

But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed ;
But there be flames of murder !

Val. Fetch out tortures.

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee ; nay, more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.

Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Are. Now be mad ;

But not near me yet.

Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me !

Hold me, or I shall burst else !

Are. See me, Cæsar,

And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——

Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!

Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds---

Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! oh, Lucina!

Are. Are but my torments' shadows!

Val. Hide me, mountains!

The gods have found my sins. Now break!

Are. Not yet, sir;

Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Val. Oh, hell!

Oh, villain, cursed villain!

Are. Oh, brave villain!

My poison dances in me at this deed!

Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,

And this is thine before thou diest: I'm wild-fire!

The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,

The miseries of souls despising heaven

But emblems of my torment,——

Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!

Are. Fire's a flattery,

And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus

To my pains less than fictions. Yet, to show thee

What constant love I bore my murder'd master,

Like a south wind, I have sung through all these
tempests.

My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou monster!

Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [*Dies.*]

Val. More drink!

A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!

How dare ye let me be tormented thus?

Away with that prodigious body. Gods,

Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay

All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!

I do confess I am a ravisher,

A murderer, a hated Cæsar.—Oh!

Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,

The fat of all the world for sacrifice,

And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,

To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?

I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,

And wanting that, ye are no gods ! Your parole
 Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
 And women, made of awe, believe your heaven !
 Oh, torments, torments, torments ! Pains above pains !
 If ye be anything but dreams, and ghosts,
 And truly hold the guidance of things mortal,
 Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present,
 Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
 Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason,
 Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness !
 Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
 For you are things, men teach us, without passions.
 Give me an hour to know ye in ; oh, save me !
 But so much perfect time ye make a soul in ;
 Take this destruction from me !—No, ye cannot ;
 The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.
 My brains are ashes ! now my heart, my eyes ! Friends,
 I go, I go ! More air, more air !—I am mortal ! [*Dies.*]

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

FATAL MISTAKE.

Juliana, thinking to deliver her husband, Violet, from the plots of a wicked man and woman who had conspired to murder him, kills Violet himself while he is disguised in his enemy's apparel.

A Room in VIOLET'S House.

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, ev'n red with fury,
 Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
 Assur'd destruction, are still before me.
 Besides, I know such natures unacquainted
 With any mean, or in their love or hatred ;
 And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,
 Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
 Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
 Her bloody purposes, which she made good,

And openly profess'd 'em. That in me
 Was but a cold affection ; charity
 Commands so much to all ; for Violet,
 Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,
 Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength ;
 Then do, not counsel. He is too secure ;
 And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service
 To free him from a deadly enemy,
 Than to get him a friend. I undertook too
 To cross her plots ; opposed my piety
 Against her malice ; and shall virtue suffer ?
 No, Martia ; wert thou here equally arm'd,
 I have a cause, 'spite of thy masculine breeding,
 That would assure the victory. My angel
 Direct and help me !

*Enter VIROLET, habited like RONVERE. JULIANA, unseen
 by him, stands apart.*

Vir. The state in combustion,
 Part of the citadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on ;
 The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against
 Their late protected master ; Ferrand fled too,
 And with small strength, into the castle's tower,
 The only Aventine¹ that now is left him ;
 And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
 Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,
 Are yet unknown. They did proceed like men,
 I like a child ; and had I never trusted
 So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
 Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,
 The honour of this action had been mine,
 In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. Ronvere ! 'tis he ! a thing, next to the devil,
 I most detest, and like him terrible ;
 Martia's right hand ; the instrument, I fear too,
 That is to put her bloody will into act.
 Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty ?
 Weak women's fear, fly from me !

Vir. Sure this habit,
 This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied,

¹ *Only Aventine.*] Only hill of refuge.

Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,
Or sinks me and my miseries together ;
Either¹ concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing ;
Some mischief is now hatching :
In the full meditation of his wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand, Heaven,
And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown me !

Vir. (*aloud*). It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not ! Take that token, [*Stabs him.*]
And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia !
Tell her, for Violet's dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. Oh, I am happy ! Let me see thee, that I
May bless the hand that gave me liberty !
Oh, courteous hand ! Nay, thou hast done most nobly,
And Heaven has guided thee ; 'twas their great justice.
Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss thee !
How beautiful and sweet thou show'st !

Jul. Oh !

Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, dear ! shed not those sovereign balsams
Into my blood, which must recover me ;
Then I shall live, again to do a mischief
Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of²—
Help me ; I faint. So.

Jul. Oh, unhappy wench !
How has my zeal abus'd me ! You that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep ? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake ? Oh, my dear Violet !
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in ! his name be ever blasted !

¹ *Either.*] Either the one or the other of those results ends in making him happy.

² *Rob thy right of.*] He had, in a rash moment, and as though he had been unmarried, engaged himself to *Martia* for delivering him out of the hands of pirates.

For his accursed shadow has betray'd
 The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,
 The honour, and the valour; wither'd for ever
 The beauty and the bravery of all mankind!
 Oh! my dull devil's eyes!

Vir. I do forgive you; [Kisses her.

By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd;
 The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd at,
 And not at me; but 'twas most necessary
 I should be struck; some hand above directed you;
 For Juliana could not show her justice,
 Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,
 On any subject fit for her, but Virolet.
 Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one!
 This the new marriage of our souls together.
 Think of me, Juliana; but not often,
 For fear my faults should burthen your affections.
 Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,
 A little, little, sir!

[Offers to kill herself.

Vir. Fy, Juliana.

Jul. Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace! Give me the dagger;
 On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!
 If you do thus, we shall not meet in heaven, sweet;
 No guilty blood comes there. Kill your intentions,
 And then you conquer. There, where I am going,
 Would you not meet me, dear?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And still love me?

Jul. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then, till Heaven calls you:

Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise sainted;
 Then I, that went before you to prepare,
 Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
 With hymns of holy love. God! I go out!
 Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell!
 Remember me! farewell!

[Dies.

Jul. Sleep you, sweet glasses!

An everlasting slumber crown those crystals!

¹ *Sweet glasses.*] Addressing his eyes.

All my delight, adieu ! farewell, dear Violet,
 Dear, dear, most dear ! Oh, I can weep no more ;
 My body now is fire, and all-consuming.
 Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
 And only wait what Heaven shall turn me to ;
 For now methinks I should not live. *[She sits down.]*

Enter PANDULPHO (VIOLET'S Father), with a book.

Pand. Oh, my sweet daughter,
 The work is finish'd now I promis'd thee :
 Here are thy virtues show'd, here register'd,
 And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it !
 I have no virtue ; hateful I am as hell is !

Pand. Is not this Violet ?

Jul. Ask no more questions !
 Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. Oh, my son !
 Nature turns to my heart again. My dear son !
 Son of my age ! wouldst thou go out so quickly ?
 So poorly take thy leave, and never see me ?
 Was this a kind stroke, daughter ? Could you love him,
 Honour his father, and so deadly strike him ?
 Oh, wither'd timeless youth ! are all thy promises,
 Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this ?
 Do I halt still i' th' world, and trouble Nature,
 When her main pieces founder, and fail daily ?

Enter LUCIO, and Three Servants.

Lucio. He does weep certain. What body's that lies by him ?
 How do you, sir ?

Pand. Oh, look there, Lucio,
 Thy master, thy best master !

Lucio. Woe is me !
 They have kill'd him, slain him basely ! Oh, my master !

Pand. Well, daughter, well ! what heart you had to do this !
 I know he did you wrong ; but 'twas his fortune,
 And not his fault. For my sake, that have lov'd you—
 But I see now you scorn me too.

Lucio. Oh, mistress !

Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless,
Basely upon the earth?

Pand. Let her alone, boy:

She glories in his end.

Lucio. You shall not sit here,

And suffer him you loved—Ha! good sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heaven, sir!
Oh, God, my heart! she's cold, cold, and stiff too.
Stiff as a stake; she's dead!

Pand. She's gone; ne'er bend her:

I know her heart, she could not want his company.
Blessing go with thy soul! sweet angels shadow it!
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happiness!
But I must live to see you laid in earth both;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories;
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks! her eyes are open, smiling:
I thought she had been alive.¹

FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE.

CHILDBIRTH COMFORTED.

Violanta, having borne a child without her father's, but not her mother's knowledge, is comforted by the latter during her confinement.

Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening?

Ang. Well;

Bid him do so.

Viol. Heaven's blessing o' your heart!—

Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?

Ang. Yes.

Viol. It well may be. The bare-foot traveller

¹ *I thought she had been alive.*] This is one of the most affecting deaths, and the involuntary murder of Virolet one of the most startling incidents, in the whole circle of dramatic writing.

That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.

Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me ;
And yet, how disobedient have I been !

Ang. Peace, Violante ; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.

Viol. Gerrard is better, mother.

Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleased for Ferdinand
To woo himself ; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative. My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.

Ang. No, not for the world !

Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Ease ; I'll sleep.

Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up !

[“Violanta's prattle is so very pretty, and so natural *in her situation*, that I could not resist giving it a place. Juno Lucina was never invoked with more elegance. Pope has been praised for giving dignity to a game of cards. It required at least as much address to ennoble a lying-in.”—LAMB.]

I must express my disagreement with this fine critic on his concluding observation. “Address” indeed it may require, with those who have at no time any but ignoble ideas of humanity ; but to an earnest and loving heart, capable of expressing itself on such a subject, what could readily suggest more affecting and exalting words than an occasion which excites every tenderest fear, hope, and sympathy of a human creature ? I am afraid we must say of our admirable friend, on this slip of his pen, as Queen Constance said of the Cardinal,—

“He talks to me, that never had a son.”]

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

A CELESTIAL DANCE.

Song.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread ;
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow !

THE ELDER BROTHER.

A GLUTTON OF BOOKS.

Andrew arrives with the books of his master Charles, the Elder Brother.

Enter ANDREW, Cook, and Butler, with books.

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts ; I'll strait be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more books ?

And. More than ten marts send over.

Butler. And can he tell their names ?

And. Their names ! he has 'em

As perfect as his *Pater Noster* ; but that's nothing ;
He has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand
times.

But here's the wonder ; though their weight would sink
A Spanish carrack,¹ without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were filled with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris. Yet fear not,

¹ *Carrack.*] A large ship of burthen.

Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen ! though his learned
stomach

Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you ;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks, butler,
And your flagons ; and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast, thy

Cook. How liveth he ? [baked !]

And. Not as other men do ;

Few princes fare like him. He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the Muses,¹ sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*,²
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.³

PREJUDICES FOR AND AGAINST BOOKS.

MIRAMONT and BRISAC.

Mir. Nay, brother, brother !

¹ *Watering with the Muses.*] *Watering*, in the sense of a refreshment between dinner and supper, would answer well (sometimes too well) to the modern tea ; but in Beaumont and Fletcher's time, when tea was unknown, it seems to have meant taking any drink during that interval.

² *Via Lactea.*] The Milky Way.

³ *Erra Pater.*] "*Erra Pater*" (Father Erra), the "Francis Moore Physician" of ancient almanacks, is said to have been some old astrologer, now forgotten.

"In mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."—*Hudibras*.

The appellation sometimes meant the almanack itself. Perhaps it was a name for astrology in general (from *errare*, to wander), typified under the aspect of a bearded sage,—old Father Wanderer ; *i. e.* the Companion of the Planets ; such being the meaning of the word *planet*. His face appears to have been a frontispiece to almanacks. In the *Scornful Lady* (Act IV. Scene I.), an elderly waiting-woman is accused by a disappointed lover of having

"A face as old as Erra Pater ;
Such a prognosticating nose."

This passage in the *Elder Brother* is supposed by the commentators, with great probability, to have been in the recollection of Congreve when he wrote the beginning of *Love for Love*, where Valentine eulogises reading, and speaks of a page in Epictetus as "a feast for an emperor." It is probable also, as others think, that the character of Valentine was further indebted to the Elder Brother. It may be observed that the title of Congreve's play is to be found in the closing speech of Charles, as given in the present volume.

Bri. Pray, sir, be not mov'd ;

I meddle with no business but mine own ;
And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.

Mir. But know to govern then, and understand, sir,
And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you be
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell you,
Heartily and home too——

Bri. What, sir ?

Mir. What I grieve to find ;

You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.

Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest son, sir, and your very image
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't),
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty harvests !

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.

Because he has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance ?
Must he be dispossessed, and Monsieur Gingleboy,
His younger brother——

Bri. You forget yourself.

Mir. Because he has been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land ?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In praise of learning, sir ?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is ?

Mir. 'Tis not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And palter out your time i' th' penal statutes ;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a Protestant constable and Jesuit cobbler ;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice
(Which is deep learning), when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig ;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.
These are your quodlibets,¹ but no learning, brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother :
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.

Mir. 'Faith, no :
But I believe ; I have a learned faith, sir ;
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't :
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils :
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thyself for joy thou hadst such a gentleman
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things to me !

Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother ?

Mir. I tell thee, no ; that's not material ; the sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentle-
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too, [man,
Understand any other power than his tailor ?
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race ?
What the moon means, but to light him home from
taverns ? [clothes in ?
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd
And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,

¹ *Quodlibets.*] "*Quillet* or *quidlibet*, what you please ;"—anything affirmed or denied, as any one pleases.—*RICHARDSON'S Dictionary.*

Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, "Sweet lady?"
 Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
 Drunk your Verdea wine,¹ and rid at Naples:
 Must this thing therefore——

Bri. Yes, sir, this thing must!

I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
 So grown like a disease unto his study.
 He that will fling off all occasions
 And cares, to make him understand what state is,
 And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
 Be flung himself aside from managing:
 My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Mir. He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,
 Gilt over to please foolish girls [and] puppets.

Bri. You are my elder brother.

Mir. So I had need,
 And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us all else.
 Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.

Bri. I say no,
 Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
 Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year
 Out of the metaphysics? or can all
 His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?
 Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?
 (I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent human-
 Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage? [ists
 Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?
 And can geometry vent it in the market?
 Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff, now?
 I wonder you will magnify this madman;
 You that are old and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou,
 Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!
 Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,
 Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
 And he no more than custom of his office;
 Thou unreprievable dunce! (that thy formal band-strings,
 Thy ring, nor pomander,¹ cannot expiate for)

¹ *Verdea wine.*] A celebrated Tuscan white wine, called *verdea* from its having a tint inclining to green.

Dost thou tell me I should ? I'll poze thy worship
 In thine own library, an almanack ;
 Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
 Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
 And full moons to cut cattle ! Dost thou taint me,
 That have run over story, poetry,
 Humanity ?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow
 Does over ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.
 Put up your anger ; what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an ass, then,
 A dull old tedious ass ; thou art ten times worse,
 And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshed,²
 The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.

KNOWLEDGE A BETTER LOVE-MAKER THAN IGNORANCE.

The Elder Brother, who was about to give up his birthright to the Younger out of contempt of everything but his books, is diverted from his purpose by love.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of Angelina's Father.*

*Enter the Father, the Lady, EUSTACE (the Younger Brother),
 the Uncle, Priest, Notary, and others.*

Notary. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done.
 Is yours ready ?

Priest. Yes, I'll despatch ye presently,
 Immediately ; for in truth I'm a-hungry.

Eustace. Do ; speak apace, for we believe exactly.—
 Do we not stay long, mistress ?

Angelina. I find no fault :—

Better things well done, than want time to do them.—
 Uncle, why are you sad ?

¹ *Pomander.*] From the French, *pomme d'ambre*, an apple of amber. A ball of perfumes.—RICHARDSON'S *Dictionary*.

² *Dunce Hollingshed.*] I know not what antiquaries think of this summary estimate of one of their favourite historians. Probably he offended our poets for the same reason (whatever it was) that got him into trouble with the censorship under Queen Elizabeth.

Mirabel. Sweet-smelling blossom !

Would I were thine uncle to thine own content :
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man
(But that he is addicted to his study,
And knows no other mistress than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.¹

Ang. Can he speak, sir ?

Mir. 'Faith, yes ; but not to women :
His language is to Heaven and heavenly wonder,
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there ?

Mir. Oh, admirably !
But he's too bashful to behold a woman ;
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. 'Faith, yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation, methinks——

Mir. So think I ;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.

Lew. Let him alone ;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty.² He'll come to us.

Enter BRISAC and CHARLES.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too ! that's a wonder ;
Broke like a spirit from his cell.

Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles ; 'twas your desire to see
My noble daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.
You do like a good brother.

¹ *Kexes.*] Hollow, withered stems.

² *A sweet beauty.*]

“So easy 'tis to appease the stormy wind
Of malice, in the calm of pleasant womankind.”

Spenser.

Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the deed, sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me awhile. I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.

Char. I'll leave my life first:
I study now to be a man; I've found it.

[*Looking at ANGELINA.*]

Before, what man was, was but my argument.

Mir. I like this best of all; he has taken fire:
His dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, brother?

Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;
I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, son.

Char. I will not seal, sir:
I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birthright;
For, Heaven forbid I should become example.
Had you only show'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!

Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,— [tune!]
(*Aside.* I find my mind free; Heaven direct my for-

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to 't!

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere scholar?

Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
And vex your study too.

Char. Go you and study;

For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and
manners;
I have studied both, although I made no show on't.
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee:
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt:
Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring,
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:
Traverse the stories of the great heroës;¹
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through:
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words!
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

(*He addresses ANGELINA.*)

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else;²

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall³
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all.
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

¹ *Heroës.*] The Latin trisyllable plural, not then discontinued in English.

² *Come to honour nothing else.*] This is obscure. Perhaps it means that they come to honour nothing less meritorious than what such modest beauty can approve.

³ *Again back recall.*] This monstrous tautology (to say nothing of the ameness of the verse) could hardly have been in the original manu-

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all yet !

What say you to the scholar now ?

Ang. I wonder !—

Is he your brother, sir ?

Eust. Yes.—Would he were buried !

I fear he'll make an ass of me ; a younker.

Ang. Speak not so softly, sir ; 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, Charles.

Char. Dispatch what ?

Bri. Why, the land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, sir :

Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman,
And what maintains her when she's woo'd. I'll stop here ;

A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.

Though land and monies be no happiness,

Yet they are counted good additions.

That use I'll make ; he that neglects a blessing,

Though he want present knowledge how to use it,

Neglects himself.—May be, I have done you wrong, lady,

Whose love and hope went hand in hand together ;

May be, my brother, that has long expected

The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance—

Pray give me leave, sir,—I shall clear all doubts—

Why did they show me you ? Pray tell me that.

Mir. He'll talk thee into a pension¹ for thy knavery.

Char. You, happy you ! why did you break unto me ?

The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.

I am a man, and have desires within me,

Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile,

script. The want of rhyme also to the word *light*, and the difference in that respect from the other stanzas, with the still further aggravation of a rhyme twice repeated, show clearly that there must be some mistake here, either of printer or copyist. Might not the words have been *dear, re-unite ?* or *dear, again unite ?* or *dear angel, re-unite ?* The first lines of the two preceding stanzas are not of equal length ; so that the metre of any one of these substitutes would not have been inconsistent.

¹ *Talk thee into a pension.*] Make a scholar of thee against thy will by his eloquence ? An allusion to an order of students so called at Cambridge ?—Or does it mean, that he will talk the Younger Brother into the petty allowance of money, common to such juniors ?

And lay dead, till the spring of beauty rais'd them :
 Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
 A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me ;
 Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd
 And into form he drew my faculties ;
 And now I know my land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the maid.

Char. It is too late, sir ;
 I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,
 There are less worthy souls for younger brothers :
 This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
 Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.
 Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
 For, like the light, we make no separation.
 You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
 And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
 Than blot out my remembrance ; sooner shut
 Old Time into a den, and stay his motion ;
 Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
 Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
 Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
 Room for an Elder Brother ! Pray give place, sir !

Mir. He has studied duel too : take heed, he'll beat thee !
 He has frightened the old justice into a fever !
 I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass ;
 For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby

Char. Do not you think me mad ?

Ang. No, certain, sir :

I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me ;
 My scurvy clothes !

Ang. They have rich linings, sir.

I would your brother——

Char. His are gold, and gaudy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.

Char. Can you love me ? I am an heir, sweet lady,
 However I appear a poor dependant.
 Love you with honour ? I shall love so ever.
 Is your eye ambitious ? I may be a great man.
 Is 't wealth or lands you covet ? my father must die.

Mir. That was well put in ; I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.

Is it you look for youth and handsomeness ?

I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman ;

But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.

Can you *love for love*, and make that the reward ?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold

With a more doting superstition,

Than I'll love you ; the young man, his delights ;

The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,

And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,

As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,

Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.

We'll live together like two wanton vines,

Circling our souls and loves in one another ;

We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit ;

One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,

One age go with us, and one hour of death

Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand seal the match. I am yours for ever !

[“*The Elder Brother* has been generally reckoned among the best of Fletcher’s comedies. It displays in a new form an idea not very new in fiction,—the power of love, on the first sight of woman, to vivify a soul utterly ignorant of the passion. Charles, the Elder Brother, much unlike the Cymon of Dryden, is absorbed in study ; a mere scholar without a thought beyond his books. His indifference, perhaps, and ignorance of the world are rather exaggerated, and border on stupidity ; but it was the custom of the dramatists in that age to produce effect in representation by very sudden developments, if not changes, of character. The other persons are not ill conceived ; the honest testy Miramont, who admires learning, without much more of it than enables him to sign his name, the two selfish worldly fathers of Charles and Angelina, believing themselves shrewd, yet the easy dupes of coxcomb manners from the court, the spoiled but not worthless Eustace, show Fletcher’s great talent in dramatic invention. In none of his mere comedies has he sustained so uniformly elegant and pleasing a style of poetry ; the language of Charles is naturally that of a fine scholar ; but now and then, perhaps, we find old Miramont talk above himself.”—HALLAM.]

THE SPANISH CURATE.

HOW TO CONVERT POOR MEMORIES INTO GIFTED ONES.

Leandro, in furtherance of an adventure on which he is bound, employs a mode of persuasion with Lopez the Spanish Curate, and Diego his Sexton, by which they are suddenly convinced of their extreme intimacy with a gentleman, of whose existence they were ignorant the minute before.

LOPEZ and DIEGO, LEANDRO overhearing them.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.

Die. And poor sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose ;
Those that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions ;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers ?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop. When was there a christ'ning, Diego ?

Die. Not this ten weeks.

They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die ; there's nothing got by burials.

Lop. Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis !

Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion ;
Why not against all airs ?

Lop. That's not i' th' canons.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.

Die. We must, certain ;
An air that is the nursery of agues.

Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.

Die. Surfeits, if we had 'em ;
Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat.

Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that make us frolic.

Die. 'Would I could see 'em !

Lop. And though I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.

Die. The cause requires it.

Lean. A precious pair of youths ! I must make toward 'em.
[*Coming forward.*]

Lop. Who's that ? Look out ; it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.

Die. My friend, your business ?

Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—

Bless your good learning, sir !

Lop. And bless you also !

He bears a promising face ; there's some hope toward.

Lean. I have a letter to your worship. [Gives a letter.]

Lop. Well, sir.

From whence, I pray you ?

Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,

And from an ancient friend of yours.

Lop. 'Tis well, sir ;

'Tis very well.—(*Aside.*) The devil a one I know there.

Die. (*aside to Lop.*) Take heed of a snap, sir ; he has a
I do not like his way. [cozening countenance.]

Lop. Let him go forward.

Cantabit vacuus ;¹ they that have nothing, fear nothing.

[*Reads the letter.*]

Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you, must more prevail with me—Better and better : The devil a man know I yet—and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a con-

¹ “*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*”

(Your penniless traveller shall sing in the thief's presence.)

From a passage in Juvenal, thus translated by Dryden :—

“The fearful passenger who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush ;
The beggar sings, even when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.”

tinuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son, Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home. His studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness : and so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria ! Very well.

A very ancient friend of mine, I take it ;

For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

Lean. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father.

Lop. No, no, I look as [if] I would remember him ;

For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, **sir**.

Alonzo Tiveria ?

Lean. The same, sir.

Lop. And now i' th' Indies ?

Lean. Yes.

Lop. He may be anywhere,

For aught that I consider.

Lean. Think again, sir ;

You were students both at one time in Salamanca,
And as I take it, chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha ?

Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.

Lop. 'Would I could !

Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips too.

Lop. Very likely ;

You did not hear him say to whom ? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.—

(*Aside.*) Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior ?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

(*aside.*) Remember ?

Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova Hispania ?
And Signior Tiveria ? What are these ?

He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.¹

Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, my
You have no letters for me ? [friend ?

¹ *Cataya*.] Cathay :—China, or Chinese Tartary. The word was popularly used for the one, but by geographers appropriated to the other.

Lean. Not any letter ;

But I was charged to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir ?

Die. Ha ! have I friends, and know 'em not ? My name
is Diego ;

But if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir),
Or any kindred that you have—(*aside.*) For Heaven
Let's cast about a little, and consider ; [sake, master,
We may dream out our time.

Lean. It seems I am deceiv'd, sir :

Yet, that you are Don Lopez, all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, sir,
And you the sexton Diego ; such I am sent to ;
The letter tells as much. May be they're dead,
And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gen-
Ye have done honestly in telling the truth ; [tlemen ;
I might have been forward else ; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen ;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.

But since you are not he—— [*Preparing to go.*

Lop. Good sir, let me think ; [*Interrupting.*

I pray ye be patient ; pray ye, stay a little :
Nay, let me remember ; I beseech you stay, sir.

Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly ;
An old friend too ; I shall remember, sure, sir.

Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.

Die. (*aside to Lop.*) 'Pray ye consider quickly ;
Do, do, by any means.—(*Aloud.*) Methinks, already, 1
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

Lean. He's old indeed, sir.

Die. With a goodly white beard :
(For now he must be so ; I know he must be.
Signior Alonzo, master.

Lop. I begin to have him.

Die. He has been from hence about some twenty years, sir.

Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.

Die. You say most true, sir ;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.

A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier.
He married—let me see——

Lean. De Castro's daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lean. (*aside*). Thou art a very rascal!

De Castro is the Turk to thee, or anything.
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.

Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your coun-
Now I remember plainly, manifestly, [try;
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? We had all one soul, sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——

Lean. Farm, sir:

You say most true.

Lop. Alonzo Tiveria! [knave thus!

Lord, lord, that time should play the treacherous
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.

I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.

I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

Lean. (*aside*). Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!

Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.

Lean. It is, indeed, sir. [else.

(*Aside*). Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadst never known

Die. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with
you,

A hundred and a hundred times. and danced you,
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

Lop. A sweet boy. [for thousands?

Lean. (*aside*). Sweet lying knaves! What would these do

Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he? [try?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his coun-

Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return,
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome;

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lean. And to my study, sir, which must be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge. For his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, sir, to defray me; which I am charg'd
To take still, as I use it, from your custody.
I have the money ready, and I am weary.

Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you're most
The law you have hit upon most happily; [welcome.
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, sir.

Die. (*aside to Lopez*). He's an ass,
And so we'll use him; he shall be a lawyer!

Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again—Before, Diego,
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's hungry.

Lean. 'Pray you, sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh you, sir:

When you want, you know your exchequer.

Lean. (*aside*). If all this get me but access, I am happy.

PRECIOUS UTTERANCE.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

THE SEXTON'S WILL.

Diego, pretending to be dying, bequeaths imaginary sums of money to Bartolus and others.

SCENE—*A Room with a Curtain in the background. A Table set out with a Standish, Pens, and Paper.*

Enter LOPEZ the Curate, and BARTOLUS the Lawyer.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?

Lop. Most possible;

He hath been long (though he'd but little gettings)
Drawing together, sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor sexton!

Honest, poor Diego.

Lop. I assure you, a close fellow;

Both close and scraping; and that fills the bags, sir.

Bar. A notable good fellow too.

Lop. Sometimes, sir;

When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.

Bar. So many thousands?

Lop. Heaven knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange. But, we see, by endeavour
And honest labour—— [vour,

Lop. Milo, by continuance,

Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence),
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many. 'Tis the progress.

Bar. You say true. But he loved to feed well also;
And that, methinks——

Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,

And there he found it season'd with small charge;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you
More than the graves he made. At home he liv'd
Like aameleon; suck'd the air of misery;
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick, say

Lop. Oh, very sick.

[you?

Bar. And chosen me executor?

Lop. Only your worship.

Bar. No hope of his amendment?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.

What doctors has he?

Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needless things, in such extremities.

Who draws the good man's will?

Lop. Marry that do I, sir;

And to my grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, sir;

Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counse you,

An honest man: but such men live not always.

Who are about him?

Lop. Many, now he is passing,

[men

That would pretend to his love; yes, and some gentle-

That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred.

Rich men can want no heirs, sir.

Bar. They do ill,

Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir.

But we shall take a care.

[*The Curtain is drawn, and DIEGO discovered in a bed.*
MILANES, ARSENIO, and Parishioners, about him.]

Lop. Now you may see in what state——

Give him fresh air.

Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,

To find you in so weak a state.

Die. You're welcome;

But I am fleeting, sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks wel.;

His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are cheerful.

Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.

Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do you
note that?

Die. My learned sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold to send for
To take a care of what I leave.

[you,

Lop. Do you hear that?

Ars. (*aside to Diego*). Play the knave finely!

Die. So I will, I warrant you,
And carefully.—

Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him;
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.

Die. My honest neighbours, weep not; I must leave ye;
I cannot always bear ye company;
We must drop still; there is no remedy.—
'Pray ye, master curate, will you write my testament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd?
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.
Your worship I do make my full executor; [*To BARTOLUS*.
You are a man of wit and understanding.
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,
Have you to swear, sir, that you'll see it executed,
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours:
Let not that trouble you; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.

Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.

Lop. We're ready for you.

Die. First, then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom co-

Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour. [*zen'd*)]---

Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it,—a vile parish,—
And pray it may be mended. To the poor of it,
Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural:
Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital;—
Their children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it?

Die. Set down two thousand ducats.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.

Die. To your worship,

Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large sums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred ;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir ;
But there be more to serve.

Bar. (*aside*). This fellow coins, sure.

Die. Give me some more drink.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

Die. I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A spacious church-yard, to lie thieves and knaves in :
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are you not weary ?

Die. Never of well-doing.

Bar. These are mad legacies.

Die. They were got as madly.
My sheep and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate and jewels, and five hundred acres—
I have no heirs—

Bar. This cannot be ; 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three ships at sea too—

Bar. You have made me full executor ?

Die. Full, full, and total. 'Would I had more to give you ;
But these may serve an honest mind.

Bar. You say true,
A very honest mind, and make it rich too ; [monies ?
Rich, wondrous rich ! But, where shall I raise these
About your house, I see no such great promises,
Where shall I find these sums ?

Die. Even where you please, sir ;
You're wise and provident, and know business. [able.
Even raise 'em where you shall think good ; I'm reason-

Bar. Think good ? will that raise thousands ?
What do you make me ?

Die. You have sworn to see it done ; that's all my comfort.

Bar. Where I please ? This is pack'd sure to disgrace me !

Die. You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it ;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

- Bar.* I am abus'd, betray'd! I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffled, and bored, it seems!
- Ars.* No, no; you are fool'd.
- Lop.* Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;
Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir;
We are but quit. You fool us of our monies.
- Die.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink for my heart, gentle-
This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar— [men.
I think this fit will cure me! This executor——
I shall laugh out my lungs!
- Bar.* This is derision above sufferance; villainy
Plotted and set against me!
- Die.* 'Faith, 'tis knavery;
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.
- Mil.* Did you think, had this man been rich——
- Bar.* 'Tis well, sir.
- Mil.* He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?
- Lop.* A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pitfalls,—
Would he trust you? Do you deserve
- Die.* I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever.
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
- Bar.* I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated;
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game!
God yield you, and God thank you! I am fool'd, gentle-
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it, [men!
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!
Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal!

THE BEGGARS' BUSH.

BEGGARS' HOLIDAY SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holiday!

At the crowning of our king,
 Thus we ever dance and sing.
 In the world look out and see,
 Where's so happy a prince as he?
 Where the nation lives so free,
 And so merry as do we?
 Be it peace, or be it war,
 Here at liberty we are,
 And enjoy our ease and rest:
 To the field we are not press'd;
 Nor are call'd into the town,
 To be troubled with the gown.
 Hang all offices, we cry,
 And the magistrate too, by.
 When the subsidy's increas'd,
 We are not a penny sess'd;
 Nor will any go to law
 With the beggar for a straw.
 All which happiness, he brags,
 He doth owe unto his rags.

PRIDE OF RANK ADMONISHED.

Elorenz, Prince of Flanders, disguised as a merchant under the name of Goswin, during the usurpation of his right, rebukes one of the usurper's captains, who does not know him, for treating his addresses to his niece with contempt.

GOSWIN, HEMPSKIRKE, HUBERT, VANDUNKE, MARGARET
 (his Wife), and GERTRUDE.

Hemp. (to Gert.) You must not only know me for your uncle
 Now, but obey me: You go cast yourself
 Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
 A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
 With oaths and perjuries!

Gos. What is that you say, sir?
 If it be me you speak of, as your eye
 Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;
 Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandize, good sir!
 Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence

To use me with contempt : I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hemp. And do so still, sir.

I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth.

Gos. You do not know what a gentleman's worth, sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, merchant !

Vand. Nay,

Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hemp. A gentleman ?

What, of the wool-pack ? or the sugar-chest ?

Or lists of velvet ? Which is't, pound or yard,

You vent your gentry by ?

Hub. Oh, Hempskirke, fie !

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em ; drink !—He is no Welfort,
Captain, I advise you.

Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,

I think't be angry, by its look. Come hither ;

Turn this way a little. If it were the blood

Of Charlemagne, as't may, for aught I know,

Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——

Gos. How ?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that ; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry's gone.

Gos. Ha, ha !

Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.

Gos. No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords

Of land (if you be any), sell the grass,

The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——

Vand. And butter :

Remember butter : do not leave out butter.

Gos. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are stor'd
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods ? [with ?

Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.

Gos. Have not we, sir, chapmen,

And factors, then, to answer these ? Your honour,

Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over

With your court faces, once an hour, shall never

Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
 Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
 What is not bought and sold? The company
 That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp. You now grow saucy.

Gos. Sure, I have been bred
 Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your equals then.

Gos. Sir, he that will
 Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hemp. Do you hear? No more!

Gos. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
 And it shall be aside; then, after, as you please!
 You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
 More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns
 With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
 As each strive which is greater: but, believe me,
 I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
 Do not presume, because you see me young,
 Or cast despites on my profession,
 For the civility and tameness of it.
 A good man bears a contumely worse
 Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
 To my offence. Wrong is not still successful;
 Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman
 With all respect done to yourself and her.

[*Takes hold of GERTRUDE'S hand.*]

Hemp. Away, companion! handling her? take that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir. There's exchange!

[*He gets HEMPSKIRKE'S sword, and cuts him on the head.*]

Hub. Hold, sir!

Marg. Oh, murder!

Gert. Help my Goswin.

Marg. Man!

Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!

Gos. Nay, come,
 If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you I, sir.

Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? Yes, sir,

And clasp her, and embrace her ; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon !—Kiss me, Gertrude !
Quake not, but kiss me !

Vand. Kiss him, girl ; I bid you.—

My merchant-royal ! Fear no uncles ! Hang 'em ;
Hang up all uncles ! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose, here ?

Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that is good ;
Let Wolfort look to that.

Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles
She must apply to. If unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't !—Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

Vand. Do ; and I drink to it.

Gos. Pr'ythee say so, love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes
(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet !) :—they speak it.

Hemp. I thank you, niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life ;
And fetch your sword within.

Hemp. You insult too much

With your good fortune, sir. [*Exeunt Gos. and GERT.*]

Hub. A brave clear spirit !—

Hempskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man ; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him ?

Hemp. 'Tis done now ;

Ask no more of it ; I must suffer.

[*Exit.*]

Hub. This

Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

CLAIMS OF EXTERNALS.

1st Usher. Make all things perfect. Would you have these ladies,

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

They that come here to see the show, these beauties
That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,
And wash'd and curl'd, lose all their expectations?
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.

Ladies. We thank you, sir. [*Exeunt Ladies and Gentlemen.*]

1st Usher. Would you have all these slighted? Who should report then,

The ambassadors were handsome men? *His* beard
A neat one; the fire of *his* eyes quicker than lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blasting; *his* legs, tho' little
Yet movers of a mass of understanding? [ones,
Who shall commend their clothes? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?¹

EXALTED MARTIAL SPEAKING.

Seleucus, Iysimachus, and Ptolemy (three of the kings made out of the generals of Alexander) send ambassadors to their brother king, Antigonus, to remonstrate with him on his ambition.

ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, and MENIPPUS.

Ant. Conduct in the ambassadors.

1st Usher. Make room there.

Ant. They shall not long wait answer.

¹ *Wise behaviour of their feathers.*] This witty expression is a match for the "embonpoint" of the coxcomb's "plumes" in Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules*.

Flourish. Enter Three Ambassadors.

Ant. Now your grievance.

Speak short ; and have as short dispatch.

1st Ambassador. Then thus, sir,

In all our royal masters' names, we tell you
You have done injustice ;—broke the bounds of concord ;
And from their equal shares (from Alexander
Parted, and so possess'd), not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedg'd in
Whole provinces ; mann'd and maintain'd these injuries ;
And daily with your sword, though they still honour you,
Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles ;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
Yourself held with our masters ; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind ;

When all your swords struck one way ; when your
Like so many brother billows, rose together, [angers,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.

Oh, think of these ! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-eyed,
Chain'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye !

3rd Amb. Chuse which you will, or peace or war ;
We come prepared for either.

Enter DEMETRIUS, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.

1st Usher. Room for the prince there !

Dem. Hail, royal father !

Ant. You're welcome from your sport, sir.—D'ye see this
gentleman, [quakes

You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earth-
To shake and totter my designs ? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man my son, this nature
That in one look carries more fire and fierceness
Than all your masters in their lives,—dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,

When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,¹
 And all hopes hang about his head, thus place
 His weapon hatch'd in blood,—all these attending
 When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
 In any expedition he shall point 'em,
 As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding ;
 Dare I do this, and fear an enemy ?
 Fear your great master ? yours ? or yours ?

Dem. Oh, Hercules !

Who says you do, sir ? Is there anything
 In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,
 Able to work such wonders ?
 You call 'em kings : they never wore those royalties ;
 Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet
 At any thought of king. Imperial dignities,
 And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
 They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
 Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.
 Poor petty men ! Nor have I yet forgot,
 The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em :
 Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
 His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,
 Was but grand master of the elephants ;
 Seleucus of the treasure ; and, for Ptolemy,
 A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
 Some master of ammunition. And must these men—
 Must these examine what the wills of kings are ?
 Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
 To their restraints ? be friends and foes when they
 Send out their thunders and their menaces, [please ?
 As if the fate of mortal things were theirs ?—
 Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
 We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
 Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities ;
 And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,
 Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on
 Than they have able wits and powers to manage ;
 And so we shall befriend 'em.

¹ *Cry him.*] Cry him up ; extol him.

3rd Amb. Once more, sir,

We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?

Dem. War, war, my noble father!

1st Amb. Thus I fling it:

And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell!

DEVOTED VALOUR.

I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely spirited,
How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;
And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!

RETREATING IN ORDER TO RETURN.

Leon. You are too tender:

Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both. Take comfort;
The next is ours; I have a soul describes it.
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.

BATTLE NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

How now, Lieutenant?

Enter LIEUTENANT, *wounded.*

Lieut. I know not; I am maul'd; we are bravely beaten;
All our young gallants lost.

Leontius. Thou'rt hurt.

Lieut. I'm pepper'd;

I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have famed
I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't; [it;
I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still. I'm hurt plaguily:

Demetrius. All the young men lost ?

Lieut. I'm glad

You're here ; but they are all in the pound, sir ;
 They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it.
 Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
 And such careering with their mistress' favours !
 And here must he be pricking out for honour,
 And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
 Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit*.
 Another spurs in there, cries, " Make room, villains !
 I am a lord !" scarce spoken, but, with reverence,
 A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him :
 There lies the lord ; the Lord be with him !

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

CONSTANCY AFTER DEATH.

Clorin, the Faithful Shepherdess, vows eternal constancy to her deceased lover.

SCENE—A Wood.

Enter CLORIN, having buried her Love in an Arbour.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
 The truest man that ever fed his flocks
 By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !
 Thus I salute thy grave ; thus do I pay
 My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes,
 To thy still-lovèd ashes ; thus I free
 Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
 Of love ;—all sports, delights, and jolly games
 That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
 Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
 With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
 No more the company of fresh fair maids
 And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
 Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
 Plays on the leaves. All be far away,
 Since thou art far away, by whose dear side

How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
 For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
 And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.¹
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear memory ;
 That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
 Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing ;
 And here will I, in honour of thy love,
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
 That former times made precious to mine eyes ;
 Only remembering what my youth did gain
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs :
 That will I practise, and as freely give
 All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies
 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
 Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
 Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
 Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
 Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum ;
 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
 In herbs, applièd by a virgin's hand.
 My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
 Berries and chestnuts, plantanes on whose cheeks
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine ;
 On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
 When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr with a Basket of Fruit.

Sat. Thorough yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods, have I run,
 Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
 Since the lusty spring began.—
 All to please my master Pan
 Have I trotted without rest

¹ *Cordevan.*] Spanish leather ; leather of Cordova.

To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—

But, behold a fairer sight !

[*Seeing CLOBIN.*

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live ! Therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee.
In worship of thy deity.

Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells.
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew ;
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good ;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.

For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,

I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
 Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.
 I must go, I must run
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

[*Exit.*

Col. And all my fears go with thee.

What greatness or what private hidden power
 Is there in me, to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast : Sure I am mortal :
 The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal. Prick my hand
 And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
 Makes me a-cold. My fear says I am mortal.
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it) if I keep
 My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin :
 Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more mis-shapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there's a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard ; for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell !

[*She retires into the arbour.*

SONG TO PAN.

Sing his praises that doth keep
 Our flocks from harm,
 Pan, the father of our sheep ;
 And arm in arm
 Tread we softly in a round,
 While the hollow neighb'ring ground
 Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
 Thus do we sing :
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
 As the young spring.
 Ever be thy honour spoke,
 From that place the morn is broke,
 To that place day doth unyoke !

A VIRTUOUS WELL.

To that holy wood is consecrate
 A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
 The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
 By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
 Their stolen children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh and dull mortality.
 By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
 And given away his freedom : many a troth
 Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
 In hope of coming happiness :
 By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he, happy, sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.

A SPOT FOR LOVERS.

I pray thee stay ! Where hast thou been ?
 Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green
 As any ; air likewise as fresh and sweet
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet

Face of the curlèd streams, with flowers as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ;
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines ; caves and dells ;
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers ; tell thee tales of love,
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies ;
 How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

INNOCENCE SAVED FROM DEATH.

Amoret, whose shape has been magically assumed by another shepherdess in order to mislead Perigot, is wounded by him in the belief that she has been unfaithful, and then cast into a well by an accomplice of the criminal, called from his selfish and lonely habits the Sullen Shepherd. But her life is saved by the River God, who has the well in his keeping.

AMORET, and then PERIGOT.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
 Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
 To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
 His voice. My Perigot ! She loves thee dear
 That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is ! how fair
 She shows ! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot !

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy !

Peri. Hapless ! first

It lights on thee : the next blow is the worst.

[*Wounds her and exit.*]

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd ; for, being struck,
 I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
 By some night traveller, whose honest care

May help to cure her—Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave:

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him, that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou were not
Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.— [meant
[*Flings her into the well.*

She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [Exit.

The God of the River riseth with AMORET in his arms.

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There is not one that stays and feeds;
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fallen into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound:
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat;
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound
From my wat'ry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh

The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid ;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death ?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ay, me !

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee :
I am this fountain's God. Below
My waters to a river grow ;
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out :
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud ;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen :
Orient pearl fit for a queen
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,

They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true.
Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass:
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;

May no beast that comes to drink,
 With his horns cast down thy brink ;
 May none that for thy fish do look,
 Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade
 In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
 When the spawns on stones do lie,
 To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !

God. Thanks, virgin ! I must down again.

Thy wound will put thee to no pain :

Wonder not so soon 'tis gone,

A holy hand was laid upon.

[*Exit.*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,

Must follow him that flies from me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Grove before CLORIN'S Arbour.*

Enter SATYR, with ALEXIS hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
 With this burthen full of woe,
 Through still silence of the night,
 Guided by the glow-worm's light,
 Hither am I come at last.
 Many a thicket have I past ;
 Not a twig that durst deny me,
 Not a bush that durst descry me
 To the little bird, that sleeps
 On the tender spray ; nor creeps
 That hardy worm with pointed tail,
 But if I be under sail,
 Flying faster than the wind,
 Leaving all the clouds behind,
 But doth hide her tender head
 In some hollow tree, or bed
 Of seeded nettles ; not a hare
 Can be started from his fare
 By my footing ; nor a wish
 Is more sudden ; nor a fish
 Can be found with greater ease
 Cut the vast unbounded seas,
 Leaving neither print nor sound,

Than I, when nimbly on the ground
 I measure many a league an hour.
 But behold the happy power, [Seeing CLORIN.
 That must ease me of my charge,
 And by holy hand enlarge
 The soul of this sad man, that yet
 Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
 Heaven and great Pan succour it!—

Enter CLORIN.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
 Whiter than the paramour
 Of thy master! Let me crave
 Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
 This poor mortal, that here lies,
 Waiting when the destinies
 Will undo his thread of life.
 View the wound by cruel knife
 Trench'd into him.

Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
 And, with the feared name of death, affrights
 My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
 Your lap with early fruit; and will,
 When I hap to gather more,
 Bring you better and more store.
 Yet I come not empty now:
 See a blossom from the bough;
 But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
 And his perfect sight that cull'd it
 From the other springing blooms!
 For a sweeter youth the grooms
 Cannot show me, nor the downs,
 Nor the many neighbouring towns.
 Low in yonder glade I found him;
 Softly in mine arms I bound him;
 Hither have I brought him sleeping
 In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping.
 In remembrance such youth may
 Spring and perish in a day.

Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude ;
 Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-hued,
 Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
 As his who brags himself born only heir
 To all humanity. Let me see the wound.

[She applies herbs to the wound, and cures it.]

Sat. Brightest, if there be remaining
 Any service, without feigning
 I will do it. Were I set
 To catch the nimble wind, or get
 Shadows gliding on the green,
 Or to steal from the great queen
 Of the fairies all her beauty,
 I would do it ; so much duty
 Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
 Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
 Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
 To bring them hither.

Sat. I will ; and when the weather
 Serves to angle in the brook,
 I will bring a silver hook,
 With a line of finest silk,
 And a rod as white as milk,
 To deceive the little fish :
 So I take my leave, and wish
 On this bower may ever dwell
 Spring and summer !

Clo. Friend, farewell !

DAWN.

See, the day begins to break,
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle fire. The wind blows cold,
 While the morning doth unfold.

SOUNDS AT NIGHT.

Priest. Wherefore hast thou wander'd ?

Thenot. 'Twas a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now

Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.

Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree ;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning ; or the owl
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

A PRAYER TO PAN FOR HELP AGAINST OUTRAGE.

Enter AMARILLIS, running.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree
Receive my body.—Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the river's brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit,¹
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste !

A SPOTLESS BOSOM.

Amoret, again wounded, is brought to the Faithful Shepherdess for help.

Enter SATYR, carrying her.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,

¹ *For her dear sake, &c.*] For the sake of Syrinx, who was turned into reeds. The fancy is beautiful ; but Fletcher seems to have forgotten that in this very pastoral he has restored Syrinx to her former state ; for she is mentioned in the first scene as about to be entertained by Pan at supper.

And dying, know I cannot injured be ;
I am a maid ; let that name fight for me !

- Sat.* Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
Men are ruder far than we.—
See, fair goddess, in the wood [*Speaking to CLOBIN.*
They have let out yet more blood :
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake ;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain from arm to arm
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast :
A man sure is a kind of beast !
- Clo.* With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest.

A POETICAL FAREWELL.

The Satyr takes leave of the Faithful Shepherdess.

- Sat.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressèd
Like Apollo ! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is metest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light ?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall

I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes
 Of many colours? get thee fruit?
 Or steal from heav'n old Orpheus' lute?
 All these I'll venture for, and more
 To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, than to watch
 About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
 Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods as quick
 As the breaking light, and prick¹
 Down the lawns, and down the vales,
 Faster than the windmill sails.
 So I take my leave, and pray,
 All the comforts of the day,
 Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
 On the earth, may still befriend
 Thee and this arbour.

Clo. And to thee
 All thy master's love be free.

¹ *Prick*] Hasten rapidly; go at speed;—a term originating in the haste made by the horseman with his spurs.

[“If all the parts of this play had been in unison with these innocent scenes, and sweetly ric intermixtures, it had been a poem fit to vie with *Comus* or the *Arcadia*; to have been put into the hands of boys and virgins; to have made matter for young dreams, like the loves of *Hermia* and *Lysander*. But a spot is on the face of this moon. Nothing short of infatuation could have driven Fletcher upon mixing up with this blessedness such an ugly deformity as *Cloe*, the wanton shepherdess. Coarse words do but wound the ears; but a character of lewdness affronts the mind. Female lewdness at once shocks nature and morality. If *Cloe* was meant to set off *Clorin* by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds, by juxtaposition, do not set off but kill sweet flowers.”—LAMB. [It need not be added that there is nothing of *Cloe* in this selection.]

“The *Faithful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher alone, is ‘a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns.’ [The critic overlooks here what Lamb has been noticing.] The author has in it given a loose to his fancy, and his fancy was his most delightful and genial quality, where, to use his own words,

‘He takes most ease, and grows ambitious
 Through his own wanton fire, and pride delicious.’

The songs and lyrical descriptions throughout are luxuriant and delicate in a high degree. He came near to Spenser in a certain tender and voluptuous sense of natural beauty; he came near to Shakspeare in the playful and fantastic expression of it. The whole composition is an exquisite union of dramatic and pastoral poetry, where the local descriptions receive a tincture from the sentiments and purposes of the speaker, and each character, cradled in the lap of nature, paints 'her virgin fancies wild' with romantic grace and classic elegance."—HAZLITT.

Schlegel is as severe on this play as Hazlitt is panegyrical. He charges it with heaviness and ultra-mythology; and Mr. Hallam has objected, with justice, to some of the fancies of the Satyr as being "not much in the character of these sylvans." He says of the whole play, that it is very characteristic of Fletcher, being a mixture of tenderness, temerity, indecency, and absurdity. But he adds that it is impossible to withhold our praise from its "poetical beauties."]

THE MAD LOVER.

A SOLDIER'S VAUNTING.

King ASTORAX, his General MEMNON, CALIS, and CLEANTHE.

Memnon. I know no court but martial,
 No oily language, but the shock of arms,
 No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,
 But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
 'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at;
 Yet I ne'er shrunk. Balls of consuming wildfire,
 That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at;
 And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles.
 Upon the edges of my enemies' swords [waiting,
 I have march'd like whirlwinds; Fury at this hand
 Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope:
 When I have grappled with Destruction,
 And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, night and mischief,
 Frighted to see a new day break in blood!
 And everywhere I conquer'd; those that griev'd you
 I've taken order for, i' th' earth. Those fools
 That shall hereafter——

Astorax. No more wars, my soldier :

We must now treat of peace, sir.

[*He takes MEMNON aside, and talks with him.*]

Cleanthe. How he talks !

How gloriously !

Calis. A goodly timber'd fellow ;

Valiant, no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.

In what a phrase he speaks ! as if his actions

Could be set off in nothing but a noise !

Sure, h' has a drum in his mouth.

PRAYER TO VENUS.

O divinest star of Heaven,

Thou, in power above the seven :

Thou sweet kindler of desires,

Till they grow to mutual fires :

Thou, O gentle queen, that art

Curer of each wounded heart :

Thou, the fuel and the flame :

Thou, in Heaven and here the same :

Thou, the wooer and the woo'd :

Thou, the hunger and the food :

Thou, the prayer and the pray'd :

Thou, what is or shall be said :

Thou, still young, and golden tressed,

Make me by thy answer blessed !

STATE OF THE SOULS OF LOVERS AFTER DEATH.

(*A Masque presented to cure the Mad Lover.*)

Enter ORPHEUS.

Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below

To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show.

To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell

There's none that come, but first they pass through hell.

Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast lov'd, ever

Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing !

Oh, take heed then !

Hark how they howl for over-daring !

All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
 They lose their name ;
 And they that bleed,
 Hark how they speed !

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,
 They sit, and curse their lost desires :
 Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
 Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How ? Should I know my passage is denied me,¹
 Or which of all the devils dare——

Eum. This song
 Was rarely form'd to fit him. [*Apart.*]

SONG.

Orph. Charon, O Charon,

Thou waster of the souls to bliss or bane !

Cha. Who calls the ferryman of hell ?

Orph. Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow ;

Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow,
 That kill themselves for love ?

Cha. Oh, no, no, no.

My cordage cracks when such great sins are near ;
 No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elyzium reign ?

Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.

Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win ;
 Shall he go on ?

Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin.

He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;
 Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say ?

Cha. No, no, no, no.

Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :
 My boat is Destiny ; and who then dare,
 But those appointed, come aboard ? Live still,
 And love by reason, mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——

Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.

Orph. Till when, be wise.

Cha. Till when, be wise.

¹ *How ? Should I know, &c.*] That is,—“How is this ? Were I to be made certain that my passage is denied me, or which of all the devils dare dispute it, I would”—— Here we are to suppose him breaking off in a fury.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

INVOLUNTARY TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

Archas, a faithful Minister, accused of wrongfully secreting a treasure from his Prince, is forced by his accuser to show it.

SCENE—*A Room in a Country-house, with a Door in the Back-ground.*

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentleman, and Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted.
Full of convenience: the prospect's excellent.

Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the
To taste a country banquet? [honour

Duke. What room's that?

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet: pray open it.

Archas (aside). Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of no receipt;
For your eyes most unfit. [sir

Duke. I long to see it, [cellent painting,
Because I would judge of the whole piece. Some ex-
Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Archas. In troth there is not,
Nor anything worth your sight. Below I have
Some fountains and some ponds.

Duke. I would see this now, [nothing

Archas (aside). Boroskie, thou art a knave!—It contains
But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries;
Will't please you see a strange clock?

Duke. This, or nothing.

Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.

Archas. The keys are lost, sir.

Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it;
And either show it——

Archas. Good sir——

Duke. Thank you, Archas ;

You show your love abundantly.

Do I use to entreat thus ?—Force it open.

Burris. That were inhospitable ; you are his guest, sir,

And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain you.

Duke. Hold thy peace, fool.—Will you open it ?

Archas. Sir, I cannot.

I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

[gentlemen !

Archas. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash,

Duke. Unarm him first ; then, if he be not obstinate,

Preserve his life.

Archas. I thank your grace ; I take it :

And now take you the keys ; go in, and see, sir ;

[*The door is opened.*

There, feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that

That thing that sells his faith for favour ! [traitor,

[*Exit DUKE.*

Burris. Sir, what moves you ?

Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there's a Judas

That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman ?

The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. What's all this, Archas ?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This most inestimable treasure.

Archas. Yours, sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.

Archas. Be not deceiv'd : he has had no favour here, sir,

Nor had you known this now, but for that pickthank,

That lost man in his faith ! he has revealed it ;

To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—

I swear he smiles upon me, and foresworn too !

Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord !—I'll tell you all, sir.

Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper

To be as bounteous as the air, and open,

As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,

Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,

¹ *Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord.*] *I. e.* Thou bad coin, that must not be suffered to pass for a good one.

Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,
 Collected all this treasure ; to our trusts,—
 To mine I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's there,—
 He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this ;
 Upon his death-bed too ; and on the sacrament
 He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
 Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
 Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,
 No help of those that lov'd you could supply you,
 And then some great exploit a-foot. My honesty
 I would have kept till I had made this useful
 (I show'd it, and I stood it to the tempest),
 And useful to the end 'twas left : I am cozen'd,
 And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
 This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,
 Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too ;
 Nor can this mass of money make him man more !
 A flead dog has more soul, an ape more honesty !
 All mine you have amongst it ; farewell that !
 I cannot part with't nobler ; my heart's clear,
 My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.—
 But, oh, thy hell— [To BOROSKIE.

Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.

Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie ! it will find thee.
 Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,
 Has ruin'd your estate ? give him this money,
 Melt it into his mouth.

Duke. What little trunk's that ?
 'That there o' th' top, that's lock'd ?

Bor. You'll find it rich, sir ;
 Richer, I think, than all.

Archas. You were not covetous,
 Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarse-
 Pray rack not honesty ! [ness ;

Bor. Be sure you see it.

Duk. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, with a trunk.

Archas. You'll find that treasure too ;
 All I have left me now. [The trunk is opened.

Duke. What's this ? a poor gown ?

And this, a piece of Seneca ?

Archas. Yes, sure, sir,

More worth than all your gold (yet you have enough
And of a mine far purer, and more precious. [on't),

This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,

And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, sir ;

Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.

Will't please you leave me this ?

Duke. With all my heart, sir.

Archas. What says your lordship to't ?

Bor. I dare not rob you.

[both !—

Archas. Poor miserable man, you have robb'd yourselves

This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave father

Found me a child at school with, in his progress ;

Where such a love he took to some few answers

(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)

That suddenly I made him, thus as I was

(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)

He carried me to court, there bred me up,

Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,

With those an honest mind : I serv'd him truly,

And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;

Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness ;

You have done more, and nobler ; eas'd mine age, sir ;

And to this care a fair *quietus* given.

Now to my book again !

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

THE CONQUERING HUSBAND.

LEON and MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,

And there we'll learn to live contentedly :

This place is full of charge, and full of hurry ;

No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Marg. Whither you will ; I wait upon your pleasure ;

Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,

When your obedience waits upon your husband,
 And your sick will aims at the care of honour.
 Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
 And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
 Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
 Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
 A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman !
 When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
 And thro' the world we hold our current virtues ;
 Alone, we're single medals, only faces,
 And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
 Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;
 I'll be as humble to you as a servant :
 Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
 They shall be welcome all ; visit acquaintance,
 Go at your pleasure, now experience
 Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !

 THE CHANCES.

LOVE'S CRUELTY DEPRECATED.

A Song to a lute.

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
 The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
 And glory in thy murders, why am I,
 That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
 Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
 Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
 Thus ill rewarded ? Thou art young and fair, }
 Thy mother soft and gentle as the air, }
 Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer. }
 Then everlasting Love, restrain thy will :
 'Tis godlike to have power, but not to kill.

AN INCANTATION.

Followed by soft music.

Appear ! appear !
 And you, soft winds so clear,
 That dance upon the leaves and make them sing

Gentle love-lays to the spring,
 Gilding all the vales below
 With your verdure, as ye blow,
 Raise these forms from under ground
 With a soft and happy sound.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

A PRIZE.

A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
 And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her.'

APPARENT LEVITY CAPABLE OF LOVING GRAVITY.

PINAC and LILLIA-BIANCA.

Pinac. Self-will in a woman

Chain'd to an overweening thought, is pestilent,
 Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.

Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice ;
 For sure, sir, if my chance had been so happy
 (As I confess I was mine own destroyer)

As to have arriv'd at you (I will not prophesy,
 But certain, as I think), I should have pleas'd you ;
 Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,
 My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.
 Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly ;
 And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
 And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reason.

Lil. But being yoak'd and govern'd,

How fair we grow ! how gentle and how tender
 We twine about those loves that shoot up with us.
 A sullen woman fear, that talks not to you ;
 She has a sad and darken'd soul ; loves dully :
 A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
 Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,
 Believe her excellent, though she despise you ;

Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll show to you
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd :
Such had I been, had you believ'd !

Pinac. Is't possible ?

Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure you,
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions :
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and
And, till you have a wife can govern with you, [giddy,
You sail upon this world's sea, light and empty ;
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience.
She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,
That knows and reckons every rib he is built on.
But this I tell you to my shame.

Pinac. I admire you ;
And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.¹

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

ANOTHER TYRANT POISONED.

Alphonso. Give me more air, air, more air ! blow, blow !
Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me !
Distil thy cold dews, O thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit !
I am all fire, fire, fire ! The raging Dog-star
Reigns in my blood ! Oh, which way shall I turn me ?
Ætna, and all his flames, burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish !
Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures !
Or shoot me up into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
And banquets of sweet hail !

¹ *Am sorry that I aim beyond you.* He means, that he is sorry he has transferred his addresses elsewhere.

Rugio. Hold him fast, friar ;

Oh, how he burns !

Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me ?

Upon the altar lay my willing body,

And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense ;

And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,

Consuming flame.—Oh, hell, hell, hell ! Oh, horror.

Marco. To bed, good sir.

Alph. My bed will burn about me :

Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes

I am enclos'd ! Oh, for a cake of ice now,

To clap unto my heart to comfort me !

My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,

And my infected brain like brimstone boils !

I live in hell, and several furies vex me !

Oh, carry me where no sun ever show'd yet

A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,

Never to be dissolv'd ! where nought inhabits

But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds

That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver.

THOUGHT OF A BRIDEGROOM WHO IS TO DIE AT THE END OF THE MONTH.

Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.

A THREATENING LOVE-MASQUE.

*(To intimate to a Bride and Bridegroom that their Happiness will end in
Misery.)*

*CUPID, with his eyes bound, descends in a chariot, the GRACES
sitting by him.*

Cupid. Unbind me, my delight : this night is mine.

[The GRACES unbind his eyes.]

Now let me look upon what stars here shine :

Let me behold the beauties ; then clap high

My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.

I am satisfied. Bind me again, and fast :

My angry bow will make too great a waste

Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in ;

Call with a song ; and let the sports begin :

Call all my servants, the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move.

SONG BY THE GRACES.

Come, you servants of proud Love,
Come away !
Fairly, nobly, gently move :
Too long, too long, you make us stay.
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear ;—
Distrust and Jealousy, be you too here ;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in ; and last, Despair.—
Now, full music strike the air.

Enter the Masquers, as above mentioned, and join in a measure.
After which CUPID speaks.

Away ! I have done : the day begins to light :
Lovers, you know your fate : good night, good night !
[CUPID and the GRACES ascend in the chariot.]

[This Masque, the best thing in which is the ironical congratulation with which it terminates, is a small and very slight sketch after the noble Masque of Cupid in Spenser, the persons of which include all the miseries of life, in midst of whom the God rides in triumph on a lion :—

Next, after her, the Wingèd God himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast, with powre imperious,
Subdeweth to his kingdom tyrannous :
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his prowd spoile of that same dolorous
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kinde :
Which seene, he much rejoycèd in his cruell minde.

Of which full prowd, himselfe uprearing hye,
He lookèd round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survey his goodly company ;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that, the darts which his right hand did strayne
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his colour'd wingès twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make :
Tho [then] blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.
Faerie Queene, Book iii. Canto 12, Stanza 22.]

THE PILGRIM.

INNOCENT PASSION.

Alinda, disguised as a boy, and confined for supposed madness, cannot contain her transports on meeting unexpectedly with her lover.

ALINDA (*looking in at the door*), PEDRO, and the Master of a Madhouse.

Alin. Must I come in too?

Master. No, my pretty lad;

Keep in thy chamber, boy; 'shalt have thy supper.

Pedro. I pray you what is he, sir?

Master. A strange boy, that last night

Was found i' th' town, a little craz'd, distracted,
And so sent hither.

Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,

And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure such eyes

I have seen and lov'd!—What fair hands!—Certainly—

Master. Good sir, you'll make him worse.

Pedro. I pray believe not:

Alas, why should I hurt him!—How he smiles!

The very shape and sweetness of Alinda!

Let me look once again. Were it in such clothes

As when I saw her last——

Master. Pray you be mild, sir!

I must attend elsewhere.

[*Exit, and enter ALINDA.*

Pedro. Pray you be secure, sir.—

[*bles!*

What would you say?—How my heart beats and trem-

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her flesh too!

I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,

Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little one!

Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!

Pedro. Oh, my soul!

Alin. Let me hold thee;

And now come all the world, and all that hate me!

Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how I love you!

How do you now?

Alin. I have been miserable;

But your most virtuous eyes have cured me, Pedro.

Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you;

My head's wild still!

Pedro. Be not so full of passion,
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are you weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

PRETTY IMITATION OF MADNESS.

Alinda, to save herself from a new peril, again acts the part of a lunatic.

ALINDA and ALPHONSO.

Alphonso. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;
And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter;
I have a hundred little children, and they sing psalms
with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want understanding.
But why do I stand talking.—Is this the way to the
town, fool?

Alin. You must go o'er the top of that high steeple, gaffer,
And then you shall come to a river twenty mile over,
And twenty mile, and ten; and then you must pray,
And still you must pray, and pray. [gaffer,

Alph. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass as thou art.

Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!
And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;
And then you must leap in, naked,
And sink seven days together. Can you sink, gaffer?

Alph. Yes, yes. Pr'ythee, farewell:
A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee

Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk shall serve you
I am going to get apples. [She sings

I am not proud, nor full of wine
(This little flower will make me fine),
Cruel in heart (for I shall cry,
If I see a sparrow die):

I am not watchful to do ill,
 Nor glorious to pursue it still:
 Nor pitiless to those that weep;
 Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Ann. I'll bid you good even: for my boat stays for me
 yonder,
 And I must sup with the moon to-night in the
 Mediterranean. [Exit.

THE CAPTAIN.

SONG OF LOVE DESPAIRING, AND PREPARED TO DIE.

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling,
 For I must die:
 Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling
 Lie after lie.
 For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
 Alas, for pity go,
 And fire their hearts
 That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.
 Never again deluding Love shall know me,
 For I will die;
 And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
 Shall be as I:
 For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
 "Alas, for pity stay,
 And let us die
 With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."¹

WHAT IS LOVE?

Tell me, dearest, what is Love?
 'Tis a lightning from above,
 'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy they call Desire.²

¹ *Mock us in the clay.*] Exquisite are the conclusions of both these stanzas.

² *Tell me, dearest, &c.*] This is the beautiful beginning of a song the rest of which is so poor, that I can hardly think Beaumont or Fletcher completed it. Mark the variety and tone of the vowels,—

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy, &c.

THE PROPHETESS.

TRIUMPH OVER TRIUMPH ITSELF.

The Emperor Dioclesian, having triumphed over his enemies, and returned and pardoned false friends, abdicates at the highest moment of his glory.

SCENE—*Before the Tent of* DIOCLESIAN.

Enter (in triumph with Roman ensigns) Guard, DIOCLESIAN, CHARINUS, AURELIA, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER, GETA, and others; COSROE, CASSANA, Persians, as Prisoners; and DRUSILLA, privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the act: your freedom
To me's ten thousand triumphs: you, sir, share
In all my glories: and, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, still command the victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity: baser minds
Insult on the afflicted: you shall know,
Virtue and courage are admir'd and lov'd
In enemies; but more of that hereafter.—
Thanks to your valour; to your swords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor bondman! Geta, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Niger. We will have
His statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Maxi. (aside). I burst with envy!
And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful guards,

Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
 Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
 To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
 In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
 A greater shadow than it did when I
 Liv'd both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
 Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,
 As when I was a private man; my passions
 Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
 A saving antidote to keep me from
 A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
 Or raise the building of my happiness
 On her uncertain favour? or presume
 She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
 Constant to any? Should my reason fail me
 (As flattery oft corrupts it), here's an example
 To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted.
 The rising sun, this morning, saw this man
 The Persian monarch, and those subjects proud
 That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
 And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,
 He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say
 That she forsook him for his want of courage,
 But never leaves the bold? Now, by my hopes
 Of peace and quiet here, I never met
 A braver enemy! And, to make it good,
 Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,
 And ransomless return!

Cos. To see this virtue

Is more to me than empire; and to be
 O'ercome by you a glorious victory.

Maxi. (*aside*). What a devil means he next!

Dio. I know that glory

Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
 Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
 Part with it at pleasure; when we would uncase,
 It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
 And leaves us living monsters.

Maxi. (*aside*). Would 'twere come

To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No ; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears,
 Out of this glorious castle ; uncompell'd,
 I will surrender rather : Let it suffice
 I have touch'd the height of human happiness,
 And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto
 I have liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,
 And fading glories ; what remains of life,
 I dedicate to Virtue ; and, to keep
 My faith untainted, farewell pride and pomp !
 And circumstance of glorious majesty,
 Farewell for ever !—Nephew, I have noted
 That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
 My flourishing fortune ; you shall have possession
 Of my felicity ; I deliver up
 My empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
 And all things else that made me worth your envy,
 Freely unto you.—Gentle sir, your suffrage,

[*To CHARINUS.*

To strengthen this. The soldier's love I doubt not :
 His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
 Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
 But I have been too liberal, and given that
 I must beg back again.

Maxi. What am I fallen from !

Dio. Nay, start not :—it is only the poor grange,
 The patrimony which my father left me,
 I would be tenant to.

Maxi. Sir, I am yours :
 I will attend you there.

Dio. No ; keep the court ;
 Seek you in Rome for honour : I will labour
 To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not ;
 By Heaven, I am resolv'd !—And now, Drusilla,
 Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
 My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
 I'm ready to perform it.

Drus. I still lov'd
 Your person, not your fortunes. In a cottage,
 Being yours. I am an empress.

DIOCLESIAN IN HIS RETIREMENT.

DIOCLESIAN *and* DRUSILLA.

Dio. Come, Drusilla,
The partner of my best contents! I hope now
You dare believe me.

Drus. Yes, and dare say to you,
I think you now most happy.

Dio. You say true, sweet:
For, by my soul, I find now by experience,
Content was never courtier.

Drus. I pray you walk on, sir;
The cool shades of the grove invite you.

Dio. Oh, my dearest!
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself,
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,
Not great, but good desires his daily servants,
How quietly he sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure!
Here hang no comets in the shapes of crowns
To shake our sweet contents; nor here, Drusilla,
Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours:
We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence:
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips; our children
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Drus. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet, indeed, love,
And every circumstance about it shows it.
How liberal is the spring in every place here!
The artificial court shows but a shadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower; here Nature has her excellence;
Let all the perfumes of the empire pass this,
The carefull'st lady's cheek show such a colour;
They are gilded and adulterate vanities;
And here in poverty dwells noble nature.

LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.

PRESUMPTION TAUGHT.

Lucio, who had been bred effeminately, teaches a lesson of true valour to Lamoral.

[*Fight.* LUCIO disarms LAMORAL.

Lamoral. She is yours! this and my life too. Follow your fortune;

[*Gives up his lady's glove.*

And give not only back that part the loser

Scorns to accept of!

Lucio. What's that?

Lam. My poor life;

Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio. I take back

No more from you than what you forced from me,
And with a worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you please) that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genèveva, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This courtesy

Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own:
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me!

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possess'd of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel?

Lam. You were better be so

Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom,
And which I must expect.

Lucio. Judge better of me:

I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
 To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
 That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
 Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodness,
 But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
 I never will discover on what terms
 I came by these: which yet I take not from you,
 But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,
 With the desire of being a friend; which if
 You will not grant me, but on further trial
 Of manhood in me, seek me when you please
 (And though I might refuse it with mine honour),
 Win them again, and wear them. So good-morrow!
 [*Gives him his own hat, and exit.*]

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was till now;
 And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
 The honours I have won. They made me proud,
 Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
 Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do,
 Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
 But what I stuck on my sword's point, presuming
 It was the best revenue. How unequal
 Wrongs, well maintain'd, make us to others; which
 Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves!

WOMEN PLEASED.

A MISER'S DELICACIES.

Lopez at a table with jewels and money upon it; an egg roasting by a candle.

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
 And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
 Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
 And hatch with care at home the wealth that saints me.
 Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;
 These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
 Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms,
 How bright they shine, like constellations!

The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
 Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet ;
 Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
 Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
 These are my studies to set off in sale well,
 And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.—
 How roasts mine egg ? he heats apace ; I'll turn him.¹—
 Penurio ! where, you knave, do you wait ? Penurio,
 You lazy knave !

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Did you call, sir ?

Lopez. Where's your mistress ?

What vanity holds her from her attendance ?

Pen. She is within, sir.

Lopez. Within, sir ? at what thrift, you knave ? what getting ?

¹ *How roasts mine egg ? &c.*] This soliloquy is in imitation—I hope not in emulation, much less in malicious burlesque (as if from conscious failure)—of the magnificent one of the *Jew of Malta*, part of which I will take the opportunity of repeating. If the passage was written in good faith, it is to be commended as something of a pleasant echo, voluntarily playing second to its original, and terminating in a good bit of parody. But nothing can sully the lustre of the lines in Marlowe :—

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
 Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
 As one of them, indifferently rated,
 And of a carat² of this quality,
 May serve, in peril of calamity,
 To ransom great kings from captivity :—
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth ;
 And thus, methinks, should men of judgment frame
 Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
 And, as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
 Infinite riches in a little room.—
 But how now stands the wind ?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ? &c.

Marlowe's lines were familiar to the audiences of Fletcher, and the "How roasts mine egg ?" must have appeared to them very ludicrous.

² *A carat of this quality.*] The worth of a twenty-fourth part of an ounce of it. A carat is a weight of four grains, and an ounce of gold consists of twenty-four carats. Diamonds are valued at eight pounds per carat, rubies at four pounds, and other gems at three.

Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she knew where to get meat to't;

She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heaven would send her a good dinner.

Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on!
Health flung behind!—Had she not yesternight, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't.

Enter ISABELLA.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!

Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy?

Lopez. Good Isabella——

Isab. Too good for you! Do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus. Had you love in you,
Or had humanity but ever known you,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely!

Lopez. 'Tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword) that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat and cleanly handled;
See, sweet, I am cook myself, and mine own cater.
I'll add another dish; you shall have milk to't;
'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With butter in't, sir?

Lopez. (*aside*). This knave would breed a famine in a kingdom!—

(*aloud*). And clothes that shall content you; you must be wise then,

And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wand'ring after every toy comes cross you,
Nor struck with every spleen.—What's the knave doing? Penurio!

Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course of flies here.

Lopez. Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous. [tite?

Pen. If you had given me those, 't had been more monstrous.

Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.—

Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table!

'Tis all but thought.

[*Exeunt.*

Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it!

The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,
To victual out a witch for the Burmoothees.

'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't!
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory.

THE SEA-VOYAGE.

UNQUENCHABILITY OF TRUTH.

Take heed of lies. Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,
And, like the sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

AN OLD SAILOR'S OPINION OF SEA AND LAND.

Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista!
These days of rest and feasting suit not with

Our tougher natures ; those were golden ones,
 Which were enjoy'd at sea ! that's our true mother ;
 The land 's to us a step-dame. There we sought
 Honour and wealth through dangers ; yet those dangers
 Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
 And worth the undertakers. Here we study
 The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
 Dull'd with abundance ; and dispute with Heaven,
 If that the least puff of the rough north wind
 Blast our time's burden, rendering to our palates
 The charming juice less pleasing ; whereas there,
 If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
 We thought them Persian delicates ; and, for music,
 If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,
 We danced to the loud minstrel.

THE CROWNING VIRTUE.

Bear thy wrongs
 With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,
 Which ever, in all actions, crowns the end.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

AFFLICTION MUST BE SERVED BEFORE JOY.

*Three widowed queens ask aid from Theseus against their enemies, on his
 bridal day.*

SCENE—ATHENS. *Before the Temple.*

*Music. Enter HYMEN with a torch burning ; a Boy, in a
 white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers ; after
 HYMEN, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing
 a wheaten garland ; then THESEUS, between two other
 Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads ; then HIP-
 POLITA, led by PERITHOUS, and another holding a garland
 over her head, her tresses likewise hanging ; after her,
 EMILIA, holding up her train. ARTESIUS and Attendants.*

SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
 Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
 Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With her bells dim :
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim ;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense ! [*Strewing flowers.*]
 Not an angel of the air,
 Bird melodious or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chatt'ring pie,
 May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly !

Enter Three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with Imperial Crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS ; the Second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLITA ; the Third before EMILIA.

- 1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
 Hear and respect me !
 - 2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
 And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
 Hear, and respect me !
 - 3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
 The honour of your bed, and for the sake
 Of clear virginity, be advocate
 For us, and our distresses ! This good deed
 Shall raze you, out o' the book of trespasses,
 All you are set down there.
- Thes.* Sad lady, rise !

Hip. Stand up !

Emi. No knees to me ! What woman I

May stead, that is distress'd, does bind me to her

Thes. What's your request ? Deliver you for all.

1 Queen. We are three queens whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon ; who endur'd
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke !
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world ; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them !
And of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything !

Thes. Pray you kneel not !

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the
fortunes

Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.

King Capanëus was your lord. The day

That he should marry you, at such a season

As now it is with me, I met your groom¹

By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,

Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,

Nor in more bounty spread her ; your wheaten wreath

Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted ; Fortune at you

Dimpled her cheek with smiles ; Hercules our kinsman

(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,

He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,

And swore his sinews thaw'd.² O Grief and Time,

Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

¹ *Groom.*] Bridegroom.

² *And swore his sinews thaw'd.*] This is Shakspeare all over.

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
 Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
 Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
 Our undertaker!

Thes. Oh, no knees; none, widow!
 Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
 And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.

[*Turns away.*]

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
 Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
 The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
 As it is white, wast near to make the male
 To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
 (Born to uphold creation in that honour
 First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee into
 The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
 Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
 That equally canst poise sternness with pity,¹
 Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
 Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st² his strength
 And his love too, who is a servant to
 The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
 Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
 Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
 Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
 Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
 As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
 Lend us a knee;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!³

1

Soldieress,

That equally canst poise sternness with pity.] This, too, is the great dramatist, and in his noblest manner. So is what follows about the shadow of the sword.

² *Ow'st.*] Ownest; possessest.

³ *But touch the ground for us no longer time*

Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!] This also has been supposed proof positive of Shakspeare's hand. I think it is; but I must also be of opinion, that it is his hand in its excess, and that he might possibly have withheld the passage on revision. If not, I cannot help regarding it as one of those superfluities to which Ben Jonson alluded,

Tell him, if he i' th' blood-siz'd¹ field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more!

I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [To EMILIA.
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops: so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; here, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a giassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were

when, in answer to a remark of the players, that Shakspeare never blotted a line, he expressed a wish that he had blotted a thousand. My objection is, that whatever may be its truth to nature in regard to the matter of fact which it describes, it is wholly out of place in regard to feeling. It is fantastically brought in; makes a show (in consequence) of a knowledge not worth the showing; presents a revolting image where everything ought to be attaching and graceful; in short, is more suitable to the mouth of a cook-maid than a queen, and would not have been creditable to a petitioner in the mouth of anyone. What follows respecting the "blood-sized field," the "swollen limbs," and the teeth grinning at sun and moon, is not, I think, a detail which a woman would allow herself to give on such an occasion. It would better become a person less bereaved, and a narrator rather than a sufferer.

¹ *Blood-siz'd.*] Blood-pasted or glewed.

The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
 To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
 (Such heart-pierc'd demonstration !) ; but, alas,
 Being a natural sister of our sex,
 Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
 That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
 My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity [fort.
 Though it were made of stone. Pray have good com-
Thes. Forward to th' temple ! leave not out a jot
 O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
 Will longer last, and be more costly, than
 Your suppliants' war ! Remember that your fame
 Knolls in the ears o' th' world. What you do quickly
 Is not done rashly ; your first thought is more
 Than others' labour'd meditative ; your premeditating
 More than their actions ; but (oh, Jove !) your actions,
 Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
 Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
 What beds our slain kings have !

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
 That our dear lords have none !

3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead.
 Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
 Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
 Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
 Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
 Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
 And were good kings when living.

Thes. It is true ;
 And I will give you comfort,
 To give your dead lords' graves :¹
 The which to do must make some work with Creon.

1 *Queen.* And that work [now] presents itself to the doing
 Now 'twill take form ; the heats² are gone to-morrow
 Then bootless Toil must recompense itself

¹ *To give your dead lords' graves.*] That is to say, I will give you such comfort as you require, for your purpose of giving it to the dead.

² *The heats.*] The opportunities ; the occasion for striking while there is heat in the iron.

With its own sweat ; now he's secure,
 Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
 Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
 To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
 Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen.* And his army full
 Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
 How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
 The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
 To carry such a business ; forth and levy
 Our worthiest instruments ; whilst we dispatch
 This grand act of our life, this daring deed
 Of fate in wedlock !

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands !
 Let us be widows to our woes ! Delay
 Commends us to a famishing hope.

All the Queens. Farewell !

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably ; but when could Grief
 Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
 For best solicitation.

Thes. Why, good ladies,
 This is a service, whereto I am going,
 Greater than any war ; it more imports me
 Than all the actions that I have foregone,
 Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
 Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
 Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
 By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
 Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
 Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
 Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens ?¹ what care
 For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
 To make Mars spurn his drum ?

¹ *Rotten kings or blubber'd queens.*] The "moonlight" and the "twinning cherries" are beautiful, and of the right Shakspearian sweetness ; but what are we to say to the remainder of this passage ? "The reader ought to recollect," says Mr. Dyce, "that formerly this word [blubber'd] did not convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does

Hip. Though much unlike¹

[*Kneels.*

You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor, yet I think,
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the surfeit,
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Queens. Oh, help now!

[*To EMILIA.*

Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not

My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up!

I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended² celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business

at present.” Not of necessity, I conceive; yet still not without instances of the modern impression: and it seems evident that a disparaging sense is intended, otherwise why so strong and offensive an epithet as “rotten” applied to the dead kings? There will probably be a wish in the minds of most readers, that both of the epithets had been spared.

¹ *Though much unlike, &c.*] *I. e.* Though it is very unlikely you should be so carried away by your feelings, and though, on the other hand, I am equally sorry to second the violence done to them at such a moment, yet I think, &c.

² *Pretended.*] Predetermined.

More bigger look'd!—[*Exit ARTESIUS.*] Since that our theme is haste,

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.

[*Exeunt towards the Temple all but PERITHOUS, THESEUS, and Queens.*]

Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!

Per. Sir,

I'll follow you at heels. The feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Thes. Cousin, I charge you

Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th'

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars. [world.]

3 *Queen.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.

Thes. As we are men,

Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!

[*Flourish.*

Now turn we towards your comforts.

[*Exeunt.*

FRIENDSHIP IN GIRLHOOD.

"*Hippolita and Emilia discoursing of the friendship between Perithous and Theseus, Emilia relates a parallel instance of the love between herself and Flavia, being girls.*"

Emilia. I was acquainted

Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. It was Flavia.

Emi. Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love :
 Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
 More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
 The one of th' other may be said to water
 Their intertangled roots of love ; but I
 And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent ;
 Lov'd, for we did ;¹ and like the elements
 That know not what nor why, yet do effect
 Rare issues by their operance, our souls
 Did so to one another. What she liked,
 Was then of me approv'd ; what not, condemn'd,—
 No more arraignment ; the flower that I would pluck
 And put between my breasts, (then but beginning
 To swell about the blossom) she would long
 Till she had such another, and commit it
 To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
 They died in perfume ; on my head no toy
 But was her pattern ; her affections² (pretty,
 Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
 For my most serious decking ; had mine ear
 Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
 From musical coinage, why, it was a note
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
 And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal
 (Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
 Like old Importment's bastard)³ has this end,
 That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
 More than in sex dividual.

¹ *Lov'd, for we did.*] Loved because we did ; loved for loving's sake.

² *Affections.*] Fancies ; tastes in apparel.

³ *Like old Importment's bastard.*] Who was he ? and who was "old Importment" himself ? The sense is very obscure. Mr. Weber's interpretation appears to be adopted by the commentators. He construes the passage thus :—This rehearsal of our affections (which, every innocent soul well knows, comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end, or purpose,—to prove that the love between two maidens, &c.—I suspect that "old Importment" was something special and significant. He looks very like our old friend "Moral," who is so officious in explaining Æsop's Fables.

IMPRISONMENT, FRIENDSHIP, AND LOVE.

Palamon and Arcite, two friends in prison, are turned into enemies by love.

SCENE—*A Room in a Prison, looking out on a garden.*

Enter the Two Captives from opposite doors.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at Misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stript the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore),
Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cuyids,

Shall never clasp our necks ! no issue know us ;
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
 Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !
 The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To Youth and Nature. This is all our world ;
 We shall know nothing here, but one another ;
 Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes ;
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still !

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite ! To our Theban hounds,
 That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
 Stuck with our well-steel'd darts ! All valiant uses
 (The food and nourishment of noble minds)
 In us two here shall perish ; we shall die
 (Which is the curse of Honour !), lastly,
 Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
 Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
 If the gods please to hold here¹ ; a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
 If I think this our prison !

Pal. Certainly
 'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
 Were twined together. 'Tis most true, two souls
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
 The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
 Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

¹ *To hold here.*] To keep station ; to maintain superintendence.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much ?

Pal. How, gentle cousin ?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men !
We are young, and yet desire the ways of Honour ;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours ? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another ;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love ; we are father, friends, acquaint-
We are, in one another, families ; [ance ;
I am your heir, and you are mine ; this place
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth ; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men
Grave¹ our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish.
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity. What a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere !
'Tis like a beast methinks ! I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content ;² and all those pleasures

¹ *Grave.*] Put an end to ; bury.

"Ditches grave you all."

Timon of Athens.

² *A more content.*] This word *more*, must surely be a misprint for *mere*: "a mere content;" that is, a court which gives thorough contentment. The word *mere*, used in this way, is of constant occurrence in writings of the time.

That woo the wills of men to vanity,
 I see through now ; and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses !¹
 Shall I say more ?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better than we do, Arcite ?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot ;
 And after death our spirits shall be led
 To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir !

Enter EMILIA, and her Servant, below.

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasure in't.
 What flower is this ?

Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
 To love himself ; were there not maids enough ?—

Arc. Pray, forward !

Pal. Yes.—

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted ?

Serv. They could not be to one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not ?

Serv. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench !

But take heed to your kindness though !

¹ *The people's curses.*] "This scene," observes Lamb, "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher ; the two which precede it [Theseus with the queen, and a scene not here given] give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspeare had a hand in this play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite and some other passages."

Serv. Why, madam?

Emi. Men are mad things.—

Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?—

Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

Serv. Yes.

Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;

This is a pretty colour. Will 't not do

Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

Serv. Dainty, madam.—

Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!

Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder!

By Heaven, she is a goddess!

Arc. Ha!

Pal. Do reverence!

She is a goddess, Arcite!—

Emi. Of all flowers,

Methinks a rose is best.

Serv. Why, gentle madam?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:

For when the west wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near

Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity, [her,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briers.

Arc. She's wond'rous fair!

Pal. She's all the beauty extant!

Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;

We'll see how near Art can come near their colours.

[*Exit with Servant.*]

Pal. What think you of this beauty?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have;

Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.

Pal. You love her, then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her ?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes ; but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not, as you do ; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess :
I love her as a woman ;
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all !

Arc. Not love at all ? who shall deny me ?¹

Pal. I that first saw her ; I, that took possession
First with mine eye on all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind ! If thou lovest her ;
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her.—Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her !

Arc. Yes, I love her ;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon !
I say again, I love ; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend ?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus ?
Let me deal coldly with you ! am not I

¹ *Who shall deny me ?*] I cannot help thinking that an "I" is wanting at the end of this line, to commence the answer of Palamon. A syllable is wanting to complete the verse ; the personal pronoun suggests itself as the syllable ; it is warranted, perhaps necessarily implied by the I's which follow, and which sound like reasons for it ; it is impetuous, instantaneous, and leaves nothing to be desired.

Arc. Not love at all ! Who shall deny me ?

Pal.

I.

I that first saw her ; I that took possession, &c.

Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. You may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou can'st not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,

And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Enter Jailor.

Pal. No more ! the Keeper's coming : I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

Arc. Do !

Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen !

Pal. Now, honest Keeper ?

Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke :
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready, Keeper.

Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with ARSITE.*]

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life !

PRAYER TO MARS.

*Palamon and Arcite being allowed by Theseus to fight for Emilia, Arcite
puts up a prayer to Mars.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple ; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn ; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim ; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon ; who dost pluck¹

¹ *Who dost pluck*

With hand armipotent, &c.] A most magnificent image. The epithet *armipotent* is from Chaucer, and employed in a manner not unworthy of that ill-understood master of versification.. Chaucer took it from Boccaccio, but turned it from prose into poetry, by putting it in a right place :—

Vide in questa la casa del suo Dio

Armipotente, ed essa edificata

Tutta d' acciajo isplendido e pulio, &c.

Teseide, lib. vii. st. 32.

And downward from an hill, under a bent,
There stood the temple of Mars *armipotent*,
Wrought all of burned stele &c.

Boccaccio's work is full of beauties, and of such beauties as have a right to sing, and become poetry ; but music singularly fails him, and his beauties are full of redundancies. Chaucer took up the lax exuberance of the great Tuscan proser, squeezed it together as if with one grasp of smiling and loving rectification, crushed out of it all that was superfluous, condensing the admirable remainder, and sent it forth among the orbs of song, spinning and singing for ever as became it.

With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
 The mason'd turrets ; that both mak'st and break'st
 The stony girths of cities ; me thy pupil,
 Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day¹
 With military skill, that to thy laud
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee
 Be styled the lord o' th' day ! Give me, great Mars,
 Some token of thy pleasure !

[*Here ARSITE and his suite fall on their faces, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
 Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
 Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
 The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
 O' th' plurisy of people ;² I do take
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
 To my design march boldly.

¹ *Youngest follower, &c.*] This line, which would have been a stretch of rhythmical license, even in the hands of Fletcher, and which would certainly never have come out of those of Shakspeare, is so easily and unobjectionably alterable for the better, that I cannot think it could have stood as it here does in the original manuscript. The article *the* is wanting in its commencement, and the two words *this day* are evidently superfluous at the end. They render the word *day* in the third line following, a tautology. Were the line to be read thus :

Me thy pupil,
The youngest follower of thy drum, instruct
 With military skill, &c.

it would set all right. But the text of Beaumont and Fletcher was incorrectly transcribed or printed from the first, and remedy seems now hopeless.

² *Plurisy of people.*] Superabundance, overplus. This address to War is also most noble, and full of the finest Shakspearian excogitation. Here is a good half of all that can be said in vindication of war, and quite as much as a martialist need be supposed to utter. Mr. Charles Knight is of opinion that the participator with Fletcher in this play was Chapman. I really believe that if any poet in those times, besides Shakspeare, could have written passages of this kind, Chapman was the man ; but I cannot think he could have sustained them with a vigour at once so weighty and so unforced, with so much equality of power throughout, or with so dramatic a propriety.

PRAYER TO DIANA.

SCENE—*The Temple of Diana.*[*Still music of records.*]

Enter EMILIA, in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath ; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers ; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it ; then they curtesy and kneel.

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
 Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their order's robe ; I here, thy priest,
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
 With that thy rare green eye,¹ which never yet
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin !
 And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
 (Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
 Season'd with holy fear ! This is my last
 Of vestal office ; I am bride-habited,
 But maiden-hearted ; a husband I have, 'pointed,²
 But do not know him ; out of two I should
 Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes ;
 Were I to lose one (they are equal precious),
 I could doom neither ; that which perish'd should
 Go to't unsentenc'd. Therefore, most modest queen,
 He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
 And has the truest title in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
 The file³ and quality I hold, I may
 Continue, in thy band !

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*]

¹ *Rare green eye.*] Eyes tinted with green were formerly much admired.

² 'Pointed.] Appointed.

³ *File.*] Rank. Station on the same line.

See what our general of ebbs and flows,
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar,
 With sacred act advances? But one rose?
 If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
 Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
 Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and
 the rose falls from the tree.*]

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
 Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd;
 I think so; but I know not thine own will:
 Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she's pleas'd;
 Her signs were gracious. [*They curtesy, and exeunt.*]

A "VICTOR VICTIM."

*Arcite, having conquered in his fight with Palamon, loses the fruits of his
 victory by an accident.*

Enter PERITHOUS to PALAMON.

Per. Noble Palamon,
 The gods will show their glory in a life
 That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
 Venus, I have said, is false? How do things fare?

Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
 That are most dearly sweet and bitter!

Pal. What
 Hath wak'd us from our dream?

Per. List then! Your cousin
 Mounted upon a steed that Emily
 Did first bestow on him; a black one; owing
 Not a hair worth of white, which some will say
 Weakens his price, and many will not buy
 His goodness with this note; which superstition
 Here finds allowance. On this horse is Arcite,
 Trotting the stones at Athens, which the calkins¹
 Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
 Would make his length a mile,² if't pleas'd his rider

¹ *Calkins.*] The prominent parts of a horse shoe, that secure it from slipping.

² *Would make his length a mile.*] I am ignorant of the meaning of this; nor can I procure it from persons to whom I have applied, and who are technically conversant with horses.

To put pride in him. As he thus went counting
 The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
 His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
 Came music's origin) what envious flint,
 Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
 With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
 Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
 I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
 Took toy¹ at this, and fell to what disorder
 His power could give his will; bounds; comes on end;
 Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
 And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
 At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
 Of boisterous and rough jadery, to dis-seat
 His lord that kept it bravely. When nought serv'd,
 When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor
 diff'ring plunges
 Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
 On end he stands,
 That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
 Seem'd with strange art to hang. His victor's wreath
 Even then fell off his head; and presently
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
 But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
 The surge that next approaches. He much desires
 To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!²

¹ *Took toy.*] Began to be playful.

² *Lo, he appears!*] This description of the horse is most admirable as a description; and I have no doubt that the author of *Venus and Adonis* wrote it: but what does it do in this place? Lamb, speaking of passages in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, including this "death of Arcite," says that they have a "luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakspeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description." This remark was surely a strange oversight on the part of Lamb. How can "the progress of the interest" in which a lover must be impatient to the very last degree for the result of what his informant is describing, be looked upon as subordinate to the description!—to a long story of a horse, the close of which can be all that he cares about, and for delay of which close he must be inwardly cursing the exquisite impertinence of the nar-

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, and ARCITE, the last brought in a chair.

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance !
The gods are mighty !—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words ! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand ;
Farewell ! I have told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin !
One kiss from fair Emilia ! (*Kisses her.*) 'Tis done :
Take her. I die ! [*Dies.*]

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium !

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince ; blessed souls be with thee !
Thou art a right good man ; and while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought ; even very here
I sunder'd you : acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.¹
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well : your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose² you ;
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love ; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention. So the deities
Have show'd due justice. Bear this hence !

Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us

rator, all the while he is parading his horse-knowledge. This I hold to be another of the passages which either would have been blotted by Shakspeare when he revised his play, or which Ben Jonson would justly have found fault with, as a dramatist, for his not blotting.

¹ *Our thanks, &c.*] Surely this *our* ought to be *your*. What could be the meaning of Palamon's acknowledging to the gods the thanks of Theseus ?

² *Arrose.*] Besprinkle.—I suppose from *ros*, a dew-drop. It is a word of very pleasing sound, though on what principle it was formed, I know not,—nor where else it is to be met with. *Arrosion* means *gnawing*.

The loss of our desire ! That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love !

Thes. Never Fortune

Did play a subtler game. The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss ; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you ; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy ; he restor'd her,
As your stolen jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiv'n. The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off ;
And call your lovers¹ from the stage of death ;
Whom I adopt my friends ! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite ! in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon ; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad,
As for him sorry.—Oh, you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us ! For what we lack,
We laugh ; for what we have, are sorry ; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is ; and with You leave dispute,
That are above our question !

¹ *Lovers.*] Partizans ; lovers of his cause.

[This play was given to the world as the joint production of Fletcher and Shakspeare ; and the majority of critics, among whom are Coleridge and Lamb, agree in so thinking it. Others are of opinion that Shakspeare had nothing to do with it ; and others, that the scenes attributed to him are but imitations of his manner and turn of thought. Such readers as are not acquainted with the controversy, may take this opportunity of judging for themselves. My own opinion is, that Shakspeare left behind him considerable uncorrected portions of the play ; and that Fletcher, without touching those portions, was induced by some manager to complete it. All the scenes here given are supposed (and justly, I think) to be the production of Shakspeare, with the exception of that between the two friends in prison.

The main story (the whole of which is gatherable from these scenes) is from Chaucer's noble abridgment of these *Teseide* of Boccaccio.]

THE FALSE ONE.

DEFEAT AND WORLDLY COUNSEL.

Ptolemy, King of Egypt, is advised to refuse hospitality to Pompey, defeated by Cæsar.

PHOTINUS, ACHOREUS (*Priest of Isis*), and ACHILLAS.

Pho. Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend, Achillas,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?

Achil. That we are
To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more.—The king, with him a Roman.

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS wounded, and Guard.

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.

Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:
But more of that hereafter.—

Lab. (to Ptolemy). In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles¹ on either side

¹ *Piles.*] Javelins;—the *pilum*.

Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
 (The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,
 Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
 Shall make a certain stand ; then, how the plains
 Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
 And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies, .
 Attending when their ready servitors,
 The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
 Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
 Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast ;
 How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on
 That made the least stop, when their angry hands
 Were lifted up against some known friend's face ;
 Then coming to the body of the army,
 He shows the sacred senate, and forbids them
 To waste their force upon the common soldier
 (Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
 He would have spar'd)——

Ptol. The reason, Labienus ?

Lab. Full well he knows that in their blood he was
 To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
 He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
 A period to the liberty of the world.
 Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
 The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,—
 Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth.
 The nobles and the commons lay together,
 And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
 Made up one crimson lake : which Pompey seeing,
 And that his and the fate of Rome had left him,
 Standing upon the rampire of his camp,
 Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
 He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
 In his unlucky quarrel ; cries aloud too
 That they should sound retreat, and save themselves :
 That he desir'd not so much noble blood
 Should be lost in his service, or attend
 On his misfortunes : and then, taking horse
 With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
 And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,

He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,
 Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,
 Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
 Relying on his benefits and your faith,
 Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
 Till he may re-collect his scatter'd powers,
 And try a second day. Now Ptolemy,
 Though he appear not like that glorious thing
 That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
 To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift
 (As this, of yours, your noble father took
 From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
 At his devotion), to do you more honour
 In his declin'd estate, as the straightest pine
 In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
 He flies to you for succour, and expects
 The entertainment of your father's friend,
 And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
 As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
 Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
 Our gods can witness for me; yet, being young,
 And not a free disposer of myself,
 Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
 Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
 Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
 And take a little rest; and (*to the others*) let his wounds
 Be with that care attended, as they were
 Carv'd on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think
 The little respite I desire shall be
 Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
 To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
 As you intend, protect you! [*Exit with Attendants.*]

Ptol. Sit, sit all;
 It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,
 May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,
 Religious, and thankful, in themselves
 Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish

Or gloss in the persuader ; your kept faith,
 Though Pompey never rise to the height he's fallen
 Cæsar himself will love ; and my opinion [from,
 Is, still committing it to graver censure,
 You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
 Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus ?

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd
 Like a religious and honest man,
 Worthy the honour that he justly holds
 In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
 What in a man sequester'd from the world,
 Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
 No policy allows of in a king :
 To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty ;
 And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
 Such as good fate forsakes. Join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
 The stars are not more distant from the earth
 Than profit is from honesty ; all the power,
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course, as what's right guides him. Let him leave
 The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked !

Ptol. Peace !—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey shows how much he scorns your youth,
 In thinking that you cannot keep your own
 From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd
 With being a king, let not a stranger take
 What nearer pledges challenge. Resign rather
 The government of Egypt and of Nile
 To Cleopatra, that has title to them ;
 At least, defend them from the Roman gripe :
 What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,
 The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
 Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,
 His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
 What nation he shall fall with ; and pursued

By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
 He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
 Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
 Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations
 That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
 Are sunk in his; and, in no place receiv'd,
 Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
 And Ptolemy, things consider'd justly, may
 Complain of Pompey. Wherefore should he stain
 Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
 Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
 Doubted of Cæsar? Wherefore should he draw
 His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
 Or choose this place to suffer in? Already
 We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,
 And no way left us to redeem his favour
 But by the head of Pompey.

Achor. Great Osiris,
 Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
 And barbarous ingratitude:

Pho. Holy trifles,
 And not to have place in designs of state.
 This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
 I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd;
 I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar;
 But we must follow where his fortune leads us:
 All provident princes measure their intents
 According to their power, and so dispose them.
 And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
 His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
 Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
 Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
 Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost:
 And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
 To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
 He may recover, thy part not engaged,
 Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
 To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Achor. Most execrable counsel!

Achil. To be follow'd.

'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

Ptol. We give up

Our absolute power to thee. Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good Achilles,

Seek out Septimius. Do you but soothe him ;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch
To me, of Labienus. 'Tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last

[*Exeunt.*]

IMPRISONED BEAUTY.

Song to Cleopatra while kept in a state of seclusion.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air ;
Ev'n in shadows you are fair ;
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.

Though your body be confin'd,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.

Look out nobly then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

THE HEAD OF POMPEY.

Enter SEPTIMIUS with the head of POMPEY, ACHILLAS, and Guard.

Sept. 'Tis here ! 'tis done !—Behold, you fearful viewers,
That, that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors ;
That steel'd War waited on, and Fortune courted ;
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own.
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless ! Here, my Achilles ;
Egypt and Cæsar owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius ;

Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
 Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
 Of thy unworthy nature, thou loud boaster,
 Think not she's bound to love him too that's bar-
 Why did not I, if this be meritorious, [barous.
 And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
 Strike this rude stroke ? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman.
 It was a sacred head I durst not heave at ;
 Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was ?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,

And, if thou ever yet heard'st tell of honour,
 I'll make thee blush. It was thy general's ! [thee ;
 That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred
 The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd
 thee

From his care kindled ever ! Nay, I'll show thee,
 Because I'll make thee sensible of thy business,
 And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
 There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on
 But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion !
 He triumph'd three times. Who durst touch his per-
 The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence ; [son ?
 Dear to the gods he was : to them that feared him
 A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
 And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin ?
 Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
 Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
 Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
 Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought
 There, sword to sword. [him,

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,

If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
 When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got ?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,

The honour of the service ; which though you rail at,
 Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,

Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious ;
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs to it,

[*Seizes the head.*]

Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine :
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay ; read in mine eyes the reason.
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own.

Sept. The king will yet consider.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS..

Achil. Here he comes, sir,

Achor. (to Ptolemy). Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstricken, [sir
If that adorèd head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young ; be provident. Fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt ;
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder ;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

Pho. (aside to Achillas). You have done well, and 'tis done.—

(*to Ptolemy*) See Achillas,

And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay ; come no nearer !

Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me !

I do remember him : he was my guardian,

Appointed by the senate to preserve me.

What a full majesty sits in his face yet !

Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frightened, sir ;

Be not abus'd with fears ; his death was necessary ;

Not to be miss'd : and humbly thank great Isis,

He came so opportunely to your hand.

Pity must now give place to rules of safety.

Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,

And enter'd Alexandria with his friends,

His navy riding by to wait his charges ?

Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursue him?
 Was not this great man his great enemy?
 This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
 But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue? [*Flourish.*
 I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
 Give me the head; and be you confident.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, and Soldiers.

Hail, conqueror of the world, the head of all,
 Now this head's off!

Cæsar. Ha!

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
 The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
 The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
 Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
 Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
 Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
 And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
 Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
 Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
 Take it, and look upon thy humble servant;
 With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
 That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
 What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
 Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
 Because 'tis easily got: it comes the safer:
 Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
 Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
 Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
 Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
 An inward war: he was his grandsire's guest,
 Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
 And had none left him to restore his honour,
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
 Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
 Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again.
 This was a love to Cæsar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods !

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
 But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
 Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then ;
 If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that
 He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted [way !
 Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be render'd,
 We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! See, captains,
 The head of godlike Pompey !

Sce. He was basely ruin'd ;
 But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
 And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. O thou conqueror, [addressing the head.
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus !
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
 The light and life of Rome, to a blind stranger,
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was ?
 That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
 And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life, to know thy goodness ?
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
 In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey,
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee !
 Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show !
 How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
 Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him ? no, brood of Nilus ;
 Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ;
 No pyramids set off his memories,

But the eternal substance of his greatness,
 To which I leave him. Take the head away,
 And, with the body, give it noble burial:
 Your earth shall now be bless'd, to hold a Roman,
 Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

FEMININE MANNERS.

Cæsar. Pray you, undo this riddle,
 And tell me how I have vex'd you.

Cleopatra. Let me think first,
 Whether I may put on a patience,
 That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you:
 Let that begin the story: now, I'll tell you.

Cæsar. But do it milder. In a noble lady,
 Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
 That moves like summer winds, cools, and blows sweet-
 Shows, blessèd, like herself. [ness,

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

SONG OF HEAVENLY AGAINST EARTHLY LOVE.

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton Powers!
 I am free again;
 Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
 Bewitching pain,
 Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!
 My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
 And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
 And honour'd by eternity and joy!
 There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire;
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

LOVE'S GENTLENESS.

Love is a gentle spirit;
 The wind that blows the April flowers not softer;

She's drawn with doves to show her peacefulness ;
 Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
 Would you serve Love ? do it with humbleness,
 Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs ;
 Upon her altars offer your obedience,
 And not your brawls ; she's won with tears, not terrors :
 The fire you kindle to her deity
 Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,
 And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence.

A MATTER-OF-FACT GHOST.

*Dorilaus and Cleander, sitting up at night drinking, are visited by the
 Landlord's Ghost.*

SCENE—A Country Inn.

*Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, Chamberlain ; a table, tapers,
 and chairs.*

Cle. We have supp'd well, friend. Let our beds be ready ;
 We must be stirring early.

Cham. They are made, sir.

Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host
 You told me of ? 'T has been my custom ever
 To parley with mine host.

Cle. He's a good fellow,
 And such a one I know you love to laugh with.—
 Go call your master up.

Cham. He cannot come, sir.

Dor. Is he a-bed ?

Cham. No, certainly.

Cle. Why then he shall come, by your leave, my friend ;
 I'll fetch him up myself.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, sir.

Dor. Is he i' th' house ?

Cham. No, but he's hard by, sir ;
 He is fast in 's grave ; he has been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
 And discourse worse.

Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
 Mine honest merry host !—Will you to bed yet ?

Dor. No, not this hour ; I pr'ythee, sit and chat by me.

Cle. Give us a quart of wine then ; we'll be merry.

Dor. A match, my son. Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your master.

Cham. It shall be quick, sir.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Had not mine host a wife?

Cle. A good old woman.

Dor. Another coffin! that is not so handsome;
Your hostesses in inns should be blithe things;
Pretty and young, to draw in passengers.

Enter Chamberlain with Wine.

Well done. Here's to Lisander!

Cle. My full love meets it.—Make fire in our lodgings,
We'll trouble thee no farther.— [*Exit Chamberlain.*
To your son! (*Drinks again.*)

Dor. Put in Clarangè too; off with't. I thank you.
This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now!
Were he alive again, and well disposed,
I would so claw his pate!

Cle. You're a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine host drunk; he will lie then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,

[*A lute is struck within*

His quarrels, and his guests. What's that? a lute?
'Tis at the door, I think.

Cle. The doors are shut fast.

Dor. 'Tis morning; sure the fiddlers are got up
To fright men's sleeps.

Cle. I've heard mine host that's dead
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.¹

Dor. I would give a brace of French crowns
To see him rise and fiddle.

Cle. Hark; a song!

A SONG [*within.*]

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold!

¹ *Mean.*] A middle voice; a tenor.

Call for the best the house may ring ;
 Sack, white, and claret let them bring ;
 And drink apace, while breath you have ;
 You'll find but cold drink in the grave :
 Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
 And I shall smile, though under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice !

Dor. He sings well ;
 The devil has a pleasant pipe.

Cle. The fellow lied, sure.

Enter the Host's Ghost.

He is not dead ; he's here. How pale he looks !

Dor. Is this he ?

Cle. Yes.

Host. You are welcome, noble gentlemen !

My brave old guest, most welcome !

Cle. Lying knaves,
 To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down by us.
 We thank you for your song.

Host. 'Would 't had been better !

Dor. Speak, are you dead ?

Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen ;
 I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to you,
 To comfort your cold body !

Cle. What do you mean ?
 Stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him.
 Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
 And we not bid him welcome ?—Come, mine host,
 Mine honest host, here's to you !

Host. Spirits, sir, drink not.

Cle. Why do you appear ?

Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen ;
 ('T has been my duty living, now my farewell)
 I fear ye are not used accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company, mine host,
 Howe'er we are used.

Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy ;
And then I go to peace.

Cle. Is't in our power ?

Host. Yes, and 'tis this ; to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault ; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hosts of my kind.

Cle. It shall be done.

Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy funeral.

Cle. Do you know our travel ?

Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.

Cle. Alas !

Host. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.

Dor. There's comfort yet.

Cle. Pray one word more. Is't in your power, mine host,
(Answer me softly) some hours before my death,
To give me warning ?

Host. I cannot tell you truly ;
But if I can, so much alive I lov'd you,
I will appear again. Adieu !

[*Exit.*

Dor. Adieu, sir.

Cle. I am troubled. These strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.

Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit. The light breaks apace ; let's lie down,
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.

Cle. So do I. To rest, sir !

[*Exeunt.*

THE GHOST KEEPS HIS PROMISE.

SCENE—*A Room in Cleander's House.*

Enter CLEANDER, with a Book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die ; but when
Is most uncertain. If so, every hour

We should prepare us for the journey, which
 Is not to be put off. I must submit
 To the divine decree, not argue it,
 And cheerfully I welcome it. I have
 Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
 And have remission from my ghostly father,
 Being at peace too here. The apparition
 Proceeded not from fancy : Dorilaus
 Saw it, and heard it with me. It made answer
 To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
 Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
 Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom
 Of sickness ; yet, I know not how, a dulness
 Invadeth me all over.—Ha !

Enter the Spirit of the Host.

Host. I come, sir,
 To keep my promise ; and, as far as spirits
 Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
 I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
 Ere many hours pass, you must resolve
 To fill a grave.

Cle. And feast the worms ?

Host. Even so, sir.

Cle. I hear it like a man.

Host. It well becomes you ;
 There's no evading it.

Cle. Can you discover
 By whose means I must die ?

Host. That is denied me :
 But my prediction is too sure. Prepare
 To make your peace with Heaven ; so farewell, sir !

[Exit.]

Cle. I see no enemy near ; and yet I tremble,
 Like a pale coward ! My sad doom pronounc'd
 By this aërial voice, as in a glass
 Shows me my death in its most dreadful shape.
 What rampire can my human frailty raise
 Against the assault of Fate ? I do begin
 To fear myself ! my inward strength forsakes me ;

I must call out for help.—Within there! haste,
And break in to my rescue!

*Enter DORILAUS, CALISTA, OLINDA, BERONTE, ALCIDON,
Servants, and CLARINDA, at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where?

Show me your danger.

Cal. I will interpose

My loyal breast between you and all hazard.

Ber. Your brother's sword secures you.

Alc. A true friend

Will die in your defence.

Cle. I thank ye!

To all my thanks! Encompass'd thus with friends,

How can I fear? and yet I do! I'm wounded,

Mortally wounded. Nay, it is within;

I am hurt in my mind. One word—

Dor. A thousand.

Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.

Dor. Why? what forbids you?

Cle. But even now the spirit

Of my dead host appear'd, and told me, that

This night I should be with him. Did you not meet
It went out at that door. [it?

Dor. A vain chimera

Of your imagination! Can you think

Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,

As he did in the inn? These waking dreams

Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange

Distraction in your family. See the tears

Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,

Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.

Good son, bear up; you have many years to live

A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.

Ghosts never walk till after midnight, if

I may believe my grannam. We will wash

These thoughts away with wine, 'spite of hobgoblins.

Cle. You reprehend me justly.—Gentle madam,
And all the rest forgive me; I'll endeavour

To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

[I have introduced these two scenes of the ghost, rather out of respect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who admired them, than from any sense of their merit. There is merit in the idea, but the idea is not properly borne out. What Sir Walter observes respecting a mixture of the ludicrous and the terrible, is very true in the abstract; and the same may be said of any other familiarity so combined. Those jarrings of the every-day world with the supernatural world render the latter so much the more startling. But surely a more dull as well as matter-of-fact ghost than that of the innkeeper has never been seen. He has not a touch in him of fancy or expression; scarcely any thing of his boasted old jollity; and very little of his new solemnity. His presence neither sustains the posthumous merriment of the song which he is supposed to sing behind the scenes; nor, when he says, "Spirits, sir, drink not," do we conceive him saying it either like a proper ghost, or with a more bewildering, familiar significance. He is simply commonplace and insipid. Indeed, from the prosaicalness of the versification, I doubt whether Fletcher had any hand in these scenes. They look more like Shirley. It is to be allowed at the same time, that Fletcher, for so fine a poet, was singularly deficient in a sense of the supernatural. I do not know that he has given any instance to the contrary but one, and that is in a passage in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, where he speaks of "voices calling in the dead of night." Walter Scott, who was far otherwise, put, I suspect, into the scenes before us, "out of his own head," all the impressions which he found in them. His opinion, however, gives them a zest of its own; and it enables me to add two interesting passages from his Life.

Among the family readings of the great novelist, his biographer mentions "certain *detached scenes* of Beaumont and Fletcher, especially that in the *Lover's Progress*, where the ghost of the musical innkeeper makes his appearance (Vol. iv. p. 163).

And in Vol. vi. (p. 158) is the following entry in his Diary:—"December 11 (1825).—A touch of the *morbus eruditorum*, to which I am as little subject as most folks, and have it less now than when young. It is a tremor of the head, the pulsation of which becomes painfully sensible—a disposition to causeless alarm—much lassitude—and decay of vigour and activity of intellect. The veins feel weary and painful, and the mind is apt to receive and encourage gloomy apprehensions. Fighting with this fiend is not always the best way to conquer him. I have found exercise and the open air better than reasoning. But such weather as is now without doors does not encourage *la petite guerre*; so we must give battle in form, by letting both mind and body know, that, supposing one the House of Commons and the other the House of Peers, my will is sovereign over both. There is a fine description of this species of mental weakness in the fine play of Beau-

mont and Fletcher called the *Lover's Progress*, where the man, warned that his death is approaching, works himself into an agony of fear, and calls for assistance, though there is no apparent danger. The apparition of the innkeeper's ghost, in the same play, hovers between the ludicrous and the terrible; and to me the touches of the former quality which it contains, seem to augment the effect of the latter—they seem to give reality to the supernatural, as being a circumstance with which an inventor would hardly have garnished his story.”—LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*, 1st edit.]

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

Marine, or Mount-Marine, a simple-witted gentleman, being resolved to return into the country, in consequence of his disappointments at court, is persuaded by some courtiers who wish to retain his wife there, that he is successively made a knight, baron, earl, and duke.

Enter LONGUEVILLE to MOUNT-MARINE and another Gentleman.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine?

Gent. Why, there he stands; will ye aught with him?

Long. Yes.—Good day, monsieur Marine!

Mar. Good day to you!

Long. His majesty doth commend himself

Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,

Sent you this favour. Kneel down; rise a knight!

Mar. I thank his majesty!

Long. And he doth further

Request you not to leave the court so soon;

For though your former merits have been slighted,

After this time there shall no office fall

Worthy your spirit (as he doth confess

There's none so great) but you shall surely have it

Gent. Do you hear? If you yield yet, you are an ass.

Mar. I'll show my service to his majesty

In greater things than these: but for this small one

I must entreat his highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,

And bring his princely answer back again.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Well said! Be resolute awhile; I know

There is a tide of honours coming on,
I warrant you !

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight ?

Mar. Here, sir.

Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord ! the king will have it so :
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.

Gent. (aside to Mar.) If you be dirty and dare not mount
You may yield now ; I know what I would do. [aloft,

Mar. Peace ! I will fit him.—Tell his Majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without desert ; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me ;
I must begone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.

Beau. I'll tell him so.

Gent. (aside). Why, this was like yourself !

Beau. (aside). As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow
That e'er was Christmas-lord ! he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [Exit.

Gent. Why, so !
You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege.

Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Re-enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. My honourable lord !
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly earl ;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey :
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.

Gent. Why, faith, you are well, my lord ;
Yield to him.

Mar. Yield ? Why, 'twas my plot——

Gent. (*aside*). Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.

Mar. To get preferment by it ;
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom ? I'll be one step higher.

Gent. (*aside*). It is the finest lord ! I am afraid anon
He will stand upon 't to share the kingdom with him.

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl ?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.

Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone ;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom ?

Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.

Beau. I know the king is pleas'd.

Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.

Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.

Long. But how shall we keep this from the world's ear,
[*Aside to the Gentleman.*
That some one tell him not he is no duke ?

Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke ?
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding weeds)
From off the orient sun, off his best clothes ;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.

Long. I another.

Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.

Gent. Sit down, my lord.—

Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville !
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off, and that hat.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine ;
One pluck will do it ; so ! Off with the other !

Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.—
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort !

Gent. (apart). Didst thou never see
A nimble-footed tailor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig ?

Enter JAQUES.

Long. Here's his man Jaquès come,
Booted and ready still.

Jaques. My mistress stays.—
Why, how now, sir ? What do your worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off ?

Mar. My slippers, Jaques !

Long. Oh, thou mighty Duke ! pardon this man,
That thus hath trespassèd in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques !

Jaques. Why, what's the matter ?

Long. Footman, he's a duke :

The king hath rais'd him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and tell him so ;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I !

[*Exit.*]

LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO.

Marine being again resolved, though for happier reasons, to return into the country, is as suddenly deprived of his titles as he was gifted with them.

Enter to him and others, LONGUEVILLE.

Long. Stand, thou proud man !

Mar. Thieves, Jaques ! raise the people.

Long. No ; raise no people : 'tis the king's command
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man !
Thou art a monster ; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow with a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces, and, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks, and, to oppose his will,
Resolv'd to leave the court, and set the realm

A-fire, in discontent and open action ·
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst, with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honours off. This first sad whisk
Takes off thy dukedom; thou art but an earl.

Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.

Long. Oh, 'would I were! This second whisk divides
Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.

Mar. No more whisks if you love me, Longueville!

Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come. But not to linger time,
With these two whisks I end. Now Mount-Marine,
For thou art now no more, so says the king;
And I have done his highness' will with grief.

Gent. Why do you stand so dead, monsieur Marine?

Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two-and-thirty wounds.
Be warnèd, all ye peers; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!

Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with you.
Sir, I must wave you¹ to conceal this party;
It stands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man, if you stir!
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.

Beau. Come, come; for shame go down;
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.

Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace!
Leave these rebellious words;
Or, by the honours which I once enjoy'd,
And yet may swear by, I will tell the king
Of your proceedings! I am satisfied.

Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's see your spirit!
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Mar. Why, wife, are you mad? [strength.

Lady. No, nor drunk; but I'd have you know your own

¹ *Wave you.*] Move you.

Mar. You talk like a foolish woman, wife ;
I tell you I will stay ! Yet I have
A crotchet troubles me.

Long. More crotchets yet ?

Mar. Follow me, Jaques ! I must have thy counsel.—
I will return again ; stay you there, wife !

[*Exit, with JAQUES.*]

Lady. He will not stir a foot, I'll lay my life.

Beau. Ay, but he's discontented ; how shall we
Resolve that, and make him stay with comfort ?

Lady. 'Faith, Beaufort, we must even let Nature work ;
For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish ; for let men but go about to fool him,
And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best.
But see where he comes frowning :
Bless us all !

Re-enter MARINE.

Mar. Off with your hats ! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.
Whatever you may think, I have thought, and thought,
And thought upon it ; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.
I am a prince as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adore my person.
What trial can be made to try a prince ?
I will oppose this noble corpse of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt. [way

Madame Marine. Great duke and husband, there is but one
To testify the world of our true right,
And it is dangerous.

Mar. What may it be ?
Were it to bring the great Turk bound in chains
Through France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester John together,¹
I would attempt it. Duchess, tell the course.

¹ *The Sophy.*] The Persian king of the Soofee dynasty. The mysterious personage entitled Prester, *i. e.* Presbyter, or Priest, John, is

Madam Mar. There is a strong opinion through the world,
And, no doubt, grounded on experience,
That lions will not touch a lawful prince :
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the lions bear your naked body :
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will say you are a perfect prince.

Mar. I thank you, Duchess, for your kind advice,
But know, we don't affect those ravenous beasts.

Long. A lion is a beast to try a king ;
But for the trial of such a state as this,
Pliny reports, a mastiff-dog will serve.

Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.

1st Gent. You shall not need to deal with these at all.

Hark you, sir ; the king doth know you are a duke.

Mar. No ! does he ?

1st Gent. Yes ; and is content you shall be ; but with this
caution,

That none know it but yourself ; for, if you do,
He'll take't away by act of parliament.

Mar. Here is my hand ; and whilst I live or breathe,
No living wight shall know I am a duke.

Gent. Mark me directly, sir ; your wife may know it.

Mar. May not Jaques ?

Gent. Yes, he may.

Mar. May not my country cousin ?

Gent. By no means, sir, if you love your life and state.

Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.

Gent. (*aside to Jaques*). Jaques ?

Jaques. Sir ?

Mar. I am a duke,

Both. Are you ?

Mar. Yes, 'faith, yes, 'faith ;

But it must only run among ourselves.

And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.

supposed by some to have been the Grand Lama of Thibet ; by some a minor Eastern Prince, of the Nestorian sect of Christians ; by others, a Khan of Tartary, whose native appellation was equivalent to that title ; and by others, the King of Abyssinia.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

PROSPERITIES OF FULL DRESS AND FINE LANGUAGE.

SCENE—*An Inn at Ossuna.**Enter INCUBO and DIEGO.**Incubo.* Signor Don Diego, and mine host, save thee!*Diego.* I thank you, master Baily.*Inc.* Oh, the block!*Diego.* Why, how should I have answer'd?*Inc.* Not with that

Negligent rudeness; but, "I kiss your hands,
 Signor Don Incubo de Hambre:" and then
 My titles; "master Baily of Castel-Blanco."
 Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an host;
 I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip!—
 No smoke, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen?
 There's little life i' th' hearth then.

Diego. Ay; there, there!

That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit,
 And sorry that he cannot smell the pot boil.

Inc. Strange an inn should be so curs'd, and not the sign
 Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three days now,
 And not an egg eat in it, or an onion.

Diego. I think they ha' strew'd the highways with caltraps,¹ I;
 No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know
 A week of so sad doings, since I first
 Stood to my sign-post.

Inc. Gossip, I have found
 The root of all. Kneel, pray; it is thyself
 Art cause thereof; each person is the founder
 Of his own fortune, good or bad. But mend it;
 Call for thy cloak and rapier.

Diego. How!

Inc. Do, call,
 And put 'em on in haste. Alter thy fortune,

¹ *Caltraps.*] Anglo-saxon, *coltræppe*, star-thistle:—Italian, *calcatrappa*, contrivances for impeding cavalry. They were armed with spikes, one of which turned up whichever way they fell.

By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuervo*?¹
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? base blank, and half-blank
Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour, [*cuervo*?²
E'er reach our dignities in *cuervo*? No;
There went more to't: there were cloaks, gowns, cas-
And other *paramentos*³ Call, I say.— [socks,
His cloak and rapier here!

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword.—So! hang it on.
And now his cloak; here, cast it up.—I mean,
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

Hostess. Why, is there charm in this?

Inc. Expect. Now walk;
But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an host is odious.
You may remember, gossip, if you please
(Your wife being then th' *infanta* of the gipsies,
And yourself governing a great man's mules then),
Me a poor 'squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight⁴); and such,
Have I heard him oft say, ought every host
Within the catholic king's dominions
Be, in his own house.

Diego. How?

Inc. A master of ceremonies;
At least, vice-master, and to do nought in *cuervo*;
That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him.

¹ *Cuervo*.] Body (Spanish): to be in *cuervo* was to be in an undress closely fitting the body, without a cloak. Hence the ludicrous and more proper application of the term, in Smollett and others, to no dress at all.

² *Blank and half-blank cuervo*.] I know not what is meant by this, nor do the commentators inform us. Is it white and half-white? or a close fit with a difference?

³ *Paramentos*.] Apparellings (Spanish).

⁴ *To the gold-weight*.] To the degree of nicety attainable by the weights used in weighing gold.

He would not speak with an ambassador's cook,
 See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,
 In *cuervo*. Had a dog but stay'd without,
 Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
 But to present itself, he would put on
 His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
 And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,
 With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
 The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set
 With Flemish buttons; all his given pieces,
 To entertain 'em in; and compliment
 With a tame cony,¹ as with the prince that sent it.

[*Knock within.*]

Diego. List! who is there?

Inc. A guest, an't be thy will!

Diego. Look, spouse; cry "luck," an' we be encounter'd. Ha!

Hostess. Luck then, and good; for 'tis a fine brave guest,
 With a brave horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *cuervo*,
 As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter THEODOSIA in men's clothes.

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.

Diego. He shall, sir.

Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now!
 "Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
 A horse of fashion, and his inches."

Theod. Oh! (*Faints.*)

Inc. Look to the cavalier! What ails he? Stay!
 If it concerns his horse, let it not trouble him;
 He shall have all respect the place can yield him,
 Either of barley or fresh straw.

Diego. Good sir,
 Look up.

Inc. He sinks! Somewhat to cast upon him;
 He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

Diego. What, wife!

Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold
 To cast in his sweet face.

¹ *Cony.*] Rabbit.

Hostess. Alas, fair flower!

Inc. Does anybody entertain his horse?

Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess with a glass of water.

Inc. Go you see him in person.

[*Exit* DIEGO.]

Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this.

Sweet lily, look upon me;

You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip;

Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm and fresh.

Stand up. So! bolt upright. You are yet in growing.

Theod. Pray you let me have a chamber.

Hostess. That you shall, sir.

Theod. And where I may be private, I entreat you.

Hostess. For that, in troth, sir, we have no choice. Our

Is but a vent of need,¹ that now and then [house

Receives a guest between the greater towns,

As they come late; only one room——

Inc. She means, sir, 'tis none

Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where scarce

The host's heard, though he wind his horn to his people;

Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,

Wife, servants, all, do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one room——

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!

She will describe to you.

Hostess. (Wherein stand two beds, sir)

We have: and where, if any guest do come,

He must of force be lodg'd; that is the truth, sir.

INN CONSCIENCES.

The Landlord and his Hostler confer about their treatment of people's horses.

Diego. Lazaro!

Enter LAZARO.

How do the horses?

¹ *A vent of need.*] An inn only to be resorted to for want of a better:—an inn by the wayside, remote from neighbourhood. *Venta* is Spanish for inn.

Laz. 'Would you would go and see, sir!

A plague of all jades, what a clap he has given me!
 As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly
 I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me, [sirrah!"
 And then he sneer'd, as who should say, "Take heed,
 And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
 Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stampt!
 I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly
 He cuts me a back caper with his heels,
 And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I,
 And all my ounce of oats.

Diego. 'Faith, Lazaro,

We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors
 So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other gentleman's horse,

Keeping our Lady-eve; the devil a bit
 He has got since he came in yet; there he stands,
 And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleasure, sir,
 He shall look lean enough. He has hay before him,
 But tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
 Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
 And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange wonder
 With standing still he should cast three.

Diego. Oh, Lazaro,

The devil's in this trade! Truth never knew it;
 And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,
 Unless we mend our manners. Once every week
 I meet with such a knock to mollify me,
 Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
 Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain, master,

We must use better dealing.

Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part

(Not to give ill example to our issues)
 I could be well content to steal but two girths,
 And now and then a saddle-cloth; change a bridle,
 Only for exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there,

There were some hope on's, master; but the devil is
 We are drunk so early we mistake whole saddles,

Sometimes a horse ; and then it seems to us too
 Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
 Up to his ears in clean straw ; and every bottle
 Shows at the least a dozen ; when the truth is, sir,
 There's no such matter, not a smell of provender,
 Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,
 Nor anything i' th' rack but two old cobwebs,
 And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.

Diego. Well, these mistakings must be mended, Lazaro,
 These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
 And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,
 But put in nothing ; these fancies must be forgot,
 And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
 Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to cozen,
 And how, and when. A parson's horse may suffer
 A little greasing in his teeth ; 'tis wholesome,
 And keeps him in a sober shuffle ;¹ and his saddle
 May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn
 His learning lay on one side, and so broke it :
 He has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us,²
 And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
 To tithe him soundly.

Laz. And a grazier may
 (For those are pinching puckfoists,³ and suspicious)
 Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
 And think he sees his horse eat half a bushel ;
 When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
 Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
 Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
 And drop 'em out again.

Diego. That may do well too,
 And no doubt 'tis but venial. But, good Lazaro,
 Have you a care of understanding horses,

¹ *A sober shuffle.*] Weber informs us, that greasing the teeth with candle snuff was "a common trick of the ostlers at the time, to prevent the horses from eating the hay."

² *To prevent us.*] To hinder our profits ;—to anticipate, and render us unnecessary.

³ *Puckfoists.*] Puck-fists, pickpockets. Richardson derives the word from *Puck* (the fairy) and *foist*, to "introduce surreptitiously" (*videlicet*, the fingers).

Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,
Horses that know the world ! Let them have meat
Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead ; they are devils——

Laz. And look into our dealings. As sure as we live,
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets ;
Nothing can be hid from 'em ! For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too. I'll no more such compliments
Upon my crupper.

Diego. Steal but a little longer,
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together ;
It will not be above two days.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.

Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee.

[I hesitated to insert this and the preceding scene in the present volume, because the chief portions of them are taken from Ben Jonson's comedy, the *New Inn*. The copy, however, has variations, and good ones ; we cannot be certain that Jonson may not have owed portions of the original to his friend Fletcher, and some playwright or manager have restored them to the co-partner, when "getting up" the piece for performance ; and at all events this posthumous treatment of dramatists by the caterers for public amusement leaves the question to be settled as it may. It is not difficult to discern where the lighter, tenderer, and more off-hand manner of Fletcher comes into play ; but the learned denunciation of *cuerpo*, and enumeration of the ornaments on the dress of ceremony, are Jonson's own beyond a doubt. The reader may fancy the two friends composing the scenes together, and thus give me the pleasantest warrant for their introduction.]

SECOND-LOVE WON.

"Leocadia leaves her father's house, disguised in man's apparel, to travel in search of Marc-Antonio, to whom she is contracted, but has been deserted by him. When at length she meets with him, she finds that, by a precontract, he is the husband of Theodosia. In this extremity, Philippo, brother to Theodosia, offers Leocadia marriage."

SCENE—A Harbour.

Enter PHILIPPO and LEOCADIA.

Phil. Will you not hear me ?

Leoc. I have heard so much

Will keep me deaf for ever ! No, Marc-Antonio,

After thy sentence, I may hear no more :
Thou hast pronounced me dead !

Phil. Appeal to Reason :

She will relieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence. Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
Why do you strive so ? whither would you fly ?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel ; you may shift your place,
But not your person ; and another clime
Makes you no other.

Leoc. Oh !

Phil. For passion's sake

(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you),
If you will sigh, sigh here ; if you would vary
A sigh to tears, or outcry, do it here !
No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me speak !

Leoc. What would you say ?

Phil. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,

Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own ;
We must have both one balsam, or one wound.
For know, lov'd fair, since the first providence
Made me your rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wond'ring pity look'd on you ;
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like red and paleness in mine own ;
I knew which blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth ;
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change ; and you are worth my study.
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel : a disguisèd maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost ;
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by ;—
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart :
And though it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,

Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
 My care for you so drown'd respect of her.
 Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
 But studied your release ; and for that day
 Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,
 Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury,
 Please you apply it to the grief ; myself.

Leoc. Humph !

Phil. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure ;
 Antonio was not ; and, 'tis possible,
 Philippo may succeed. My blood and house
 Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread,
 As Marc-Antonio's ; and in that all seek,
 Fortune hath given him no precedency.
 As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
 Incense as much as he ; I ever durst
 Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
 At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er cared
 Which side my lady or her woman took
 In their survey : I durst have told my tale too,
 Though his discourse new ended.

Leoc. My repulse——

Phil. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy ;
 Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame !
 'Twas no repulse ; it was your dowry rather :
 For then, methought, a thousand graces met
 To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
 Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
 In one example did proclaim you rich :
 Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
 After this suffering, and do therefore take
 Advantage of your need ; but rather know
 You are the charge and business of those powers,
 Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
 Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes.¹

¹ *Who, like best tutors, &c.*] This noble sentiment has been still more nobly, though very ruggedly, put by another poet ; though whether by Daniel, or by Sir John Beaumont (our dramatist's brother), its appearance in both their works does not allow us to determine.

“ Only the firmest and the constant'st hearts
 God sets to act the stout'st and hardest parts.”

Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs ;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

Leoc. 'Tis well you think so.

Phil. You shall think so too ;

You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.

Leoc. Good sir, no more ! you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in as the tempter.

Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet ? ha ?

My contract made ?

Phil. Your contract ?

Leoc. Yes, my contract.

Am I not his ? his wife ?

Phil. Sweet, nothing less.

Leoc. I have no name then ?

Phil. Truly then, you have not :

How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband ?

Leoc. Oh, though he dispense

With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phil. You do mistake, clear soul ; his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity ;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's ; sweet, you do :
Believe me, you dare not urge dishonest things
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties. Think but whither
Now you can go ; what you can do to live ;
How near you ha' barred all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate ;
Would not regard this shift,¹ which love put on

¹ *Shift.*] Pretext.

As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
 So should you live the slander of each sex,
 And be the child of error and of shame;
 And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony
 Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
 And fame report you worthy his contempt;
 Where,¹ if you make new choice, and settle here,
 There is no further tumult in this flood;
 Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
 Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?
 Go home a wife. Alone? and in disguise?
 Go home a waited Leocadia.
 Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
 Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
 Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
 And all his loud grief to a silent welcome;
 Unfold the riddles you have made. What say you?
 Now is the time; delay is but despair;
 If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so! [*Kisses her.*
Leoc. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

[“This is one of the most pleasing, if not the most shining, scenes in Fletcher. All is sweet, natural, and unforced. It is a copy which we may suppose Massinger to have profited by the studying.”—LAMB.]

THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF.

THE LIVING PHANTOM.

Maria, the mistress of Heartlove, after having been subjected to equivocal appearances by the plot of a wild cousin, in the hope of forwarding her marriage with her lover, has been put into a coffin for dead during a swoon, and thus becomes the means of saving them from killing one another.

SCENE—A Churchyard.

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
 The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,

¹ *Where.*] Whereas.

Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty !
 For I am weary both of life and light too.
 Keep my wits, Heaven ! They say spirits appear
 To melancholy minds, and the graves open :
 I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow ;
 But speak unto her spirit, ere I died ;
 But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.
 I was a villain ; but her wretched kinsman,
 That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
 Her injur'd life and honour.—What light 's this ?

Enter WILDBRAIN, with a lanthorn.

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus ;
 The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,
 Where I might drink till morn, in expectation ;
 I cannot meet the watch neither ; nothing in
 The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
 In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
 For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Heartl. 'Tis his voice. Fate, I thank thee !

Wildb. Ha ! who's that ? An' thou be'st a man, speak.
 Frank Heartlove ? then I bear my destinies !
 Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for :
 My aunt has turn'd me out of doors ; she has,
 At this unchristian hour ; and I do walk
 Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,
 Stealing to set the town a-fire. I' th' country
 I should be taken for William o' the Wisp,
 Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank ?

Heartl. The worse for you !

Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging ?
 I'll lie with thee to-night, and tell thee stories,
 How many devils we ha' met withal ;
 Our house is haunted, Frank ; whole legions——
 I saw fifty for my share.

Heartl. Didst not fright 'em ?

Wildb. How ! fright 'em ? No, they frighted me sufficiently.

Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them stare,
 And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil ! [Draws.

And draw thy sword ; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee 'scape, to do more mischief.

Wildb. Thou art mad ! what dost mean ?

Heartl. To kill thee ; nothing else will ease my anger :
The injury is fresh I bleed withal ;
Nor can that word express it ; there's no peace in't ;
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death.
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee !
Thy heart must suffer for thy damnèd practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.

Wildb. Hold ! hear a word ! did I do anything
But for your good ? That you might have her ?
That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with show of loss ?

Heartl. Out, ugly villain !
Fling on her the most hated name [could blast her]
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy ?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it ?

Enter MARIA, in her shroud.

Maria. I hear some voices this way.

Heartl. No more ! if you can pray,
Do it as you fight.

Maria. What new frights oppose me ?
I have heard that tongue.

Wildb. 'Tis my fortune ;
You could not take me in a better time, sir :
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect ! [Draws. *They fight.*

Maria. I know 'em both ; but, to prevent their ruins,
Must not discover—Stay, men most desperate !
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave, and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.

Wildb. Ha ! 'tis her ghost !

Heartl. Maria !

Maria. Hear me, both ! each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me ;

Each threatening danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove ; and, my kinsman, view me ;
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence ?
Would you teach Time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces ? make records to keep them,
Keep them in brass ? Fight then, and kill my honour.
Fight deadly, both ; and let your bloody swords
Through my reviv'd and reeking infamy,
That never shall be purg'd, find your own ruins.
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessèd love to meet thy spirit :
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer ;
And murder never shall inherit Heaven.
My time is come ; my conceal'd grave expects me :
Farewell, and follow not ; your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace. [Exit.

Heartl. Stay, blessèd soul.

Wildb. Would she had

Come sooner, and sav'd some blood !

Heartl. Dost bleed ?

Wildb. Yes, certainly ; I can both see and feel it.

Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.

Give me thy hand. As far as honour guides me,
I'll know thee again.

Wildb. I thank thee heartily.

THE BLOODY BROTHER; OR, ROLLO, DUKE OF
NORMANDY.

MAD FANCIES OF FEASTERS.

SCENE—*A Servant's Hall.**Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar
with a jack of beer¹ and a dish.*

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day, boys!
 Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter!
[*Drinks out of the dish.*]
 Body of me, I am dry still! give me the jack, boy;
 This wooden skiff holds nothing.
[*Drinks out of the jack.*]

Pant. And, 'faith, master,
 What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.

Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
 Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.

But. But what new rare munition?

Cook. Pho! a thousand:
 I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan
 Come sailing out of England with a challenge;
 I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the canaries,⁴
 And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em:
 A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
 Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time.
 'Tis nothing, boys. I have framed a fortification

¹ *A jack of beer.*] A jack was (and is, for it is extant still in old institutions) a tall vessel for holding liquor, made of stiffened leather, lined with rosin, and shaped like a boot; whence a great stiffened boot is called a *jack-boot*.

² *Drinks out of the dish.*] The term *dish* was not always confined, as it is now, to something shallow, or at best something unused for holding drink. The phrase, *dish of tea*, still lingers perhaps in some old domestic places.

³ *With a challenge.*] An allusion, perhaps, to some circumstance of the day.

⁴ *The canaries.*] "A dance," says Richardson, "common to the Canary Isles, and thence introduced into this country." Query, from a passage which he refers to in Shakspeare, whether the name of the dance

Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable ;
 And against that, for two long hours together,
 Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.
 For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,
 And pikes come plowing up the plums before them ;
 Arion, on a dolphin, playing *Lachrymæ* ;¹
 And brave king Herring,² with his oil and onion
 Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepar'd
 With his strong guard of pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry, master !

Cook. All these are nothing : I'll make you a stubble goose
 Turn o' th' toe thrice, do a cross-point presently,
 And then sit down again, and cry, " Come eat me !"
 These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of mourning,
 I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
 With the long love she bore the Prince of Orange.

All. Thou boy, thou !

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
 And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that, good master ?

Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice :
 A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
 The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hogshead,
 His altar here ; before that, a plump vintner
 Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
 Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.

may not have been derived from the trained canary bird, and its movements while singing ?

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ? [*A kind of dance*].

Armado. How mean'st thou ? brawling in French ?

Moth. No, my complete master ; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, *canary* to it with

Your feet, humour'd with turning up your eye-lids ; sigh a note, and sing a note, &c.

Love's Labour Lost, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Lachrymæ.] A popular air by Dowland, the lute-master of his time.

² *King Herring.*] The herring has been called the King of Fish from its supposed conquest of the whale, by going down his throat and choking him.

But. This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.

Cook. Thou hast it right; and then comes thy song, butler.

Pant. This will be admirable!

Yeo. Oh, sir, most admirable!

Cook. If you will have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power;
I have fire enough to work it. Come, stand close,
And now rehearse the song; the drinking song.

[*They sing.*

SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it;
It helps the head-ach, cough, and ptisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth;
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.¹

FRATRICIDE.

Rollo, the Bloody Brother, joint Duke of Normandy, impatient of his brother Otto's share in the sovereignty, kills him in presence of their mother, Sophia.

SCENE—*The Mother's Private Room in the Palace, where she, and her son Otto, her daughter Matilda, and Edith daughter of Rollo's tutor Baldwin, have been conversing. Enter to them ROLLO, armed, and his favourite minister LATORCH.*

Rollo. Perish all the world

Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,

By sleights and colour used by slaves and wretches!²

¹ *Still in October.*] This song appears to have become very popular. A variation of it, I believe, is not yet gone out of fashion among drinking parties. I remember to have heard it in my youth, in Fletcher's university, roaring away at a good "witching time of night."

² *By sleights and colour, &c.*] Through the poor pretences and arguments in use with slavish minds.

I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
 And sit above them in all justice, since
 I sit above in power. Where power is given,
 Is all the right suppos'd of earth and heaven.

Lat. Prove both, sir; see the traitor!

Otto. He comes arm'd;

See, mother, now your confidence!

Soph. What rage affects this monster?

Rollo. Give me way, or perish!

Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it!

Otto (*embracing his mother*). This is a treason like thee!

Rollo. Let her go!

Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son;
 And through my breast let his rude weapon run
 To thy life's innocence!

Otto. Play not two parts,
 Treacher¹ and coward both, but yield a sword,
 And let thy arming thee² be odds enough
 Against my naked bosom!

Rollo. Loose his hold!

Matilda. Forbear, base murderer

Rollo. Forsake our mother.

Soph. *Mother* dost thou name me,
 And put off nature thus?

Rollo. Forsake her, traitor;
 Or, by the spoil of nature, thorough hers,
 This leads unto thy heart!

Otto. Hold! [Quits his mother.]

Soph. Hold me still.

Otto (*to his mother*). For twenty hearts and lives, I will
 One drop of blood in yours. [not hazard]

Soph. Oh, thou art lost then!

Otto. Protect my innocence, Heaven!

Soph. Call out murder!

Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him!

Edith. Murder! murder!

Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?

Otto. No, fiend. [They wrestle. ROLLO falls.]

¹ *Treacher.*] Traitor.

² *Thy arming thee.*] Thy wearing of armour.

Rollo. Latorch,

Rescue ! I'm down.

Lat. Up then ; your sword cools, sir :

Ply it i' th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rollo. Ha !

Have at you there, sir !

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Author of prodigies !

What sights are these ?

Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey !

[*He is stabbed.*]

Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em !

Aub. For Heaven's sake, no more !

Otto. No more resist his fury ; no rage can

Add to his mischief done.

[*Dies.*]

Soph. Take spirit, my Otto ;

Heaven will not see thee die thus.

Mat. He is dead,

And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother ; curse him, Heaven !

Rollo. Curse and be curs'd ! it is the fruit of cursing.—

Latorch, take off here ; bring too of that blood

To colour o'er my shirt ; then raise the court,

And give it out how he attempted us,

In our bed naked. Shall the name of brother

Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers ?

Or place affects of blood above our reason,

That tells us, all things good against another,

Are good in the same line against a brother ?

Rollo, among his other slaughters, having ordered the death of his tutor Baldwin, is implored by the latter's daughter to spare it, and cursed by her for being implored in vain. During her execrations he falls in love with her.

Rollo. Go, take this dotard here, and take his head

Off with a sword.

Hamond. Your schoolmaster ?

Rollo. Even he.

[*BALDWIN is seized.*]

Bald. For teaching thee no better ; 'tis the best

Of all thy damnèd justices !—Away,

Captain ; I'll follow.

Edith. Oh, stay there, Duke ; [*Coming forward and kneeling.*
And in the midst of all thy blood and fury
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father !
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy !

Rollo. Away with this fond woman !

Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you !
I do confess you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater——

Rollo. Away with him !

Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous—
Good noble prince, look on me !

Rollo. Take her from me !

Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me !
May father's blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers ! I beseech you,
Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands woo
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy, [you,
Things like yourself ! You are a god above us ;
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy !
Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for His sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity !
Here I must grow.

Rollo. By heaven, I'll strike thee, woman !

Edith. Most willingly ; let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee !

Rollo. Carry him away, I say !

Edith. Now, blessing on thee ! Oh, sweet pity !
I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,
Even by the prince's power, release my father !
The prince is merciful ; why do you hold him ?
The prince forgets his fury ; why do you tug him ?
He is old ; why do you hurt him ? Speak, oh, speak, sir !
Speak, as you are a man ! a man's life hangs, sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.

'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.

Oh, speak, prince, speak !

Rollo. Will no man here obey me ?

Have I no rule yet ? As I live, he dies

That does not execute my will, and suddenly !

Bald. All that thou canst do takes but one short hour from

Rollo. Hew off her hands ! [me.]

Ham. Lady, hold off !

Edith. No, hew 'em ;

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you !

They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—

[*Exit BALDWIN with the Guard.*]

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then ?

Are all my tears lost ? all my righteous prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath ? I stand up thus, then ;

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant ;

And to thy face, in Heaven's high name defy thee !

And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,

When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,

Can stay one hour ; when thy most wretched conscience,

Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee ;

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,

Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,

My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——

Rollo. Save him, I say ; run, save him, save her father ;

Fly, and redeem his head ! [*Exit LATORCH.*]

Edith. May then that pity,

That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy,

Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee ! howlings find thee,

Despair (oh, my sweet father !), storms of terrors,

Blood till thou burst again !

Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger !

Enter LATORCH and HAMODN, with BALDWIN's head.

Lat. I came too late, sir, 'twas dispatch'd before ;

His head is here.

Rollo. And my heart there ! Go, bury him ;

Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monster? Highest Heaven,
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!

[*Falls down.*

[“I scarcely know a more deeply tragic scene anywhere than that in *Rollo*, in which Edith pleads for her father’s life, and then, when she cannot prevail, rises up and imprecates vengeance on his murderer.”—
COLERIDGE.

Most pathetic is all the pleading of Edith, particularly the remonstrances with the soldiers in the speech beginning “Now, blessing on thee.” We love also the falsehoods and flatteries which she uses towards the scoundrel before her; and hear, with the tears in our eyes, her poor voice speaking fondly to him in her convulsed and agonising throat.]

Rollo, while making love to Edith, and touching her with pity, is slain by his captain of the guard, Hamond, with her encouragement.

SCENE—*A Room in BALDWIN’S House, with a banquet set out.*

Enter EDITH.

Edith (speaking to herself). Now for thy father’s murder
and the ruin

All chastity shall suffer if he reign! [*Kneels.*

Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter!

Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,

And through the bloody clouds behold my piety!

Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,

And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,

So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!

Give me a woman’s anger bent to blood,

The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!

Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,

My rage, like roving billows as they rise,

Pour’d on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery

(For yet my constant soul ne’er knew dissembling),

Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him

And lull him in the down of his desires;

That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,

His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,

My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him!—

[*Rises.*

Enter ROLLO.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

Edith. Your grace is full of game.

Rollo. By heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

Edith (aside). And thine on brambles, that have prick'd her
heart out!

Rollo. The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress!

Edith. Will't please you sit, sir?

Rollo. So you please sit by me. *[They sit.]*

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue! Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, sir?

Rollo. Of anything; anything is excellent.

Will you take my directions? Speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

Edith (aside). He has a strange cunning tongue.—Why
do you sigh, sir?—

How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,

With all her holy helps, the door to enter.

Give me thy hand : what dost thou feel !

Edith. Your tears, sir ; [justice !—

You weep extremely.—(*Aside.*) Strengthen me now,

Why are these sorrows, sir ?

Rollo. Thou wilt never love me

If I should tell thee ; yet there's no way left

Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,

But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger !

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood ?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They are for blood then,

For guiltless blood ! and they must drop, my Edith,

They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edith (aside). If this be true, I have no strength to touch

Rollo. I pr'ythee look upon me ; turn not from me ! [him.

Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,

Begot with all men's miseries upon me ;

But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,

Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,

Whose true condition tenderness of nature——

Edith (aside). My anger melts ; oh, I shall lose my justice !

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,

As I have done ; to murder with thy eyes,

Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.

When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn

(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,

When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,

Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,

Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,

Pursue thee not ; no time shall tell thy griefs then,

Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.

Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father ;

As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me ;

But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,

In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,

In my fair life hereafter——

Edith (aside). He will fool me !

Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me !

Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it;
 To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;
 Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!

Edith (aside). Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am gone for
 His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity! [ever;

Enter HAMOND and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe; and, upon pain of death,
 Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, sir.

Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure:
 I have my wish.

Rollo. How now? why dost thou stare so?

Edith. A help, I hope!

Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My brother, and the base malicious office
 Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!

Rollo. Pray?

Ham. Pray!
 Pray, if thou canst pray! I shall kill thy soul else!
 Pray suddenly!

Rollo. Thou canst not be so traitorous!

Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady!
 For I perceive your end: a woman's hand
 Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edith. 'Tis my glory! [Rollo,

Ham. 'Tis mine; stay, and share with me.—By the gods,
 There is no way to save thy life!

Rollo. No?

Ham. No:

It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!

Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first; and what this
 blood [Seizes EDITH.

Will cast upon thy cursed head——

Ham. Poor guard, sir!

Edith. Spare not, brave captain!

Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee!

Ham. Such fear, sir, as you gave your honour'd mother,
 When your most virtuous brother shield-like held her,
 Such I'll give you. Put her away.

Rollo. I will not ;
I will not die so tamely.

Ham. Murderous villain,
Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee ?

Edith. Fear not ;
Kill him, good captain ! any way dispatch him !
My body's honour'd with that sword that through me
Sends his black soul to hell ! Oh, but for one hand !

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Edith. He is too strong. Strike him !

Ham. (*They struggle, ROLLO seizes EDITH's dagger.*) Oh, am
I with you, sir ? Now keep you from him !
What, has he got a knife ?

Edith. Look to him, captain ;
For now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile, sir ?
Does it so tickle you ? Have ~~at~~ you once more !

Edith. Oh, bravely thrust ! Take heed he come not in, sir,
To him again ; you give him too much respite.

Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life ? and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all ; all honours, all advancements ;
Call thee my friend !

Edith. Strike, strike, and hear him not !
His tongue will tempt a saint.

Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake !

Edith. Save nothing of him !

Ham. Now for your farewell !

Are you so wary ? take you that ! [*Stabs him.*

Rollo. Thou that too ! [*Stabs him.*

Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely ! [*Dies.*

Edith. The just reward of murder falls upon thee !

How do you, sir ? has he not hurt you ?

Ham. No ;
I feel not any thing.

Aub. (*within*). I charge you let us pass !

Guard (*within*). You cannot yet, sir.

Aub. I'll make way then.

Guard. We are sworn to our captain :

And, till he give the word——

Ham. Now let them in there.

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, AUBREY, Lords, and Attendants.

Soph. Oh, there he lies ! Sorrow on sorrow seeks me !

Oh, in his blood he lies !

Aub. Had you spoke sooner,

This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,
And lead her off ; this is no sight for her eyes.

[*SOPHIA led out.*]

Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench !

Edith. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice !

Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,

A justice even for Heaven to envy at !

Aarewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce ;

My wishes are come round ! Oh, bloody brother,

Till this hour never beauteous ; till thy life,

Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,

Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous !

Oh, how my eyes are quarried with their joys now !

My longing heart even leaping out for lightness !

But, die thy black sins with thee ; I forgive thee !

Aub. Who did this deed ?

Ham. I, and I'll answer it !

[*Dies.*]

Edith. He faints ! Oh, that same cursed knife has kill'd

Aub. How ?

[*him !*]

Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for whom I bore it ;

And as they grappled——

Aub. Justice is ever equal !

Had it not been on him, thou hadst died too honest.

Did you know of his death ?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I am sorry for your youth then, for though the strictness

Of law shall not fall on you, that of life

Must presently. Go, to a cloister carry her ;

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, sir !

And now my fair revenges have their ends,

My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends !

[I have inserted the scene between Edith and Rollo out of respect to the judgment of Lamb, who has put it in his *Dramatic Specimens*. But

I confess I do not like it ; I do not take its truthfulness to nature for granted, whatever mixed feelings it may imply, or whatever Shakspearean shrewdness be supposed to emulate ; and I think it casts a blot on the beautiful scene preceding it in this volume. There are women, of course, and there are men, who may be flattered into any unworthiness ; but the first Edith, in this instance, is not fashioned to become the second ; and such conduct, be the poet who he may that implies otherwise, is a libel on the sex in general.]

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

*Beliza, a rich and noble-minded lady, welcomes her poor but equally generous
Lover from the wars.*

Enter EUPHANES.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fy ! my hand ?
We stand at no such distance. By my life,
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue,—that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods,—they all can witness ;
And that you have deserved this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them
(Though you give them another name), you had
Made ample satisfaction in the acceptance ;
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;
Nor can I ever chuse another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them :
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think, when they give,
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends.
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding, or themselves,
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good Euphanes, where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty : but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,
Pr'ythee remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man :
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing .
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from

Your word, for I arrest it, and will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am, yours.

Euph. Your ladyship then must use
Some sophistry I ne'er heard of.

Bel. By plain reasons ;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty : whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniences that you thought useful,
That gold which would have rusted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten, there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventured with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'erprize them, madam.

Bel. The queen herself hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf ; for she hath heard, Euphanes,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece. And rest assur'd
(Though yet unknown), when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest lady,

Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.

EULOGY FROM A QUEEN IN LOVE.

Well, thou'rt the composition of a god :
My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount !
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,
And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen.

SONG OF CONSOLATION FOR SURVIVORS OF THE DEAD.

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;
Violets pluck'd the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

APRIL.

An April day,
In which the sun and west-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

THE MAID IN THE MILL.

A LITTLE CHARMER.

ANTONIO and MARTINE.

Ant. Peace, heretic ! *thou* judge of beauties ?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post, friend.
Didst thou not see (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else,
As blind as Ignorance), when she appear'd first,

Aurora breaking in the East? and through her face
 (As if the hours and graces had strew'd roses)
 A blush of wonder flying? when she was frightened
 At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
 How far beyond the purity of snow
 The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
 Or anything that bears celestial paleness,
 She appear'd o' th' sudden? Didst thou not see her
 When she entreated? Oh, thou reprobate! [tears
 Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
 The little worlds of love? A set, Martine,
 Of such sanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
 I could live ever a religious hermit.

Mart. I do believe a little; and yet, methinks,
 She was of the lowest stature.

Ant. A rich diamond,
 Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martine,
 Is to reserve her models curious,
 Not cumbersome and great; and such a one,
 For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
 Has she framed this. Oh, 'tis a spark of beauty!

THE NICE VALOUR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

A CANDID POLTROON AND A PROUD MIND UNABLE TO
 CONCEIVE HIM.

Chamont, a proud lord, confers with a Poltroon.

CHAMONT and LA NOVE.

La Nove. And how does noble Chamont?

Chamont. Never ill, man,

Until I hear of baseness. Then I sicken.

I am the heathfullest man i' th' kingdom else.

Enter LAPET, walking apart.

La Nove. Be arm'd then for a fit. Here comes a fellow

Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Cham. Let me be gone! What is he?

La Nove. Let me tell you first;
It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, sir!
Come, you have borne more than this.

Cham. Borne? never anything
That was injurious.

La Nove. Ha! I am far from that.

Cham. He looks as like a man as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? Speak well, I pr'ythee,
Even for humanity's cause.

La Nove. You would have it truth, though?

Cham. What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong Heaven
To favour Nature; let her bear her own shame,
If she be faulty!

La Nove. Monstrous faulty there, sir.

Cham. I'm ill at ease already.

La Nove. Pray bear up, sir.

Cham. I pr'ythee let me take him down with speed then
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.

La Nove. Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.

Cham. That may be noble;
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.

La Nove. Oh, sir,
Take heed of rash repentance! you're too forward
To find out virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.

Cham. How!

La Nove. Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by wholesale.

Cham. No more of him!

La Nove. The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.

Cham. Away!

La Nove. He's been thrice switch'd from seven o'clock till
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to breakfast, [nine;
Forgetful of his smart.

Cham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that. Base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts.—(*Goes up to*
LAPET.)—Sir, I know you not.

But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.

Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then ;
For I ne'er saw you before ; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not

Cham. Why, wouldst thou take a blow ?

Lapet. I would not, sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me ; and, if from an enemy,
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.

Cham. What ! a blow ?

Endure a blow ? and shall he live that gives it ?

Lapet. Many a fair year. Why not, sir ?

Cham. Let me wonder !

As full a man to see too, and as perfect !—
I pr'ythee live not long.

Lapet. How !

Cham. Let me entreat it !

Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here ; not to die betimes,
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Even for man's honour sake, take not a blow more !

Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me then, sir ;
For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're given.

Cham. How fain would I preserve man's form from shame,
And cannot get it done !—However, sir,
I charge thee live not long.

Lapet. This is worse than beating.

Cham. Of what profession art thou, tell me, sir,
Besides a tailor ? for I'll know the truth.

Lapet. A tailor ? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can show my arms and all.

Cham. How black and blue they are :

Is that your manifestation ? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I am one
That must not let thee live !

Lapet. I have done, I have done, sir.

If there be any harm, beshrew the herald !
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,

To make this anger. I have nothing, nowhere,
But what I dearly pay for.

Cham. Groom, begone!—

[*Exit* LAPET.

I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady (Chamont's beloved), *with* LAPET's Wife.

La Nove. Here comes a cordial, sir, from the other sex.

Able to make a dying face look cheerful.

Cham. The blessedness of ladies!

Lady. You're well met, sir.

Cham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make Virtue sicken

Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was it, sir?

Cham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health. You ha' not seen the like, madaam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lowly worth.

Lady (*aside*). Speak low, sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her husband
That now bestow'd a visitation on me. [band,
Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Cham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?

Would any creature have him? 'tis some forced match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. 'Can be no otherwise;

Perhaps he was rich; speak, Mistress Lapet, was't not

Wife. Nay, that's without all question. [so?

Cham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.

If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,

For Wisdom never fastens constantly,

But upon Merit. If you incline to fool,

You are alike unfit for his society;

Nay, if it were not boldness in the man

That honours you, to advise you, 'troth, his company

Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good counsel, sir.

Cham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,

So just to Goodness, and her precious purity,

I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,

That any undeserved stain might fall

Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin

That comes by wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.

Cham. We are your servants.

Wife (aside). He is but a gentleman o' th' chamber;
He might have kiss'd me, 'faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him.

LOVE-SONG OF THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

Thou deity, swift-wingèd Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power;
Thou, that mak'st a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

SONG IN PRAISE OF MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh, that piercing, mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!
Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!¹

¹ "*Places which pale passion loves.*] Beaumont, while writing this verse, perhaps the finest in the poem, probably had in his memory that of Marlowe, in his description of Tamburlaine—

'Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion.' "

Imagination and Fancy, p. 212.

Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

[Tradition has given these verses to Beaumont, though they appeared after his death, and perhaps after Fletcher's, in a play in which the former has been thought to have had no share. Indeed, the *Nice Valour*, or *Passionate Madman*, with its poor plot and fantastical characters, is not a production worthy of the best reputation of either, with the exception of the scene given in this volume, and the present exquisite song. The song answers completely to the idea one entertains of the graver genius of Beaumont ; and the probability is, that it was left by him in the hands of his friend, and inserted in the *Nice Valour* by some playwright who made use of other fragments of theirs, 'and so "got up" the whole drama.

"I cannot help thinking that a couplet has been lost after the words 'bats and owls.' It is true the four verses ending with those words might be made to belong to the preceding four, as among the things 'welcomed ;' but the junction would be forced, and the modulation injured. They may remain, too, where they are, as combining to suggest the 'sounds' which the melancholy man feeds upon ; 'fountain-heads' being audible, 'groves' whispering, and the 'moonlight walks' being attended by the hooting owl (and the 'short shrill shriek' of the bat). They also modulate beautifully in this case. Yet these intimations themselves appear a little forced ; whereas, supposing a couplet to be supplied, there would be a distinct reference to melancholy *sights* as well as sounds.

"The conclusion is divine. Indeed, the whole poem, as Hazlitt says, is the 'perfection of this kind of writing.' Orpheus might have hung it, like a pearl, in the ear of Proserpina. It has naturally been thought to have suggested the *Penferoso* to Milton, and is worthy to have done so ; for, fine as that is, it is still finer. It is the concentration of a hundred melancholies."—*Imagination and Fancy*, p. 211.]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mortality, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones ;
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want help to stir their hands ;
 Where, from their pulpits, seal'd with dust,
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust !" ¹
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royal'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin :
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died :"
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.¹

¹ *Dust, once dead by fate.*] This is a very forced and not very intelligible expression. What is the meaning of "Buried in dust, once dead by fate?" Does it mean that kings are buried in dust, when they are dead? If so, what is the meaning of the phrase? Or does it mean that the dust was once dead—that is, killed—by fate? and if so, what is the meaning of that? Why, too, dead "by fate?" By what else could they supposed to be dead?

I cannot but think there is some mistake of the press. May not the author have written, "once dread like fate?" that is to say, They have now undergone the fate of all men, and are dust; although this dust itself was once dreaded like fate. Or, to come closer to a printer's error, may *dead by fate* have been, in the manuscript, *deadly fate*? so that an *l* was merely substituted for a *b*? The meaning would still be similar to the one just mentioned; namely, that this dust, now dead, was once, itself, a deadly fate; that is to say, could give death to others. But the expression, in this case, would not be so unforced.

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

(From a Letter to Ben Jonson.)

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
 To absent friends, because the self-same thing
 They know they see, however absent) is
 Here our best hay-maker (forgive me this !
 It is our country's style.) In this warm shine
 I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
 Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
 Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
 Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
 With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain :
 I think, with one draught man's invention fades :
 Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliads.
 'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,¹
 Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet.
 Fill'd with such moisture, in most greivous qualms,
 Did Robert Wisdom² write his singing psalms.
 And so must I do this. And yet I think
 It is a potion sent us down to drink,
 By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
 Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
 'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
 A medicine to obey our magistrates :
 For we do live more free than you ; no hate,
 No envy at one another's happy state,
 Moves us ; we are all equal : every whit
 Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
 If we consider fully ; for our best
 And gravest man will with his main house jest

¹ *Sutcliff's wit.*] Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, a controversialist of the day, who, though a zealous Protestant, and founder of Chelsea College (on its first plan, as a school of polemics), was at one time out of favour with the court,—perhaps at the date of this letter. An investigation of his writings would probably show us the reason of Beaumont's dislike of him ; but the commentators appear to have been afraid of encountering them.

² *Robert Wisdom.*] A contributor to the *Psalms* of Sternhold and Hopkins.

Scarce please you ; we want subtilty to do
 The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too :
 Here are none that can bear a painted show,
 Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow ;
 Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
 Can make their gains alike with every wind :
 Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
 Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
 At selling of a horse, and that's the most.

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
 Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid !¹ heard words that have been
 So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past ; wit that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 Right witty ; though but downright fools, mere wise.

TO MY FRIEND MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS
 FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

I know too well, that, no more than the man,
 That travels through the burning desarts, can,

¹ *Done at the Mermaid.*] This celebrated tavern, famous for a club which is said to have numbered among its associates others of the greatest wits and poets of the time, Shakspeare included, was first supposed to have been in Cornhill, then in Friday Street, and now, upon the strength of a passage in Ben Jonson, is concluded to have been in Bread Street. But as the passage in Ben Jonson speaks of it simply as "the Bread Street Mermaid," and does not associate it with the club, directly or indirectly, the conclusion appears to have been hasty. The specification of the tavern as "the *Bread Street Mermaid*" might even have been intended to distinguish it from a greater namesake.

When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked ; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause ?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith ;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black ;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute ;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit ;
He, as his mistress doth ; and she, by chance ;
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play :
Some like if the wax-lights be new that day :
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world,
Both to be read and censur'd of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose ;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post, to know it well ;
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.

Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see ;
 Your censurers must have the quality
 Of reading ; which I am afraid is more
 Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

[*The Faithful Shepherdess*, on its first appearance, was damned,—a catastrophe which the poet and his friends attributed partly to the habitual ignorance of the audience, and partly to their disappointment at finding it a work of elegance, instead of a vulgar clap-trap full of clownish pastimes and drollery. But after what the poets themselves had led audiences to expect by the sort of writing with which they were in the habit of indulging them, it was hardly fair to demand of the public a sudden appreciation of their idealisms ; nor is it certain that refinement itself, and even common sense, did not take a part in the condemnation of the piece ; for Schlegel has called it an “unchaste eulogium of chastity ;” and what was to be thought by anybody, refined or vulgar, of the *Shepherdess's* fantastical lover, who passionately desires what it would grieve him to obtain, and adores her because she will not have him ?

Besides the beauties, however, which this pastoral drama contains, its very damnation was a gain to posterity ; for it produced us these excellent verses of Beaumont, and a like enthusiastic “adhesion” from Ben Jonson, ending with one of his happiest assumptions of the right of sovereign arbitration :—

“I that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt
 [He attributes the damnation to the absence of ribaldry]
Do crown thy murder'd poem ; which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.”]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF FLETCHER.

From the verses entitled “Upon an Honest Man's Fortune,” that were printed at the end of the play so called.

You that can look through heaven, and tell the stars,
 Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars ;
 Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
 To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease ;
 You that are God's surveyors, and can show
 How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow ;
 Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
 And when it will shoot over, or fall under ;

Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
 Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
 Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
 Have his peculiar angel, and his way;
 Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
 Sweep clean your houses,¹ and new-line your seams,²
 Then say your worst! Or have I none at all?
 Or, is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
 Or, am I poor? not able, no full flame?
 My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
 Is it, your art can only work on those
 That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?
 With love, or new opinions? You all lie!
 A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man,
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
 Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

O man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
 What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
 His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
 Who made the morning, and who placed the light
 Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
 And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
 Who gave thee knowledge; who so trusted thee,
 To let thee grow so near himself, the tree?
 Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
 Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
 He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
 Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
 Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
 To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
 Can stars protect thee? or can poverty

¹ *Houses.*] A term in astrology for the places occupied by the planets.

² *Seams.*] I know not what this means, unless it be the junctures of the planets.

Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my star;—in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate!—and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fulness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!

The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is:
Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.

Doth not experience teach us all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Affliction, when I know it is but this,—
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and, the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will;—
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,—
And death, at longest, but another night.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

THE END.



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